

A MIRROR OF
CHARACTERY

OSBORNE

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CHARACTERY



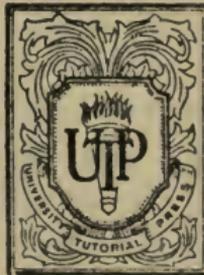
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A MIRROR OF CHARACTERY

A SELECTION OF CHARACTERS AS DEPICTED
BY ENGLISH WRITERS FROM CHAUCER TO
THE PRESENT DAY

EDITED BY
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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

THIS collection is taken largely from writers whose names have been forgotten and whose works are almost lost. It shows a connection between a style of writing popular in the seventeenth century and the manipulation of Character by better-known writers. One of the most difficult tasks of the teacher of literature is to encourage the young to ascend from their natural appreciation of a good yarn to appreciation of characterisation. It is expected that this book will help teachers and students alike to make this step, and it should appeal equally to lovers of literature and educationalists who believe that the first function of education is to render literature pleasing to their students.

PREFACE TO THE WITTY AND SUBTLE READER

The Preface was invented by a too compassionate Muse for the comfort of those Authors who, too queasy of the imperfections of their children, must apologise for them in advance of criticism and so save the Reader the labour of detecting them. But the smelling out of imperfections is a main unsavoury pleasure, and he who reads only for this had better never read at all. Here you shall find no fawning apologies, no catalogue of excuses. Those failings that there are, whether due to other causes or to the ingenerate weakness of the Author, cannot now be remedied. Some of them you will find without guidance. Some that are there you will not find, and these will not lessen your enjoyment. Some you will find that are not there. And so, lest you sharpen your wit and your subtlety overmuch on the last, let us to the plan of the book.—

The plan of the book is to have no plan. A plan constricts the natural humours and leads you on by the nose. Here you may find your enjoyment anywhere, and everywhere be eager for more. Lest you should be wearied by too frequent iteration of a few characters in different styles, the subjects have been varied and diversified,

even at the cost of omitting much that cried in a loud voice to be included. But in case you should wish to compare more exactly the styles of various writers and the treatments in different ages, some few characters have been repeated. At the expense of balance and symmetry the seventeenth century has been represented much more fully than any other age. This for two reasons: because it is the century of Charactery proper; and because most of the books of pure Charactery from that century now survive only in two or three precious copies (of some only one copy is known), which are not easily accessible to reader or student. If you are a lover of Charactery you will not resent the space given to these writers, whom you could not elsewhere read. If you pine for fuller material from the later centuries, then with a little not unprofitable application you can dig it forth for yourself.—

So much for my Preface,—and, to compensate the gracious Reader who did not start at the Contents, I will bid you farewell with a Character of an Anthology.

AN ANTHOLOGY

Is a taste not a meal. It is like those samples which are given away to advertise the cheapness and eupepticity of synthetic foods. If it satisfies it is bad; it has served its end if it whets the appetite for more. Like good wine and

game it should have a smatch of an antique savour. It compounds, if it is good, the curious and ancient and rare, the piquant and the pungent, and the rich débris of ruined cities buried deep beneath the centuries of literary deposit. It prefers excellencies forgotten to belauded indifferencies of the day. It is of a wayward type, not easy to be controlled: it is a pipe through which much water flows and leaves but little sediment behind. When it is full the semblance of happy chance must hide the much thought, nice balancing of contingencies, and laborious selection which has made it pure gold. It contains not all the best but all it contains is the best—or, if your Anthologist be a true gold-digger, the best-worst—of its kind. Of all kinds it most delights in small doses and soonest surfeits the incautious glutton. It is most open to criticism, being the conceit of fancy; yet it is best proof against the critic's attacks. For it was made to pleasure its maker, and if it pleases others it leaves them with an itch to wander further^{ward} into the forest from whence it was culled.

H. OSBORNE

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INTRODUCTION

THE EARLY HISTORY OF CHARACTERY.—

The literature of the ancients, and in particular their ethical and dramatic literature, reveals a finely discriminating penetration into the principles of conduct and character. But one of the main causes of the impression of distance and aloofness which the literature of antiquity produces in the modern novel-fed reader is the scarcity of formal description of character. Characters are revealed in the interaction of person with person and in the reaction of persons to circumstance; the presentation of character is incidental to the presentation of the drama of life. In other words, the interest in character is spontaneous and not reflective. Psychology is practical and not literary. Not until the modern literary period does character or personality as such, out of relation to specific activity or circumstance, become a self-conscious literary aim, an autotelic artistic function.

The change from spontaneous and incidental portrayal of character through the artistic presentation of life to the reflective portrayal of character as a proper artistic end marks one of those upward steps in self-consciousness which are stages in the enrichment of apperception and artistic creation.

Yet Charactery proper, with which we are here primarily concerned, is more specialised than reflective character portrayal. It is not

only the result of specialised interest; it is also a specialised art-form. Whatever be the causes, it has been limited, with inconsiderable exceptions, to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Before then interest in character was still mainly spontaneous and impulsive; since then it has remained, indeed, reflective or psychological (to use that word in a loose but expressive sense), but it has been merged within the broader art-forms of the novel and the pictorial biography.

There were, of course, Characters written before the seventeenth century. The following description of the Scribe, from the Book of Sirach, is in its way a perfect Character:—

“ He will seek out the wisdom of all the ancients, and occupy himself in the study of prophecies, and pay attention to expositions of famous men, and will penetrate into the elusive turns of parables. He will search out the hidden meaning of proverbs, and will be versed in the enigmas of parables. He will serve among the magnates and appear in the presence of the ruler. He will travel in foreign countries, for he has experience of good and evil among men. He will resolve to rise early to the service of the Lord his Creator, and will make his petition to the Most High; he will open his mouth in prayer, and beseech forgiveness for his sins. If the great Lord please, he will be filled with a spirit of understanding, and will himself pour out like rain his words of wisdom, and praise the Lord in prayer. He will direct aright his counsel and knowledge, and reflect on the hidden things of God. He will make public the instruction he has to impart, and his pride will be in knowledge of the law of the covenant of the Lord. Many will praise his understanding and his reputation will never be obliterated; the memory of him will not pass away, but his name will live to countless generations. Other nations will talk of his wisdom, and the congregation of Israel will tell forth his praise. If he lives he will leave a greater

name than the multitude; and if he rests from his labours it will be greater still.”*

From the third century B.C. also dates the first book of Charactery proper, the *Characters* of Theophrastus. Apart from this one collection there is a distant approach to Charactery among the Greeks in the Mime, and among the Romans in the Satire and the History. In his *Satires*, Horace has verse Characters which became the model for the satirical portrait. Juvenal, too, was a master of terse and abusive delineation. Their true successor was Dryden.

Thus does Horace describe an affected singer:—

“ It is the weakness of all singers that among friends they can never be induced to sing when requested, but if they are not asked they will sing for ever. Tigellius of Sardis had this fault. If Caesar—who might have compelled him—begged him for a song by his own and his father’s friendship, he could get nothing. If he was in the mood he would chant ‘ Ho Bacchus ’ from soup to desert, now in high falsetto and again in a deep bass. He was inconstant in everything he did. Sometimes he would run as though he were fleeing an enemy; at other times he would walk as sedately as though he were taking part in a religious ceremony. Sometimes he had two hundred slaves, at others only ten. At one moment his speech was of kings and tetrarchs and all things great; but soon it would be, ‘ Give me but a three-legged table, a shell of clean salt and a toga, coarse as they are made, to keep out the cold ! ’ Had you given a thousand sesterces to this frugal fellow, content with so few, in a week his pockets would be empty. He would sit up through the night till morning and snore the whole day long. There was never anything so inconsistent with itself.”†

Tacitus was a master of brief and vivid characterisation, summing up a personage in

* *Ecclesiasticus* xxxix.

† *Satires*, I., iii.

two or three lines seldom free from the sting of innuendo. Suetonius has characterisations, less pithy, more laboured and less vivid. Procopius was the first to make frequent use of personal appearance in characterisation. But the lineal descendants of these historians are the historians and biographers of the seventeenth century—Clarendon, Fuller, Walton—who do, indeed, often prove themselves to be masters of the Character sketch proper, but who use it mainly incidentally. Neither Satire nor History developed in direct line into Character.

One book from the classical period demands separate mention. Plutarch's *Parallel Lives* just fails to be a collection of Characters modelled from historical personages. It fails because the writer is interested rather to portray particular virtues and vices than to portray particular types of character. His personages do not live as Characters but are lay figures in a treatise of illustrative ethics. They may be ranked, for our purpose, with the heavily didactic "imaginary biographies" of Dr. Johnson in the *Adventurer*, etc.

Through the Middle Ages the art of characterisation was widely practised in many branches of literature. A new feature—new at least in respect of emphasis—was an eye for idiosyncrasy, humorous or farcical. The popular literature of the Middle Ages added to the *humour* of the characterisation in classical Satire the quality of the *comic*. Chaucer was a master of terse and vivid characterisation and his Characters are more *individual* than anything in the classical age. There were also written in the sixteenth century occasional satirical works whose sole aim

was to present characters definitely funny or grotesque. The best known of these are Barclay's *Shyp of Folys* or *Cocke Lorelles Bote* and *The Hye Way to Spyttel Hous*. These are analogous to certain more popular pamphlets in the age of Charactery proper, such as *The Man in the Moone* or *the English Fortune Teller* (1609).

Coming to the Elizabethan age we find a curious interest in the characterisation of rogues and cheats. To this class belong Awdeley and Harman's catalogues, from which illustrations are given in the Anthology. From these ensued a voluminous literature of "Cony Catching" pamphlets, in which the discovery of roguery is exploited as a literary business. Samuel Rowlands, Dekker, Lodge, Greene, Chettle, Breton, Nasshe, and John Taylor, the Water Poet, are the principal writers of this curious type of pamphlet, which from a sociological point of view is analogous to the modern novel of detection. A genuine interest in roguery—in the author's public if not always in the author—naturally gave rise to the characterisation of rogues. Most of these pamphlets contain Characters similar in style to those of the books of Charactery which appeared in the next century. Nasshe is the most perfect master of pure charactery among them. His "Mistress Minx" in *Pierce Penilesse* is not inferior to anything in *Overbury*.

"In another corner, Mistress Minx, a merchant's wife, that will eat no cherries, forsooth, but when they are at twenty shillings a pound; that looks as simperingly as if she were besmeared, and jets it as gingerly as if she were dancing the Canaries; she is so finical in her speech as though she spake nothing but what she had first sewed over before in her samplers, and

the puling accent of her voice is like a feigned treble, or one's voice that interprets to the puppets. What should I tell how squeamish she is in her diet, what toil she puts her poor servants unto to make her looking-glasses in the pavement? how she will not go into the fields to cower on the green grass, but she must have a coach for her convoy; and spends half a day in pranking herself if she be invited to any strange place? Is not this the excess of pride, Signior Satan? Go to, you are unwise if you make her not a chief saint in your calendar."

But the Character is still incidental. It has still to become an end in itself and it has still to develop a definite set of conventions, which will mark out Characterity as a distinct literary genre.

CHARACTERITY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.— Although characters were described before the seventeenth century, within a few years of the opening of that century there came into being a new form of literary activity, which we call Characterity. It is new because Characterity is not merely the writing of Characters; it is also the writing of Characters as an end complete in itself and subsidiary to no other literary purpose; and it is the writing of Characters in a particular way, a literary form with well-defined rules and conventions peculiar to itself. There is, I believe, no other instance in the known literature of the world, of a new literary form arising in so short a period and with such definite characteristics, not from the inspiration of one man, but practised simultaneously by a large number of men, very few of whom achieved lasting prominence in any other branch of literary skill.

The attempts that are made to discover the causes of literary movements are seldom

successful and more seldom profitable. But examination of the conditions in which Charactery emerged, while it will not explain that emergence, will yet be advantageous to our understanding of Charactery itself.

The origin of Charactery is often traced from Isaac Casaubon's Latin translation of Theophrastus in 1592, which was followed in 1593 by an English version of Casaubon's Latin by John Healey. Certain it is that these Characters roused considerable interest. But it is equally certain that they alone are quite inadequate to have produced the effect that is often attributed to them. Unless the tendency and disposition to write Characters had been already present they could not have given rise to the stream of books of Charactery which followed—more than two hundred of which are known to have been published within the century. Were further evidence needed it is to be found in the fact that a marked tendency to Charactery is shown throughout the literature of the period. It is found in its histories and biographies, in its journals, diaries, and letters, and in its satirical poetry. Add to this that Theophrastus was never wholly forgotten through the Middle Ages—witness Chaucer's allusion to "Theofraste" in *The Wife of Bath's Prologue*—and there can surely be no doubt that it is at least as true to regard the appearance of and interest in a translation of Theophrastus as a sign of the incipient interest in Charactery as to treat it as a main cause of the development of that interest.

It is one of the easiest faults in literary criticism to press a supposed influence out of

relation to the facts. Even were it certain that the early Character writers were induced by their reading of Theophrastus to write Characters, yet a superficial study of their works would show that they added much more that was original than they borrowed from him. Jonson probably knew Theophrastus, although he does not mention him by name. But Jonson did not write pure Character. Breton has clear reminiscences of Theophrastus in *The Goode and the Badde*; but he can yet write such utterly spontaneous and original pieces as *Fantasticks*.

Hall alone of the early writers professedly modelled himself upon Theophrastus; yet he can misinterpret his spirit to such a degree that he reads into him a heavy puritanical morality corresponding to his own.* The English writers of Character must, for the most part, have read Theophrastus, and naturally they have here and there phrases reminiscent of his. But for their pictures they went to the world about them, and their attitude is always their own attitude, not Theophrastus's attitude. This is simply to state once more that the impulse to Character was a spontaneous and native growth.

Healey's translation of *The Characters*, now accessible in the Temple Classics, is lumbering and often dull, and does not do justice to the freshness and humour of the Greek. Each of the Characters of Theophrastus is preceded by a brief definition of the quality to be characterised. (This has either completely dropped out from English Character or is replaced by

* Cf. *Prooeme*: "I have heere done it as I could, following that ancient Master of Moraltie."

an epigram.) The Character itself is constructed by giving a series of typical actions of the Character in circumstances most likely to reveal his proper nature. The author allows each Character by his behaviour to speak for himself, introducing no comment of his own. There is humour, but it is the humour of the Characters themselves. The effect is obtained solely by description. The language is simple, precise, unadorned. The attitude of Theophrastus contrasts with that of English Character in its objectivity and neutrality. His interest is that of the scientific observer of human foibles. Most aptly has he been called the "botanist of minds." It is interesting that Theophrastus has no *good* Characters. He was frankly interested in the foibles of human nature.

The following is a good example of Theophrastus's style:—

Of the Suspicious.

"Suspiciousness is to presume evil of everybody. The suspicious man is the sort of man who sends his slave out shopping and then sends a second slave to find out how much he paid. He does not trust his slave to carry his purse and sits down to count his money every furlong. He asks his wife in bed whether the clothes chest is locked and the cupboard door sealed and the front door bolted. And though she says they are, yet he gets up naked from the bed-clothes and in his bare feet lights the lamp and scuttles around to verify everything, and so he hardly gets any sleep at all. He demands his interest from those who are in his debt before witnesses, to prevent their repudiating the obligation. He prefers to send his coat to be cleaned not to the best man, but to the cleaner who has a trustworthy sponsor of his honesty. When anyone asks to borrow his gold dinner service he will refuse if he possibly can; but

if it is a close friend or relation he will practically weigh them and try them in the fire—in fact he would almost take security for them. When a slave attends him he will order him to walk in front and not behind, so that he can see that he does not run away in the street. If you buy something of him and say ‘How much? Put it down to my account. I have not time to send for the money at once’; he will say: ‘Don’t worry, if you are busy I will come along with you.’”

Except Earle, none of the English writers has such neutrality and objectivity. And Earle, perhaps alone among them, is as great an artist as the Greek.

The Elizabethan age was an age of exuberant action and daring creation and discovery; it was followed by an age of meditation and introspection. The literary productions of the latter age are characterised by deep thoughtfulness and serious inspection. It is an age of philosophy and of the history and biography. As Mr. Edward Arber says: “In these earlier years of Puritanism especially; and generally throughout the Seventeenth Century, there was a strong passion for analysis of human character. Men delighted in introspection. Essays and Characters took the place of the Romances of the former century.” The seventeenth century has also been compared with the age of Theophrastus. In the Introduction to his edition of Theophrastus (p. 24, ed. Sandys) Jebb says: “There was, in one particular, a rough analogy between the literature of that century in England and the the Greek literature of the age of Theophrastus; both were marked by the reaction from creating to analysing, and in both ethical analysis was a favourite subject.” A similar activity manifested itself in French literature. La Roche-

foucauld, La Bruyère and his imitator Madame de Puisieux, Montesquieu (*Lettres Persanes*), and Vauvenargues are the chief writers of this school. But in France Charactery was not specialised to such a degree as in England. The French writers tended to use the *maxim* on the one hand and the discursive *essay upon contemporary manners* on the other. Yet Characters were written, if not so abundantly as in England, yet clearly belonging to the same genre. The following is a good example of La Bruyère's style—an excellent description of the introvert in any age:—

“Phédon has a bilious complexion. He is abstracted, dreamy, and with all his wit seems stupid. He forgets to say what he knows—and if he does so, he sometimes comes out badly. He thinks he is a nuisance to those he speaks to; he relates things briefly but frigidly. He is not listened to; he does not stir laughter. He is superstitious, scrupulous, timid. He walks gently and lightly; he seems afraid to touch the ground; he walks with lowered eyes and dares not raise them to the passers-by. He is never among those who form a circle for discussion; he places himself behind the person who is speaking, furtively gathers what he says and goes away if he is looked at. He occupies no space, claims no place; he walks with hunched shoulders, his hat pulled over his eyes so as not to be seen; he shrinks and hides himself in his cloak; there are no streets or galleries so overcrowded and filled with people but that he finds a means of traversing them easily, of slipping through them without being noticed. If he is asked to sit down, he places himself just on the edge of the chair; he speaks in a low tone in conversation and articulates badly; yet with his friends he is open about public affairs, bitter against the age, very little disposed in favour of the ministers of the state and the government. He never opens his mouth except to reply; he coughs and blows his nose behind his hat; he spits almost on himself, and he waits until he is

alone to sneeze, or if it happens to him, it is unperceived by the company present: he costs nobody a salute or a compliment. He is poor."

It is not certain who has the honour of having been the first to write Character in England. Hall's *Characters of Virtues and Vices*, 1608, are the first known to have been published. Overbury's *Characters* were first published in 1614 in the second edition of his poem *A Wife*. But Fuller says that he was "the first writer of Characters of our nation so far as I have observed." And it is likely that his Characters, like those of Earle, were circulating in manuscript for some while before they were published. Overbury's was the most popular book of Characters and reached a twentieth edition in 1673. By this time the original twenty-one Characters had increased to more than eighty. Even of the first set we are told in the Title that they were "written by himself *and other learned Gentlemen his friends*." The Characters which go by the name of Overbury are therefore really a collection from many sources. Among others Webster and Donne are known to have contributed Characters. But an exact discrimination of the various authors is no longer possible.

The Essay and the Character developed side by side. From the first the Character was a more formal type than the Essay. It had rules and conventions which the essay had not. This is interestingly illustrated in Geffray Mynshul's *Essays and Characters*, where the freedom and discursiveness of the Essays is in clear contrast with the brevity and attempted artistry of the Characters. For the study of Characters as a distinct literary *genre* two Characters of

Characters are an invaluable introduction. They show what the aims of the Character writers were, what principles of excellence they recognised, and to what rules and conventions they subjected themselves. The first is in the Overbury Collection and is entitled *What a Character is*:

“If I must speak the schoolmaster’s language, I will confess that character comes of this infinitive mood *Χαραζω*, which signifieth to engrave, or make a deep impression. And for that cause, a letter (as A. B.) is called a character.

“Those elements which we learn first, leaving a strong seal in our memories.

“Character is also taken for an Egyptian hieroglyphic, for an impress, or short emblem; in little comprehending much.

“To square out a character by our English level, it is a picture (real or personal) quaintly drawn, in various colours, all of them heightened by one shadowing.

“It is a quick and soft touch of many strings, all shutting up in one musical close: it is wit’s descent on any plain song.”

The second is from Richard Flecknoe’s *Enigmatical Characters*, and is entitled *Of the Author’s Idea, or Of a Character*.

“It gives you the hint of discourse, but discourses not; and is that in mass and ingot you may coin and wire-draw to infinite; ’tis more Seneca than Cicero, and speaks rather the language of Oracles than Orators: every line a sentence, and every two a period. It says not all, but all it says is good, and like an Air in Music is either full of closes, or still driving towards a close: ’tis no long-winded exercise of spirit, but a forcible one, and therefore soonest out of breath; ’tis all matter, and to the matter, and has nothing of superfluity, nothing of circumlocution; so little comporting with mediocrity, as it or extols to Heaven or depresses unto Hell; having no mid place for Purgatory left. ’Tis that in every sort of writing delighteth most, and though the Treatise be gold it

is the Jewel still, which the Author of Characters, like your Lapidary, produces single, whilst others Goldsmith-like enchase them in their works. 'Tis a Portraiture, not only o' th' Body, but the soul and mind; whence it not only delights but teaches and moves withal, and is a Sermon as well as Picture to everyone. In fine, 'tis a short voyage, the Writer holds out with equal force, still coming fresh unto his journey's end, whilst in long ones, they commonly tire and falter on their way. And to the Reader 'tis a garden, not a journey or a feast, where by reason of the subject's variety he is never cloyed but at each Character, as at a new service, falls to with fresh Appetite."

First, a Character is a *picture*, not a *description*. "It is a Dutch picture, a Gerard Dow, somewhat too elaborate" (Hallam). It should be able to be viewed at a glance, as it were. The first essential is therefore *brevity*. Although the later writers of Character tend to lengthen their Characters, the earlier writers seldom exceed the page. And one feels that this brevity is an essential peculiarity of the genre. "In long ones they commonly tire and falter on their way."

Secondly, a Character must have *point*. It is not enough that it should contain "nothing of superfluity"; each point must be forcibly made. The main lines of the picture must be vigorously marked. As each point is made it must be sufficient in itself. There may be no elaboration, no "discourse." Hence the style of the Character tends naturally to be epigrammatic—it "speaks rather the language of Oracles than Orators: every line a sentence, and every two a period."

Thirdly, it must have unity and comprehensiveness. A collection of points about a type does not constitute a Character. The

colours of the picture must be "heightened by one shadowing." That is, the points which compose the Character must cohere together in such a way as to produce a single, definite "impression" of the thing characterised. Not every assemblage of points will do this. The Character is, in the strictest sense, a work of art; and the writer of Characters must be an artist. The Character must have unity, form, harmony, completeness. It must be a picture, and not either a photograph or a poster.

Lastly, it was held to be typical of the Character that it should be "quaint" or "conceited." This must not be regarded as *essential*. *London and Country Carbonadoed* (1632), by Donald Lupton, is a collection of scenes of Town and Country life which are among the most interesting of the Characters. There is in them some, though not much, attempt at "wit," and the writer is not successful in the attempt. They claim a high place in the literature of Charactery despite, and not because of, their wit. Yet, in general, Charactery was a humbler expression of the same attitude of mind as produced the metaphysical poetry of the seventeenth century.

In drama and fiction the character is first and foremost *individual*. Its excellence is judged by its individuality, and in this is held to reside its reality. But individuality and universality are abstractions which cease to exist apart from the primary reality which is the character. Granted that the character have sufficient individuality to ensure its reality then its excellence lies in its universality. The great characters of literature are those which, while remaining essentially

individual, become universal and belong to all peoples and all time. The subject of the *Character* is always the type, the universal. But it does not differ from drama and fiction as the type differs from the individual. The difference is rather in starting-point and direction. As the character of drama and fiction starts from the individual and creates the universal, so the *Character*, starting from the type, invests it with individuality. The *Character* was not, and never became, a personification of abstractions, as were the characters in the *Moralities*. It showed no tendency to fall away towards the scientific or sociological essay. Its aim and its excellence are the individualisation of the type.

The *subjects* of Characterology may be divided into three classes. They are (1) the type of personality (a reserved man; a blunt man, etc.); (2) social types (an idle gallant; a shop-keeper, etc.); and (3) places or scenes (a tavern; a bowl alley, etc.). Most *Characters* fall probably somewhere between these divisions, *e.g.* *Characters of An Old Man, of Spring, of A Downright Scholar*, etc. But the classification is as useful as most. It is clear that the subject is always an abstraction, and therefore unreal. There is no such thing as a man who is jealous and nothing more, reserved and nothing more. Jealousy and reserve are abstractions from particular traits manifested by many individual men, by some more and by others less. But always the man is something more than the type, and the type has no separate existence apart from individuals. So there is no such thing as the type of a tavern, a fop, spring, apart from parti-

cular taverns and fops and springs. The art of the Character consists in creating individuals while formulating types. A Character is not the picture of the abstract types of Jealousy or Reserve—which do not exist—but the picture of a Jealous *Man* or a Reserved *Man*, who are, none the less, types.

The *method* of charactery cannot be stereotyped. Four methods may be distinguished and these are used in combination or separately. They are: (1) formulation of typical characteristics; (2) formulation of typical behaviour; (3) analogy and simile; (4) anecdote. But any classification such as this must give a too wooden idea of the variety and vitality of the actual writings. And no rules can be laid down. So long as the writer creates a *picture* of a type, that is a Character which is individual, he has succeeded in his art.

Charactery proved a literary genre particularly liable to abuse. In its most genuine form the Character is the outcome of the pure interest in artistic portrayal. But the form proved a convenient vehicle for other interests. As early as Hall the pure interest of Charactery was combined with the subsidiary interest of moralisation, and his Characters have something of the odour of sermons. Didacticism continued throughout the century a potent distorting influence. Again, the Character was soon found to be a useful vehicle for satire and invective. In many pieces from the Overbury collection the Character seems to have the spirit of the Elizabethan "anatomy of abuses"; in some of the later writers it becomes abuse for its own sake. It has been used for royalist flattery by Wortley,

and in *A Strange Metamorphosis of Man transformed into a Wilderness* (1634), it becomes pure phantasy. The majority of the later writers, including Butler in many of his pieces, err in preferring satire to objective portrayal. Not that a satirical Character is necessarily a bad Character; but the satirical Character in general, to the pure Character as found in Earle at his best, is as the caricature to the portrait.

The most serious distortion, however, which was present from the first, is in the realm of style. "Wit" was the literary characteristic of the age, and the Character was closely associated with wit. So long as wit remains a method only, and is subordinated to the main purpose of Character, no association could be more happy. But inevitably the importance of wit was exaggerated and the Character often became a mere exercise in wit. The justification of many Characters is simply and solely their wit. So long as the wit is at a high level they may still be amusing, though perhaps not of high literary value. But when the wit itself is ponderous or extravagant, the Character has touched the depths of banality. We may say with Flecknoe that wit "is no solid food of life, but an excellent sauce or seasoning if it be not unseasonably used."

A word should perhaps be said about the pun. To-day the pun is repudiated as worthy only of schoolboy facetiousness, and so long as it is regarded as attempted humour, it will stand as an obstacle to appreciation. It is an accepted literary device of Character; but seldom is it used with humorous intent. It belongs to the sphere of wit. The modern repudiation of the

pun is a natural consequence of the decay of wit. The use of the pun must therefore be judged as we judge the use of wit. And by this standard it will be found in the best writers to add piquancy and point to characterisation; seldom to be introduced as an end in itself; and never to obscure or impede the main purpose of the Character.

THE CHARACTER IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER.—As the seventeenth century is the century of Characterisation, so the eighteenth century is the century of the Essay. It is to the periodical essay, represented by the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*, that we turn for Character in this age. There is at once noticeable a change in spirit and intention. The Character writers of the latter part of the seventeenth century were without the freshness and spontaneity of the earlier writers; they endeavoured to make up for lack of artistry by violence and abuse. Addison and Steele are at least the equals of any writers of Character before them; and in their hands the Character lost its distinctness of form and method and became merged into the essay. In order to understand this new freedom it must be remembered that they were not merely carrying on the English tradition of Character but were influenced by the French, which had always been more closely allied to the essay of manners. And they were themselves essayists before Characterologists. This throwing off of conventions and restrictions had results both good and bad. It was unfortunate in that it led to the decay of Character as a distinct art-

form; it was on the other hand an essential step towards the Character of the novel.*

There is in the essay character in general a distinct tendency towards individualisation. The Character becomes a fictitious individual instead of an individualised type. But this process is observable in a variety of stages. First there are Characters which are exactly in the style of Earle, except that they are given personal names and hence a fictitious individuality. Such are the Characters of the *Gentleman* and of *Salamanders*. Similar to this are the portrait Characters, such as Steele's *A Good Judge* and *Aristaeus* (Addison). Then there is the anecdotal Character, such as Addison's *Political Upholsterer*, Goldsmith's *Man in Black*, and Johnson's imaginary biographical sketches.† Here we leave the strict conventions of Character and enter upon the essay. This type of Characterisation has persisted in the short story Character.

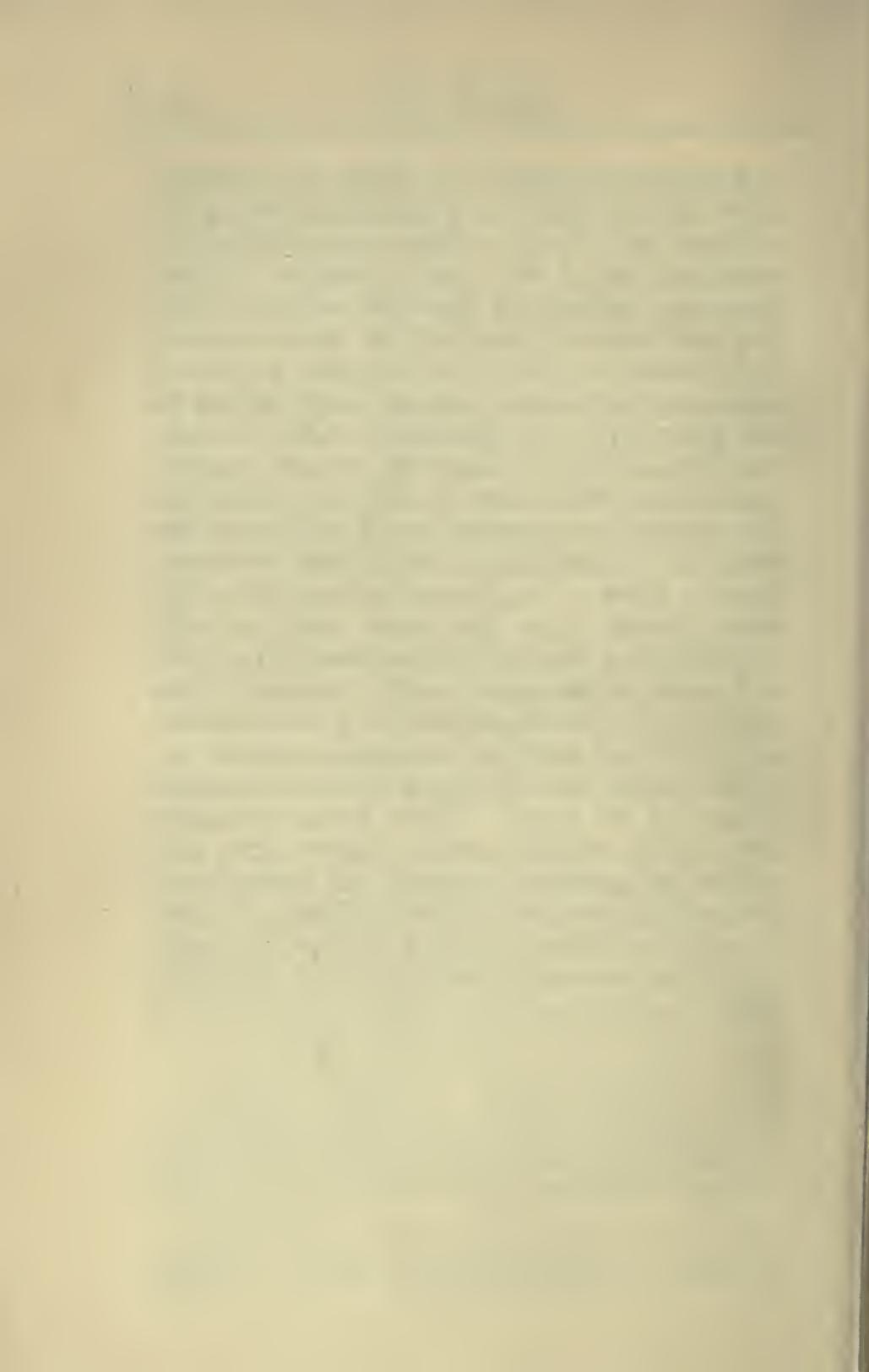
A special feature of this period was the series of short characterisations of the members of a club. It was the outcome of a passing interest in *clubs* and has not maintained itself. Finally we come to the *novel* Character—I call it the novel because, although not yet within the novel form, the method of portrayal is that of the novel.

* The minor novelists of the eighteenth century occasionally used the character sketch—as, for example, Aphra Behn's character of the Black Prince in *Oroonoko*—but the later development of characterisation in the novel was not materially influenced by them.

† Thackeray was later to make extensive use of the anecdote as an aid to characterisation in his *Book of Snobs*.

Such is the famous Sir Roger de Coverley. Although Sir Roger is the best known of all Addison and Steele's characters, although he remains one of the great characters of our literature, there is no Character of him except in a brief summary of some few lines in a list of club characters. He is presented in a number of scenes and situations, each of which belongs to the essay type of Character. Any of these would introduce Sir Roger to us; but none of them alone would give us fully his Character. His personality is revealed to the full only in the whole set of Characters of which he is the central figure. Thus we approach the method of the novel, where the characters are gradually unfolded in a number of situations and scenes, and nowhere adequately and completely portrayed. The Sir Roger essays are the substance of a novel had they but continuity and plot.

The subsequent history of Character is the history of the novel. There have, of course, been books of Characters written since the eighteenth century; but they are isolated and do not form a continuous development. Rather, since the popularity of the novel, the Character sketch has become subsidiary to and influenced by it.



A MIRROR OF CHARACTERY

CHAUCER

GEOFFREY CHAUCER (1340?–1400) was the first great poet of our language, and was instrumental in fixing the East Midland dialect as the literary language of England. The *Canterbury Tales* represent the wide sweep of English life, gathering a motley company together and letting each class of society tell its own favourite stories. In the famous *Prologue* the poet introduces us to the various characters of his poem.

PRIORESS

Ther was also a Nonne, a PRIORESSE,
That of hire smiling was ful simple and coy;
Hire gretest othe was but by Seint Eloy;
And she was cleped madame Eglentine.
Ful wel she sange the service devine,
Entuned in hire nose ful semely;
And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford-atte-Bowe,
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe.
At mete wel ytaughte was she withalle;
She leet no morsel from hire lippes falle,
Ne wette hire fingres in hire sauce depe.
Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
Thatte no drope ne fell upon hire brest.
In curtesie was sette ful moche hire lest.
Hire over lippe wiped she so clene,
That in hire cuppe was no ferthing sene
Of grese, whan she dronken hadde hire draught.

Ful semely after hire mete she raught.
 And sikerly she was of grete disport,
 And ful plesant, and amiable of port,
 And peined hire to contrefeten chere
 Of Court, and ben estatelich of manere,
 And to ben holden digne of reverence.

But for to speken of hire conscience,
 She was so charitable and so pitous,
 She wolde wepe if that she saw a mous
 Caughte in a trappe, if it were ded or bledde.
 Of smale houndes hadde she, that she fedde
 With rosted flesh, and milk, and wastel brede.
 But sore wept she if oon of hem were dede,
 Of if men smote it with a yerde smerte:
 And all was conscience and tendre herte.

Ful semely hire wimple ypinched was;
 Hire nose tretis; hire eyen grey as glas;
 Hire mouth ful smale, and therto soft and red;
 But sikerly she hadde a fayre forehed.
 It was almost a spanne brode I trowe;
 For hardily she was not undergrowe.

Ful fetise was hire cloke, as I was ware.
 Of smale corall aboute hire arm she bare
 A pair of bedes, gauded all with grene;
 And theron heng a broche of gold ful shene,
 On whiche was first ywriten a crowned A,
 And after, *Amor vincit omnia*.
 Another NONNE with hire hadde she,
 That was hire chapelleine, and PREESTES thre.

PARSON

A good man ther was of religioun,
 That was a poure PERSONE of a toun:
 But richè he was of holy thought and werk.

He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche.
His parishens devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversite ful patient:
And swiche he was ypreved often sithes.
Ful loth were him to cursen for his tithes,
But rather wolde he yeven out of doute,
Unto his poure parishens aboute,
Of his offring, and eke of his substance.
He coude in litel thing have suffisance.
Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder,
But he ne lafte nat for rain ne thonder,
In sikenesse nor in mischief to visite
The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite,
Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf.
This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,
That first he wrought, and afterward he taught.
Out of the gospel he tho wordes caught,
And this figure he added eek therto,
That if gold ruste, what shuld iren do ?
For if a preest be foule, on whom we trust,
No wonder is a lewed man to rust:
And shame it is, if that a preest take kepe,
A shitten shepherd, and clene sheep:
Wel ought a preest ensample for to yeve,
By his clenenesse, how that his shepe shulde live.
He sette not his benefice to hire,
And lette his shepe encombred in the mire,
And ran to London, unto Seint Poules,
To seken him a chanterie for soules,
Or with a brotherhede to be withold:
But dwelt at home, and kepte wel his fold,
So that the wolf ne made it not miscarie.
He was a shepherd, and no mercenarie.
And though he holy were, and vertuous,

He was to sinful man not despitous,
 Ne of his speche dangerous ne digne,
 But in his teching discrete and benigne.
 To drawen folk to heven by fairenesse,
 By good ensample, this was his besinesse:
 But it were any persone obstinat,
 What so he were, of highe or low estat,
 Him wolde he snibben sharply for the nones.
 A better preest I trowe that nowher non is.
 He waited after no pompe ne reverence,
 Ne maked him no spiced conscience,
 But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
 He taught, but first he folwed it himselve.

MILLER

The MILLER was a stout carl for the nones,
 Ful bigge he was of braun, and eke of bones;
 That proved wel, for over all ther he came,
 At wrastling he wold bere away the ram.
 He was short shuldered, brode, a thikke gnarre,
 Ther nas no dore that he nolde heve of harre,
 Or breke it at a running with his hede.
 His berd as any sowe or fox was rede,
 And therto brode, as though it were a spade.
 Upon the cop right of his nose he hade
 A wert, and theron stode a tufte of heres,
 Rede as the bristles of a sowes eres.
 His nose-thirles blacke were and wide.
 A swerd and bokeler bare he by his side.
 His mouth as wide was as a greet ferneis.
 He was a jangler and a goliardeis,
 And that was most of sinne and harlotries.
 Wel coude he stelen corne and tollen thries.
 And yet he had a thomb of gold parde.

A white cote and a blew hode wered he.
A baggepipe woll coude he blowe and soun,
And therwithall he brought us out of town.

AWDELEY

JOHN AWDELEY'S *Fraternity of Vagabonds* (1561) and THOMAS HARMAN'S *A Caveat for Common Cursitors* (1567) do not belong to the genre of character-writing proper. They are studies of the various types of cheats and vagabonds with which England was inundated in Queen Elizabeth's reign. They are, however, interesting as an early attempt to depict types.

AN ABRAHAM MAN

An Abraham man is he that walketh bare armed and bare legged, and feigneth himself mad, and carieth a pack of wool, or a stick with bacon on it, or such like toy, and nameth himself poor Tom.

A PRYGMAN

A Prygman goeth with a stick in his hand like an idle person. His property is to steal clothes off the hedge, which they call "storing of the Rogeman": or else filch poultry, carrying them to the alehouse, which they call the "Bowsing Inn," and there sit playing at cards and dice, till that is spent which they have so filched.

A COURTESY MAN

A Courtesy man is one that walketh about the back lanes in London in the day time, and sometimes in the broad streets in the night season, and when he meeteth some handsome young man cleanly apparelled, or some other honest citizen, he maketh humble salutations and low curtesy, and showeth him that he hath a word or two to speak with his mastership. This child can behave himself mannerly, for he will desire him that he talketh withal to take the upper hand, and shew him much reverence, and at the last like his familiar acquaintance will put on his cap, and walk side by side, and talk on this fashion: "Oh sir, you seem to be a man, and one that favoureth men, and therefore I am the more bolder to break my mind unto your good mastership. Thus it is, sir, there is certain of us (though I say it, both tall and handsome men of their hands) which have come lately from the wars, and as God knoweth have nothing to take to, being both masterless and moneyless, and knowing no way whereby to earn one penny. And further, whereas we have been wealthily brought up, and we also have been had in good estimation, we are ashamed now to declare our misery, and to fall a-craving as common beggars, and as for to steal and rob, (God is our record) it striketh us to the heart to think of such a mischief that ever any handsome men should fall into such a danger for this worldly trash. Which if we had to suffice our want and necessity, we should never seek thus shamefastly to crave on such good pitiful men as you seem to be, neither yet so dangerously to hasard our lives for so vile a

thing. Therefore good sir, as you seem to be a handsome man yourself, and also such a one as pitieth the miserable case of handsome men, as now your eyes and countenance sheweth to have some pity upon this my miserable complaint: So in God's cause I require your mastership, and in the behalf of my poor afflicted fellows, which though here in sight they cry not with me to you, yet wheresoever they be, I am sure they cry unto God to move the hearts of some good men to shew forth their liberality in this behalf. All which and I with them crave now the same request at your good mastership's hand." With these or suchlike words he frameth his talk. Now if the party (which he thus talketh withal) profereth him a penny or 2d. he taketh it, but very scornfully, and at last speaketh on this sort: "Well Sir, your good will is not to be refused. But yet you shall understand (good sir) that this is nothing for them for whom I do thus shamefastly entreat. Alas, sir, it is not a groat or 12d. I speak for, being such a company of servitors as we have been: yet nevertheless God forbid I should not receive your gentle offer at this time, hoping hereafter through your good motions to some suchlike good gentleman as you be, that I, or some of my fellows in my place, shall find the more liberality." These kind of idle vagabonds will go commonly well apparelled, without any weapon, and in places where they meet together, as at their hostelries and other places, they will bear the port of right good gentlemen, and some are the more trusted, but commonly they pay them with stealing a pair of sheets or coverlet and so take their farewell early in the morning before the master or dame be stirring.

HARMAN

A HOOKER OR ANGLER

These Hookers or Anglers be perilous and most wicked knaves and be derived or proceed forth from the upright men; they commonly go in frieze jerkins and gally slops, pointed beneath the knee; these when they practise their pilfering, it is all by night; for as they walk a daytimes from house to house to demand charity they vigilantly mark where or in what place they may attain to their prey, casting their eyes up to every window, well noting what they see there, whether apparel or linen, hanging near unto the said windows, and that will they be sure to have the next night following; for they customarily carry with them a staff of v or vi foot long, in which, within one inch of the top thereof, is a little hole bored through, in which hole they put an iron hook, and with the same they will pluck unto them quickly anything that they may reach therewith, which hook in the daytime they covertly carry about with them, and is never seen or taken out till they come to the place where they work their feat: such have I seen at my house, and have oft talked with them and handled their staves, not then understanding to what use or intent they served, although I had, and perceived by their talk and behaviour, great likelihood of evil suspicion in them: they will either lean upon their staff to hide the hole thereof, when they talk with you, or hold their hand upon the hole; and what stuff, either woollen or linen, they thus hook out, they never carry the same forthwith to their stalling kens, but hide the same a III days in some secret

corner, and after convey the same to their houses abovesaid, where their host or hostess giveth them money for the same, but half the value that it is worth, or else their doxies shall afar off sell the same at the like houses. I was credibly informed that a hooker came to a farmer's house in the dead of the night, and putting back a draw window of a low chamber, the bed standing hard by the same window, in which lay three persons (a man and two big boys), this hooker with his staff plucked off their garments, which lay upon them to keep them warm, with the coverlet and sheet, and left them lying asleep naked saving their shirts, and had away all clean, and they never could understand where it became. I verily suppose that when they were well waked with cold, they surely thought that Robin Goodfellow (according to the old saying) had been with them that night.

HALL

JOSEPH HALL (1574-1656), Bishop of Exeter and later of Norwich, was a devout churchman and a learned theologian. His *Characters of Virtues and Vices* was published in 1608, although the first known edition is that of 1627. He models himself expressly upon Theophrastus, but manages to impart to his *Characters* a moral flavour which is as foreign to the pagan impartiality of the latter as it is to most of the English books of Charactery.

OF AN HONEST MAN

He looks not to what he might do, but what he should. Justice is his first guide, the

second law of his actions is expedience. He had rather complain than offend, and hates sin more for the indignity of it than the danger. His simple uprightness works in him that confidence which oftentimes wrongs him, and gives advantage to the subtle, when he rather pities their faithlessness than repents of his credulity. He hath but one heart and that lies open to sight; and were it not for discretion, he never thinks aught whereof he would avoid a witness. His word is his parchment, and his "yea" his oath, which he will not violate for fear or for loss. The mishaps of following events may cause him to blame his providence, can never cause him to eat his promise: neither saith he "This I saw not" but "This I said." When he is made his friend's executor he defrays debts, pays legacies, and scorneth to gain by orphans or to ransack graves, and therefore will be true to a dead friend because he sees him not. All his dealings are square and above the board; he bewrays the fault of what he sells and restores the overseen gain of a false reckoning. He esteems a bribe venomous though it come gilded over with the colour of gratuity. His cheeks are never stained with the blushes of recantation, neither does his tongue falter to make good a lie with the secret glosses of double or reserved senses, and when his name is traduced his innocence bears him out with courage: then, lo, he goes on the plain way of truth, and will either triumph in his integrity or suffer with it. His conscience overrules his providence; so as in all things good or ill he respects the nature of the actions not the sequel. If he sees what he must do, let God see what

shall follow. He never loadeth himself with burdens above his strength, beyond his will; and once bound, what he can he will do; neither doth he will but what he can do. His ear is the sanctuary of his absent friend's name, of his present friend's secret; neither of them can miscarry in his trust. He remembers the wrongs of his youth and repays them with that usury which he himself would not take. He would rather want than borrow, and beg than not pay: his fair conditions are without dissembling, and he loves actions above words. Finally, he hates falsehood worse than death: he is a faithful client of truth, no man's enemy, and it is a question whether more another man's friend or his own; and if there were no heaven, yet he would be virtuous.

OF THE HUMBLE MAN

He is a friendly enemy to himself; for, though he be not out of his own favour, no man sets so low a value of his worth as himself—not out of ignorance or carelessness, but of a voluntary and meek dejectedness. He admires everything in another, while the same or better in himself he thinks not unworthily contemned. His eyes are full of his own wants and others' perfections. He loves rather to give than take honour; not in a fashion of complimentary courtesy but in simplicity of his judgement. Neither doth he fret at those on whom he forceth precedence as one that hoped their modesty would have refused; but holds his mind unfeignedly below his place and is ready to go lower (if need be)

without discontent. When he hath his due he magnifieth courtesy and disclaims his deserts. He can be more ashamed of honour than grieved with contempt because he thinks that causeless, this deserved. His face, his carriage, his habit savour of lowliness without affectation, and yet he is much under that he seemeth. His words are few and soft, never either peremptory or censorious; because he thinks both each man more wise and none more faulty than himself. And, when he approacheth to the throne of God, he is so taken up with Divine greatness that, in his own eyes, he is either vile or nothing. Places of public charge are fain to sue to him and hale him out of his chosen obscurity; which he holds off, not cunningly to cause importunity, but sincerely in the conscience of his defects. He thinks himself in his natural element when he is shrouded within his own walls. He is ever jealous over himself and still suspecteth that which others applaud. There is no better object of beneficence, for what he receives he ascribes merely to the bounty of the giver, nothing to merit. He emulates no man in anything but goodness, and that with more desire than hope to overtake. No man is so contented with his little and so patient under miseries; because he knows the greatest evils are below his sins and the least favours above his deservings. He walks ever in awe and dare not but subject every word and action to an high and just censure. He is a lowly valley, sweetly planted and well watered; the proud man's earth, whereon he trampleth; but secretly full of wealthy mines, more worth than he that walks over them; a

rich stone set in lead; and, lastly, a true temple of God built with a low roof.

OF THE HYPOCRITE

An hypocrite is the worst kind of player by so much as he acts the better part, which hath always two faces, oftentimes two hearts; that can compose his forehead to sadness and gravity while he bids his heart be wanton and careless within, and in the meantime laughs within himself to think how smoothly he hath cozened the beholder. In whose silent face are written the characters of religion, which his tongue and gestures pronounce but his hands recant. That hath a clean face and garment with a foul soul, whose mouth belies his heart and his fingers belie his mouth. Walking early up into the city, he turns into the great church and salutes one of the pillars on one knee, worshipping that God which at home he cares not for, while his eye is fixed on some window, on some passenger, and his heart knows not whither his lips go. He rises, and looking about with admiration, complains on our frozen charity, commends the ancient. At church he will ever sit where he may be seen best and in the midst of the sermon pulls out his tables in haste as if he feared to lose that note, when he writes either his forgotten errand or nothing. Then he turns his Bible with a noise to seek some omitted quotation, and folds the leaf as if he had found it, and asks aloud the name of the preacher, and repeats it, whom he publicly salutes, thanks, praises, invites, entertains with tedious good

counsel, with good discourse if it had come from an honest mouth. He can command tears when he speaks of his youth, indeed because it is past not because it was sinful; himself is not better but the times are worse. All other sins he reckons up with detestation while he loves and hides his darling in his bosom. All his speech returns to himself, and every occurrence draws a story to his own praise. When he should give he looks about him and says, "Who sees me?" No alms, no prayers, fall from him without a witness, belike lest God should deny that He hath received them; and when he hath done (lest the world should not know it) his own mouth is his trumpet to proclaim it. With the superfluity of his usury he builds a hospital and harbours them whom his extortion hath spoiled; so while he makes many beggars he keeps some. He turneth all gnats into camels, and cares not to undo the world for a circumstance. Flesh on a Friday is more abomination to him than his neighbour's bed: he more abhors not to uncover at the name of Jesus than to swear by the name of God. When a rhymer reads his poem to him he begs a copy and dissuades the press. There is nothing that he likes in presence that in absence he censures not. He comes to the sick-bed of his step-mother and weeps when he secretly fears her recovery. He greets his friend in the street with so clear a countenance, so fast a closure, that the other thinks he reads his heart in his face, and shakes hands with an indefinite invitation of "When will you come?" and when his back is turned joys that he is well rid of a guest; yet if that guest visits him unfeared, he

counterfeits a smiling welcome and excuses his cheer, when closely he frowns on his wife for too much. He shows well and says well, and himself is the worst thing he hath. In brief, he is the stranger's saint, the neighbour's disease, the blot of goodness, a rotten stick in a dark night, a poppy in a cornfield, an ill-tempered candle with a great snuff that in going out smells ill; an angel abroad, a devil at home, and worse when an angel than when a devil.

OF THE VAINGLORIOUS

All his humour rises up into the froth of ostentation, which if it once settle falls down into a narrow room. If the excess be in the understanding part, all his wit is in print; the press hath left his head empty, yea, not only what he had but what he could borrow without leave. If his glory be in his devotion, he gives not alms but on record; and if he have once done well God hears of it often, for upon every unkindness he is ready to upbraid Him with his merits. Over and above his own discharge, he hath some satisfactions to spare for the common treasure. He can fulfil the law with ease and earn God with superfluity. If he hath bestowed but a little sum in the glazing, paving, parieting of God's house, you shall find it in the church window. Or if a more gallant humour possess him, he wears all his land on his back, and walking high looks over his left shoulder to see if the point of his rapier follow him with a grace. He is proud of another man's horse, and well mounted thinks every man wrongs him that

looks not at him. A bare head in the street doth him more good than a meal's meat. He swears big at an ordinary, and talks of the court with a sharp accent; neither vouchsafes to name any not honourable, nor those without some term of familiarity, and likes well to see the hearer look upon him amazedly, as if he said, "How happy is this man that is so great with great ones!" Under pretence of seeking for a scroll of news he draws out a handful of letters endorsed with his own style to the height, and half reading every title passes over the latter part with a murmur, not without signifying what lord sent this, what great lady the other, and for what suits; the last paper (as it happens) is his news from his honourable friend in the French court. In the midst of dinner his lackey comes sweating in with a sealed note from his creditor, who now threatens a speedy arrest, and whispers the ill news in his master's ear, when he aloud names a counsellor of state and professes to know the employment. The same messenger he calls with an imperious nod, and after expostulation, where he hath left his fellows, in his ear, sends him for some new spur-leathers or stockings by this time footed; and when he is gone half the room recalls him and sayeth aloud, "It is no matter, let the greater bag alone till I come." And yet again calling him closer, whispers (so that all the table may hear), that if his crimson suit be ready against the day, the rest need no haste. He picks his teeth when his stomach is empty, and calls for pheasants at a common inn. You shall find him pricing the richest jewels and fairest horses when his purse yields not money enough

for earnest. He thrusts himself into the press before some great ladies, and loves to be seen near the head of a great train. His talk is how many mourners he furnished with gowns at his father's funeral, how many masses, how rich his coat is, and how ancient, how great his alliance; what challenges he hath made and answered; what exploits he did at Calais or Nieuport; and when he hath commended others' buildings, furnitures, suits, compares them with his own. When he hath undertaken to be the broker for some rich diamond he wears it, and pulling off his glove to stroke up his hair, thinks no eye should have any other object. Entertaining his friend he chides his cook for no better cheer and names the dishes he meant and wants. To conclude, he is ever on the stage and acts still a glorious part abroad, when no man carries a baser heart, no man is more sordid and careless at home. He is a Spanish soldier on an Italian theatre, a bladder full of wind, a skinful of words, a fool's wonder and a wise man's fool.

OF THE PRESUMPTUOUS

Presumption is nothing but hope out of his wits, an high house upon weak pillars. The presumptuous man loves to attempt great things only because they are hard and rare. His actions are bold and venturesome, and more full of hazard than use. He hoisteth sail in a tempest and sayeth never any of his ancestors were drowned. He goes into an infected house and says the plague dare not seize on noble blood. He runs on high battlements, gallops

down steep hills, rides over narrow bridges, walks on weak ice, and never thinks, "What if I fall?" but "What if I run over and fall not?" He is a confident alchemist and braggeth that the womb of his furnace hath conceived a burden that will do all the world good; which yet he desires secretly born, for fear of his own bondage. In the meantime his glass breaks, yet he upon better luting lays wagers of the success and promiseth wedges beforehand to his friend. He saith "I will sin, and be sorry, and escape; either God will not see, or not be angry, or not punish it, or remit the measure. If I do well, He is just to reward; if ill, He is merciful to forgive." Thus his praises wrong God no less than his offence and hurt himself no less than they wrong God. Any pattern is enough to encourage him. Show him the way where any foot hath trod, he dare follow although he see no steps returning; what if a thousand have attempted and miscarried, if but one hath prevailed it sufficeth. He suggests to himself false hopes of "never too late," as if he could command either time or repentance, and dare defer the expectation of mercy till betwixt the bridge and the water. Give him but where to set his foot, and he will remove the earth. He foreknows the mutations of states, the events of war, the temper of the seasons; either his old prophecy tell it him or his stars. Yea, he is no stranger to the records of God's secret counsel, but he turns them over and whirs them out at pleasure. I know not whether in all his enterprises he show less fear or wisdom; no man promises himself more, no man more believes himself. "I will go and sell, and return

and purchase, and spend and leave my sons such estates": all which if it succeed he thanks himself; if not, he blames not himself. His purposes are measured not by his ability but his will; and his actions by his purposes. Lastly, he is ever credulous in assent, rash in undertaking, peremptory in resolving, witless in proceeding, and in his ending miserable, which is never other than either the laughter of the wise or the pity of fools.

OVERBURY

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY (1581-1613) was born in Warwickshire, and knighted by King James in 1608. Owing to his persistent opposition to the intrigue of his friend Sir Robert Carr with Lady Essex, he was thrown into the tower, and there he died in 1613—it was thought by poison. The *Characters* were first published in 1614 together with a verse character of the perfect wife. The title was: *A Wife now the Widdow of Sir Thomas Overburye. Being a most exquisite and singular Poem of the Choice of a Wife. Whereunto are added many witty Characters, and conceited News, written by himselfe and other learned gentlemen his friends.* The book had an immediate and extravagant popularity, which was heightened by the publicity in which his death became involved. Characters were added to the twenty-one of the original edition, until the eleventh impression (1622) contained eighty.

AN ORDINARY WIDOW

Is like the herald's hearse-cloth; she serves to many funerals, with a very little altering of colour. The end of her husband begins in

tears; and the end of her tears begins in a husband. She uses to cunning women to know how many husbands she shall have, and never marries without the consent of six midwives. Her chiefest pride is in the multitude of her suitors; and by them she gains: for one serves to draw on another, and with one at last she shoots out another, as boys do pellets in eldern guns. She commends to them a single life, as horse-coursers do their jades, to put them away. Her fancy is to one of the biggest of the Guard, but knighthood makes her draw a weaker bow. Her servants or kinsfolk are the trumpeters that summon any to this combat; by them she gains much credit, but loseth it again in the old proverb: *fama est mendax*. If she live to be thrice married, she seldom fails to cozen her second husband's creditors. A churchman she dare not venture upon; for she hath heard widows complain of dilapidations: nor a soldier, though he have candle-rents in the city, for his estate may be subject to fire: very seldom a lawyer, without he show exceeding great practice and can make her case the better: but a knight with the old rent may do much, for a great coming in is all in all with a widow: ever provided that most part of her plate and jewels (before the wedding) lie concealed with her scrivener. Thus like a too ripe apple, she falls off herself: but he that hath her is lord but of a filthy purchase, for the title is cracked. Lastly, while she is a widow, observe her, she is no mo[ur]ning woman: the evening, a good fire, and sack may make her listen to a husband: and if ever she be made sure, 'tis upon a full stomach to bed-ward.

A VIRTUOUS WIDOW

Is the palm-tree, that thrives not after the supplanting of her husband. For her children's sake she first marries, for she married that she might have children, and for their sakes she marries no more. She is like the purest gold,—only employed for princes' medals, she never receives but one man's impression; the large jointure moves her not, titles of honour cannot sway her. To change her name were (she thinks) to commit a sin should make her ashamed of her husband's calling. She thinks she has travelled all the world in one man; the rest of her time therefore she directs to heaven. Her main superstition is, she thinks her husband's ghost would walk, should she not perform his will: she would do it were there no Prerogative Court. She gives much to pious uses, without any hope to merit by them: and as one diamond fashions another, so is she wrought into works of charity with the dust or ashes of her husband. She lives to see herself full of time; being so necessary for earth, God calls her not to heaven till she be very aged: and even then, though her natural strength fail her, she stands like an ancient pyramid; which, the less it grows to man's eye, the nearer it reaches to heaven. This latter chastity of hers is more grave and reverend than that ere she was married; for in it is neither hope, nor longing, nor fear, nor jealousy. She ought to be a mirror for our youngest dames to dress themselves by when she is fullest of wrinkles. No calamity can now come near her; for in suffering the loss of her husband she accounts all the rest trifles. She

hath laid his dead body in the worthiest monument that can be: she hath buried it in her own heart. To conclude, she is a relic that, without any superstition in the world, though she will not be kissed, yet may be revered.

A COURTIER

To all men's thinking is a man, and to most men the finest: all things else are defined by the understanding, but this by the senses; but his surest mark is, that he is to be found only about princes. He smells; and putteth away much of his judgement about the situation of his clothes. He knows no man that is not generally known. His wit, like the marigold, openeth with the sun, and therefore he riseth not before ten of the clock. He puts more confidence in his words than meaning, and more in his pronunciation than his words. Occasion is his Cupid, and he hath but one receipt of making love. He follows nothing but inconstancy, admires nothing but beauty, honours nothing but fortune. Loves nothing. The sustenance of his discourse is news, and his censure like a shot depends upon the charging. He is not, if he be out of court, but fish-like breathes destruction if out of his own element. Neither his motion nor aspect are regular, but he moves by the upper spheres, and is the reflection of higher substances.

If you find him not here, you shall in *Paul's*, with a pick-tooth in his hat, a cape cloak, and a long stocking.

AN AFFECTATE TRAVELLER

Is a speaking fashion; he hath taken pains to be ridiculous, and hath seen more than he has perceived. His attire speaks *French* or *Italian* and his gait cries, *Behold me*. He censures all things by countenances and shrugs, and speaks his own language with shame and lispings: he will choke, rather than confess beer good drink; and his pick-tooth is a main part of his behaviour. He chooseth rather to be counted a spy, than not a politician: and maintains his reputation by naming great men familiarly. He chooseth rather to tell lies than not wonders, and talks with men singly: his discourse sounds big, but means nothing: and his boy is bound to admire him howsoever. He comes still from great personages, but goes with mean. He takes occasion to shew jewels given him in regard of his virtue, that were bought in S. Martin's: and not long after having with a mountebank's method pronounced them worth thousands, impawneth them for a few shillings. Upon festival days he goes to court, and salutes without resaluting: at night in an ordinary he canvasseth the business in hand, and seems as conversant with all intents and plots as if he begot them. His extraordinary account of men is, first to tell them the ends of all matters of consequence, and then to borrow money of them; he offereth courtesies to shew them, rather than himself, humble. He disdaineth all things above his reach, and preferreth all countries before his own. He imputeth his want and poverty to the ignorance of the time, not his own unworthiness: and concludes his discourse with half a period, or a word, and leaves

the rest to imagination. In a word, his religion is fashion, and both body and soul are governed by fame: he loves most voices above truth.

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

Is a thing, out of whose corruption the generation of a Justice of Peace is produced. He speaks statutes and husbandry well enough to make his neighbours think him a wise man; he is well skilled in arithmetic or rates: and hath eloquence enough to save twopence. His conversation among his tenants is desperate; but among his equals full of doubt. His travel is seldom farther than the next market town, and his inquisition is about the price of corn: when he travelleth he will go ten miles out of the way to a cousin's house of his to save charges; and rewards the servants by taking them by the hand when he departs. Nothing under a *subpoena* can draw him to London: and when he is there he sticks fast upon every object, casts his eyes away upon gazing, and becomes the prey of every cutpurse. When he comes home those wonders serve him for his holiday talk. If he go to Court, it is in yellow stockings; and if it be in winter, in a slight taffety cloak and pumps and pantofles. He is chained that woos the usher for his coming into the presence, where he becomes troublesome with the ill managing of his rapier, and the wearing of his girdle of one fashion and the hangers of another. By this time he hath learned to kiss his hand and make a leg both together, and the names of Lords and Council-

lors; he hath thus much toward entertainment and courtesy, but of the last he makes more use; for by the recital of *my Lord*, he conjures his poor countrymen. But this is not his element, he must home again, being like a dor, that ends his flight in a dunghill.

AN OLD MAN

Is a thing that hath been a man in his days. Old men are to be known blindfolded; for their talk is as terrible as their resemblance. They praise their own times as vehemently as if they would sell them. They become wrinkled with frowning and facing youth; they admire their old customs, even to the eating of red-herring and going wetshod. They call the thumb under the girdle, gravity; and because they can hardly smell at all, their posies are under their girdles. They count it an ornament of speech to close the period with a cough; and it is venerable (they say) to spend time in wiping their drivelled beards. Their discourse is unanswerable, by reason of their obstinacy: their speech is much, though little to the purpose. Truths and lies pass with an equal affirmation: for their memories several is won into one receptacle, and so they come out with one sense. They teach their servants their duties with as much scorn and tyranny as some people teach their dogs to fetch. Their envy is one of their diseases. They put off and on their clothes with that certainty as if they knew their heads would not direct them, and therefore custom should. They take a pride in

halting and going stiffly, and therefore their staves are carved and tipped: they trust their attire with much of their gravity: and they dare not go without a gown in summer. Their hats are brushed to draw men's eyes off from their faces; but of all, their pomanders are worn to most purpose, for their putrified breath ought not to want either a smell to defend or a dog to excuse.

A NOBLE AND RETIRED HOUSE-KEEPER

Is one whose bounty is limited by reason not ostentation: and to make it last he deals it discreetly as we sow the furrow, not by the sack but by the handful. His word and his meaning never shake hands and part, but always go together. He can survey good and love it, and loves to do it himself, for its own sake not for thanks. He knows there is no such misery as to outlive good name, nor no such folly as to put it in practice. His mind is so secure that thunder rocks him asleep, which breaks other men's slumbers. Nobility lightens in his eyes; and in his face and gesture is painted, *The God of Hospitality*. His great houses bear in their front more durance than state; unless this add the greater state to them, that they promise to out-last much of our new fantastical building. His heart never grows old, no more than his memory: whether at his book or on horseback he passeth his time in such noble exercise a man cannot say any time is lost by him: nor hath he only years to approve he hath lived till he be old, but virtues. His thoughts have a high aim,

though their dwelling be in the vale of an humble heart, whence as by an engine (that raises water to fall, that it may rise the higher) he is heightened in his humility. The adamant serves not for all seas, but his doth; for he hath, as it were, put a gird about the whole world, and found all her quicksands. He hath his hand over Fortune, that her injuries, how violent or sudden soever, they do not daunt him; for whether his time call him to live or die, he can do both nobly: if to fall, his descent is breast to breast with virtue; and even then, like the sun near his set, he shows unto the world his clearest countenance.

AN INNS OF COURT MAN

He is distinguished from a scholar by a pair of silk stockings and a beaver hat, which makes him contemn a scholar as much as a scholar doth a schoolmaster. By that he hath heard one mooting, and seen two plays, he thinks as basely of the University as a young sophister doth of the grammar-school. He talks of the University with that state as if he were her chancellor; finds fault with alterations and the fall of discipline, with an *It was not so when I was a student*; although that was within this half year. He will talk ends of Latin, though it be false, with as great confidence as ever Cicero could pronounce an oration, though his best authors for 't be taverns and ordinaries. He is as far behind a courtier in his fashion as a scholar is behind him: and the best grace in his behaviour is to forget his acquaintance.

He laughs at every man whose band sits not well, or that hath not a fair shoe-tie, and he is ashamed to be seen in any man's company that wears not his clothes well. His very essence he placeth in his outside, and his chiefest prayer is that his revenues may hold out for taffeta cloaks in the summer, and velvet in the winter. For his recreation he had rather go to a citizen's wife than a bawdy house, only to save charges: and he holds fee-tail to be absolutely the best tenure. To his acquaintance he offers two quarts of wine for one he gives. You shall never see him melancholy but when he wants a new suit or fears a sergeant: at which times only, he betakes himself to *Ploydon*. By that he hath read *Littleton*, he can call Solon, Lycurgus and Justinian fools, and dares compare his law to a Lord Chief-Justice's.

A PURITAN

Is a diseased piece of *Apocrypha*: bind him to the Bible, and he corrupts the whole text: ignorance and fat feed are his founders; his nurses railing, rabies, and round breeches: his life is but a borrowed blast of wind; for between two religions, as between two doors, he is ever whistling. Truly whose child he is, is yet unknown; for willingly his faith allows no father: only thus far his pedigree is found, Bragger and he flourished about a time first; his fiery zeal keeps him continually costive, which withers him into his own translation, and till he eat a schoolman he is hide-bound; he ever prays against non-residents, but is himself the greatest discontinuer, for he never keeps

near his text: anything that the law allows, but marriage and March beer, he murmurs at; what it disallows and holds dangerous, makes him a discipline: where the gate stands open he is ever seeking a stile: and where his learning ought to climb, he creeps through: give him advice, you run into *traditions*, and urge a modest course, he cries out *counsels*. His greatest care is to contemn obedience, his last care to serve God handsomely and cleanly. He is now become so cross a kind of teaching, that should the Church enjoin clean shirts he were lousy: more sense than simple prayers is not his; nor more in those than still the same petitions: from which he either fears a learned faith, or doubts God understands not at first hearing. Shew him a ring, he runs back like a bear; and hates square dealing as allied to caps: a pair of organs blow him out o' th' parish, and are the only glister-pipes to cool him. Where the meat is best there he confutes most, for his arguing is but the efficacy of his eating: good bits he holds breed good positions, and the Pope he best concludes against in plum-broth. He is often drunk, but not as we are, temporally; nor can his sleep then cure him, for the fumes of his ambition make his very soul reel, and that small beer that should allay him (silence) keeps him more surfeited, and makes his heat break out in private houses: women and lawyers are his best disciples; the one, next fruit, longs for forbidden doctrine, the other to maintain forbidden titles, both which he sows amongst them. Honest he dare not be, for that loves order: yet if he can be brought to ceremony, and made but master of it, he is converted.

A WISE MAN

Is the truth of the true definition of man, that is, a reasonable creature. His disposition alters, he alters not. He hides himself with the attire of the vulgar; and in indifferent things is content to be governed by them. He looks according to nature, so goes his behaviour. His mind enjoys a continual smoothness; so cometh it that his consideration is always at home. He endures the faults of all men silently, except his friends, and to them he is the mirror of their actions; by this means his peace cometh not from fortune, but himself. He is cunning in men, not to surprise but keep his own, and beats off their ill affected humours no otherwise than if they were flies. He chooseth not friends by the subsidy-book, and is not luxurious after acquaintance. He maintains the strength of his body not by delicates, but temperance: and his mind by giving it pre-eminence over his body. He understands things not by their form, but qualities; and his comparisons intend not to excuse, but to provoke him higher. He is not subject to casualties; for fortune hath nothing to do with the mind, except those drowned in the body: but he hath divided his soul from the case of his soul, whose weakness he assists no otherwise than commiseratively, not that it is his, but that it is. He is thus, and will be thus: and lives subject neither to time nor his frailties, the servant of virtue, and by virtue the friend of the highest.

A FAIR AND HAPPY MILKMAID

Is a country wench, that is so far from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of hers is able to put all face-physic out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellencies stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel (which is herself) is far better than outsides of tissue: for though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silkworm, she is decked in innocency, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long abed, spoil both her complexion and conditions; nature hath taught her too immoderate sleep is rust to the soul: she rises therefore with chanticleer, her dame's cock, and at night makes the lamb her curfew. In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk the whiter or sweeter; for never came almond glove or aromatic ointment on her palm to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of June, like a new-made haycock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pity: and when winter evenings fall early (sitting at her merry wheel) she sings a defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at next fair; and in choosing her garments

counts no bravery in the world like decency. The garden and the bee-hive are all her physic and chirurgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone, and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none: yet to say truth she is never alone, for she is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not palled with ensuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste, that she dare tell them; only a Friday's dream is all her superstition: that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is she may die in the spring-time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet.

A NOBLE SPIRIT

Hath surveyed and fortified his disposition, and converts all occurrents into experience, between which experience and his reason there is marriage; the issue are his actions. He circuits his intents, and seeth the end before he shoot. Men are the instruments of his art, and there is no man without his use: occasion incites him, none enticeth him: and he moves by affection, not for affection; he loves glory, scorns shame, and governeth and obeyeth with one countenance; for it comes from one consideration. He calls not the variety of the world chances, for his meditation hath travelled over them; and his eye mounted upon his understanding, seeth them as things underneath. He covers not his body with delicacies, nor excuseth these delicacies by his body, but

teacheth it, since it is not able to defend its own imbecility, to shew or suffer. He licenceth not his weakness to weary fate, but knowing reason to be no idle gift of nature, he is the steersman of his own destiny. Truth is the goddess, and he takes pains to get her, not to look like her. He knows the condition of the world, that he must act one thing like another, and then another. To these he carries his desires, and not his desires him, and sticks not fast by the way (for that contentment is repentance) but knowing the circle of all courses, of all intents, of all things, to have but one centre or period, without all distraction he hasteth thither and ends there, as his true and natural element. He does not contemn fortune, but not confess her. He is no gamester of the world (which only complain and praise her) but being only sensible of the honesty of actions, contemns a particular profit as the excrement or scum. Unto the society of men he is a sun, whose clearness directs their steps in a regular motion: when he is more particular, he is the wise man's friend, the example of the indifferent, the medicine of the vicious. Thus time goeth not from him, but with him: and he feels age more by the strength of his soul, than the weakness of his body; thus feels he no pain, but esteems all such things as friends that desire to file off his fetters and help him out of prison.

AN IGNORANT GLORY-HUNTER

Is an *insectum animal*; for he is the maggot of opinion, his behaviour is another thing from himself, and is glued, and but set on. He

entertains men with repetitions, and returns them their own words. He is ignorant of nothing, no not of those things where ignorance is the lesser shame. He gets the names of good wits, and utters them for his companions. He confesseth vices that he is guiltless of, if they be in fashion; and dares not salute a man in old clothes or out of fashion. There is not a public assembly without him, and he will take any pains for an acquaintance there. In any show he will be one, though he be but a whiffler or a torch-bearer; and bears down strangers with the story of his actions. He handles nothing that is not rare, and defends his wardrobe, diet, and all customs, with entitling their beginnings from princes, great soldiers, and strange nations. He dares speak more than he understands, and adventures his words without the relief of any seconds. He relates battles and skirmishes as from an eye-witness, when his eyes thievishly beguiled a ballad of them. In a word, to make sure of admiration, he will not let himself understand himself, but hopes fame and opinion will be the readers of his riddles.

AN EXCELLENT ACTOR

Whatsoever is commendable to the grave orator is most exquisitely perfect in him; for by a full and significant action of body he charms our attention: sit in a full theatre, and you will think you see so many lines drawn from the circumference of so many ears, while the *actor* is the *centre*. He doth not strive to make

nature monstrous; she is often seen in the same scene with him, but neither on stilts nor crutches; and for his voice, 'tis not lower than the prompter nor louder than the foil and target. By his action he fortifies moral precepts with examples; for what we see him personate we think truly done before us: a man of a deep thought might apprehend the ghost of our ancient heroes walked again, and take him (at several times) for many of them. He is much affected to painting, and 'tis a question whether that make him an excellent player, or his playing an exquisite painter. He adds grace to the poet's labours: for what in the poet is but ditty, in him is both ditty and music. He entertains us in the best leisure of our life, that is between meals, the most unfit time either for study or bodily exercise. The flight of hawks and chase of wild beasts, either of them are delights noble: but some think this sport of men worthier, despite all calumny. All men have been of his occupation: and indeed, what he doth feignedly, that do others essentially: this day one plays a monarch, the next a private person. Here one acts a tyrant, on the morrow an exile: a parasite this man to-night, to-morrow precisian, and so of divers others. I observe, of all men living, a worthy actor in one kind is the strongest motive of affection that can be: for when he dies, we cannot be persuaded any man can do his parts like him. But to conclude, I value a worthy actor by the corruption of some few of the quality, as I would do gold in the ore; I should not mind the dross, but the purity of the metal.

A FRENCH COOK

He learnt his trade in a town of garrison near famished, where he practised to make a little go far; some derive it from more antiquity, and say *Adam* (when he picked sallets) was of his occupation. He doth not feed the belly, but the palate; and though his command lie in the kitchen (which is but an inferior place) yet shall you find him a very saucy companion. Ever since the wars in Naples, he hath so minced the ancient and bountiful allowance as if his nation should keep a perpetual diet. The servingmen call him the last relic of Popery, that makes men fast against their consciences. He can be truly said to be no man's fellow but his master's: for the rest of his servants are starved by him. He is the prime cause why noblemen build their houses so great: for the smallness of their kitchen makes the house the bigger: and the lord calls him his alchemist that can extract gold out of herbs, roots, mushrooms, or anything: that which he dresses we may rather call a drinking than a meal; yet he is so full of variety, that he brags, and truly, that he gives you but a taste of what he can do: he dare not for his life come among the butchers; for sure they would quarter and bake him after the English fashion; he's such an enemy to beef and mutton. To conclude, he were only fit to make a funeral feast, where men should eat their victuals in mourning.

STEPHENS

JOHN STEPHENS the younger, of Lincoln's Inn, was the author of *Satyrical Essayes, Characters, and Others, or accurate and quick Descriptions, fitted to the life of their Subjects* (1615). He was the author of a play entitled *Cynthia's Revenge*, which Langbaine says "is one of the longest plays I ever read, and withal the most tedious." Ben Jonson wrote some lines to him, calling him "his much and worthily esteemed friend." No details of his life are known.

A WITCH

Is the Devil's hostess: he takes house-room and diet of her; and yet she pays the reckoning; guilty thoughts and a particular malice to some one person makes her conceive a detestation of all: her policy of sequestration, to avoid jealousy of neighbours, detects her envious spirit: for the melancholy darkness of her low cottage is a main conjecture of infernals: her name alone (being once mounted) makes discourse enough for the whole parish if not for all hamlets within six miles of the market. She receives wages in her own coin; for she becomes as well the object of every man's malice as the fountain of malice towards every man. The torments thereof of hot iron and merciless scratching nails be long thought upon and much threatened (by the females) before attempted. Meantime she tolerates defiance through the wrathful spittle of matrons, instead of fuel or maintenance to her damnable intentions: she is therefore the ignorant cause of many witches beside herself; for ceremonious avoidances brings the true title to many, although they heartily scorn the name of witches. Her actions may well seem to betray her high birth

and pedigree: for she doth quickly apprehend a wrong before it be mentioned: and (like a great family) takes no satisfaction which doth not infinitely countervail the abuse; children therefore cannot smile upon her without the hazard of a perpetual wry mouth: a very Nobleman's request may be denied more safely than her petitions for buttermilk and small beer: and a great Lady's or Queen's name may be less doubtfully derided. Her prayers and Amen be a charm and a curse: her contemplation and soul's delight be other men's mischief: her portion and suitors be her soul and a succubus: her highest adorations be Yew-trees, dampish Church-yards, and a fair moonlight: her best preservatives be odd numbers and mighty Tetragrammaton: these provocatives to her lust with devils breeds her contempt of man; whilst she (like one sprung from the Antipodes) enjoys her best noon about midnight: and to make the comparison hold, is trodden under foot by a public and general hatred; she is nothing if not a Pythagorean, for she maintains the transmigration of spirits: these do uphold the market of bargain and sale among them; which affords all sorts of cattle at a cheaper rate than Banks his horse, and better instructed: but (like a prodigal) she is out-reached, by thinking earnest is a payment because the day is protracted. Her affectations be besotted in affection of her science: She would not delight else in toads, mice, or spinning cats without diversity: it is probable she was begotten by some mountebank or wording poet, for she consists of as many fearful sounds without science and utters them to as many delusive

purposes. She is a cunning statuary and frames many idols: these she doth worship no otherwise than with greedy scorn; and yet she is a deep idolater. Implication is enough with her to bespeak any man's picture without his entreaty: for if it appears that he can provoke her, it implies likewise that he desires to be remembered by her: and images be a certain memorial. She seldom lives long enough to attain the mystery of ointments, herbs, charms, or incantations perfectly; for age is most incident to this corruption, and destiny prevents her. But howsoever she be past childbearing, yet she gives suck to the latest minute of fivescore and upwards. If she out-lives hemp, a wooden halter is strong enough, unless she saves a labour. But God forbid that age, simplicity, and forward accusations should be a Witch's trial.

A FRIEND

Is one of the weightiest syllables (God excepted) that English or any language doth afford. He is nearer to me than marriage or natural kindred of the same blood; because love without kindred or ceremony is more to be admired, and by consequent more precious. Marriage or Kindred goes oftentimes no further than the name or body: but Friendship is annexed with unanimity. My Friend is therefore either disposed (as I am) well: or well disposed to make me better. His multitude of acquaintance doth not extenuate his love nor divide his affection. His lower fortunes be not distasted, not dissembled, nor swollen bigger

than they be. He must not be employed in trifles and continually, like a servant; nor with expectation, like a son: For an absolute Friend will finish (when importance calls) before he can be requested. He therefore among all confutes the saying of Wares proffered: For what a Friend gives freely (either to prevent request, or to supply a modest silence) enchants the party. He is much dearer than my legs and arms, for he is my body and my soul together. His honour is true love: which being so, he loves because he will not, and not because he cannot, alter. That man cannot alter, who cannot with honesty disclaim affection; as being tied with dotage or favours above merit and requital: But Friends will not; which signifies that their love depends upon approbation of the naked man. A Friend therefore must be freely chosen, not painfully created: for jealousies and fears intrude when favours be not mutual, if favours be the first beginning. He is manifest to me, whilst invisible to the world: and is indeed much about the making of this Character; little in worth and little pleasing at the first sight. He is able and willing, to counsel, to perform. A second meeting thinks him fit: a second trial knows him a fit Friend. The mere imagination of a Friend's love is an enchanted armour; my heart is impenetrable whilst I wear the comfort, for whether I survive or die, my friend preserves me. Time nor anger can dissolve his amity; for either he submits and I pardon, or I submit and he pardons. He is like a true Christian, that undertakes and suffers for Christ's sake—as a Friend for his Friend's sake with equal joy, both

credit and discredit, rest and travail. Being once had, a Friend is full enough, and "true" a needless epithet; for I am his, he mine, and being so we are one to another the best or no friends. It is foolish paganism to worship the sun's rising, which doth regard all alike with his idolaters: and it is crazy dotage for any to honour that Friend who prostitutes his favour to the world's liking. A perfect Friend thinks friendship his felicity, without which estimation the nearest friendship is but a sociable custom; for man hath never made an action perfect unless he drew felicity from his action's nature.

A CONTENTED MAN

Is a fair building in the bottom of a valley: You may discern nothing about him unless you approach near, and nothing in him worth himself unless you do proceed. There is no land like unto his own conscience: that makes him sow and reap together: for actions be (with him) no sooner thoughts than they prove comforts, they be so full of innocence. His life therefore is a continual harvest: his countenance and conversation promise hope; they both smile upon their object: Neither doth the end fail his purpose; for his expectation was indifferent and equal, according to the means. Events therefore cannot oppress him; for he propounded all before he took some, and saw the extreme point of danger before he did embark. He meddles no further in uncertainties than loss and lucre be alike in accident: For doubtful things of moment make men stagger, whilst hope and fear distracts them. If proba-

ble and lawful means deceive him, they cannot trouble him: for he ascribes nothing to himself that is above him. When God's determinations do therefore disappoint he neither marvels nor misinterprets. Neglected fortunes and things past he leaves behind; they cannot keep pace with him. The necessity of things absent he measures by his means: but as for things impossible he could never begin to affect them. And in the quest of future projects he never doth transgress the present comfort. He can with as much self-credit be a captive as a promoted courtier. Dignities may do him honour, not entice him. Poverty may threaten, and be peremptory, but cannot overcome. Riches may make his honesty more eminent, not more exquisite: He cozens the world in his behaviour; and when he seems disconsolate, he is best contented. He is so far from adding malice to any, that he can praise the merits of an enemy without grudging. Anger and revenge be two turbulent passions: in him (therefore) the first shews only that he can apprehend, the last that he can justly prevent, further mischief. So he neither doth insult through anger nor satisfy his bitterness by revenge. Repentance, which with some proves melancholy, with him proves a delightful assurance; for seldom doth he lament things merely vicious, so much as virtues imperfectly attempted. He undertakes everything with more advantage than any (but himself) can imitate: for being void of troublesome vexation, his willing mind makes the way less difficult. His policy and close dealing do not disturb his time of pleasure or his quiet dreams: for he

can awake with as much delight in day, and sleep with as much solace in dark, as his intimate purpose can awake to every man's applause, or be concealed to his own safety and no man's detriment. He doth not readily incur another's rage; nor doth he rail against himself; for he cannot be beforehand with quarrelsome engagements nor rashly run into a manifest error. He doth not therefore (when all approve him) miscall himself, closely, "damned hypocrite" or "lewd villain." He feels more felicity in this, that he can forbear to enjoy anything rather than let anything enjoy him, or rather than he will enjoy anything indirectly. He is not so self-subsisting that he scorns to borrow; so shameless that he borrows all; nor alone so contented that others do not partake in his freedom; or so absolute in freedom that he becomes not more absolute by the use of others. He resembles the parish bells, which keep the same tune at marriages and funerals: so a contented man observes the same music of content either in occasion of joy or sadness. He makes more ill meanings good by good construction, more hapless events honest by a lawful confidence, and more dangerous undertakings easy by a calm proceeding, than the contrary. For (whilst he knows jealousy as a fearful, eating, and distasteful vice) he cannot suspect without the cautions of why, whom, how, where and when. Briefly, being contented, he is content to be happy; and being so he thrives best when he thinks best: he does more than he undoes. He wins more often than he saves; and, like the Caspian Sea, remains the same, unchangeable.

BRETON

NICHOLAS BRETON (1545?-1626) was a writer of typical Elizabethan versatility. Some of his lyrics appeared in *England's Helicon* (1600), and in prose he was a novelist after the style of Robert Greene, as in *The Mysteries of Mamillia* (1600). He wrote several collections of characters. Two of these are here drawn upon. (1) *The Good and The Badde, or Descriptions of the Worthies and Unworthies of this Age. Where the Best may see their Graces, and the Worst discern their Badnesse* (1616). (2) *Fantasticks: serving for a perpetual Prognostication*.

A WORTHY GENTLEMAN

A worthy gentleman is a branch of the tree of honour, whose fruits are the actions of virtue, as pleasing to the eye of judgement as tasteful to the spirit of understanding: whatsoever he doth it is not forced, except it be evil, which either through ignorance unwittingly or through compulsion unwillingly, he falls upon; he in nature kind, in demeanour courteous, in allegiance loyal, in religion zealous, in service faithful, in reward bountiful: he is made of no baggage stuff, nor for the wearing of base people; but is woven by the spirit of wisdom to adorn the court of honour. His apparel is more comely than costly, and his diet more wholesome than excessive, his exercise more healthful than painful, and his study more for knowledge than pride; his have not wanton nor common, his gifts not niggardly nor prodigal: and his carriage neither apish nor sullen. In sum, he is an approver of his pedigree by the nobleness of his passage, and, in the course of his life, an example to his posterity.

AN UNWORTHY GENTLEMAN

An unworthy gentleman is the scoff of wit, and the scorn of honour, where more wealth than wit is worshipped of simplicity: who spends more in idleness than would maintain thrift, or hides more in misery than might purchase honour: whose delights are vanities, and whose pleasures fopperies, whose studies fables, and whose exercise worse than follies: his conversation is base, and his conference ridiculous, his affections ungracious, and his actions ignominious. His apparel out of fashion and his diet out of order, his carriage out of square and his company out of request. In sum, he is like a mongrel dog with a velvet collar, a cart-horse with a golden saddle, a buzzard kite with a falcon's bells, or a baboon with a pied jerkin.

A WORTHY LAWYER

A worthy lawyer is the student of knowledge how to bring controversies into a conclusion of peace, and out of ignorance to gain understanding: he divides time into uses, and cases into constructions: he lays open obscurities, and is praised for the speech of truth, and in the court of conscience pleads much in *forma pauperis*, for small fees: he is a means for the preservation of titles and the holding of possessions, and a great instrument of peace in the judgement of impartiality: he is the client's hope in his case's pleading, and his heart's comfort in a happy issue: he is the finder of tricks in the craft of ill conscience, and

the joy of the distressed in the relief of justice. In sum, he is a maker of peace, among the spirits of contention, and a continuer of quiet in the execution of the law.

AN UNWORTHY LAWYER

An unlearned and unworthily called a lawyer is the figure of a foot-post, who carries letters but knows not what is in them, only can read the superscriptions to direct them to their right owners. So trudgeth this simple clerk, that can scarce read a case when it is written, with his handful of papers, from one court to another and from one counsellor's chamber to another, when by his good payment for his pains he will be so saucy as to call himself a solicitor: But what a taking are poor clients in, when this too much trusted cunning companion, better read in *Piers Plowman* than in *Ploydon* and in the *Play of Richard the Third* than in the *Pleas of Edward the Fourth*, persuades them all is sure when he is sure of all: and in what a misery are the poor men when, upon a *nihil dicit*, because indeed this poor fellow *nihil potest dicere*, they are in danger of an execution before they know wherefore they are condemned: But I wish all such more wicked than witty, unlearned in the law and abusers of the same, to look a little better into their consciences and to leave their crafty courses, lest when the law indeed lays them open, instead of carrying papers in their hand they wear not papers on their heads, and instead of giving ear to their clients' causes, or

rather eyes into their purses, they have ne'er an ear left to hear withal, nor good eye to see withal: or at least honest face to look out withal: but as the grasshoppers of Egypt, be counted the caterpillars of England, and not the fox that stole the goose, but the great fox that stole the farm, from the gander.

A WORTHY SOLDIER

A worthy soldier is the child of valour, who was born for the service of necessity and to bear the ensign of honour in the actions of worth: he is the dyer of the earth with blood, and the ruin of the erections of pride: he is the watch of wit in the advantage of time, and the executioner of wrath upon the wilful offender: he disputes questions with the point of a sword, and prefers death to indignities: he is a lion to ambition and a lamb to submission, he hath hope fast by the hand and treads upon the head of fear. He is the King's champion and the kingdom's guard, peace's preserver, and rebellion's terror: he makes the horse trample at the sound of a trumpet, and leads on to a battle as though he were going to a breakfast; he knows not the nature of cowardice, for his rest is set upon resolution: his strongest fortification is his mind, which beats off the assaults of idle humours, and his life is the passage of danger, where an undaunted spirit stoops to no fortune; with his arms he wins his arms, and by his desert in the field his honour in the court. In sum, in the truest manhood he is the true man: and in the creation of honour a most worthy creature.

AN UNTRAINED SOLDIER

An untrained soldier is like a young hound that when he first falls to hunt he knows not how to lay his nose to the earth: who having his name but in a book, and marched twice about a market-place, when he comes to a piece of service knows not how to bestow himself: he marches as if he were at plough, carries his pike like a pikestaff, and his sword before him for fear of losing it from his side: if he be a shot, he will be rather ready to say a grace over his piece, and so to discharge his hands of it, than to learn to discharge it with a grace: he puts on his armour over his ears like a waistcoat, and wears his murrian like a nightcap; when he is quartered in the field he looks for his bed, and when he sees his provant he is ready to cry for his victuals; and ere he know well where he is, wish heartily he were at home again, with hanging down his head as if his heart were in his hose: sleep till a drum or a deadly bullet awake him, and so carry himself in all companies that till martial discipline have seasoned his understanding he is like a cipher among figures, an owl among birds, a wise man among fools, and a shadow among men.

A WORTHY MERCHANT

A worthy merchant is the heir of adventure, whose hopes hang much upon wind: upon a wooden horse he rides through the world, and in a merry gale makes a path through the seas: he is a discoverer of countries, and a finder out of commodities, resolute in his attempts and

royal in his expenses: he is the life of traffic and the maintainer of trade, the sailor's master and the soldier's friend; he is the exercise of the Exchange, the honour of credit, the observation of time, and the understanding of thrift: his study is number, his care his accounts, his comfort his conscience, and his wealth his good name: he fears not Scylla and sails close by Charybdis, and having beaten out a storm rides at rest in a harbour: by his sea gain he makes his land purchase, and by the knowledge of trade finds the key of treasure: out of his travels he makes his discourses, and from his eye-observations brings the models of architectures; he plants the earth with foreign fruits, and knows at home what is good abroad: he is neat in apparel, modest in demeanour, dainty in diet, and civil in his carriage. In sum, he is the pillar of a city, the enricher of a country, the furnisher of a court, and the worthy servant of a king.

AN UNWORTHY MERCHANT

An unworthy merchant is a kind of pedlar, who (with the help of a broker) gets more by his wit than by his honesty: he doth sometime use to give out money to gamesters, be paid in post, upon a hand at dice: sometime he gains more by baubles than by better stuffs, and rather than fail will adventure a false oath for a fraudulent gain; he deals with no whole-sale, but all his honesty is at one word: as for wares and weights he knows how to hold the balance, and for his conscience he is not

ignorant what to do with it: his travel is most by land for he fears to be too busy with the water, and whatsoever his ware be he will be sure of his money: the most of his wealth is in a pack of trifles, and for his honesty I dare not pass my word for him; if he be rich, 'tis ten to one of his pride, and if he be poor he breaks without his fast. In sum, he is the disgrace of a merchant, the dishonour of a city, the discredit of his parish, and the dislike of all.

A GOOD WIFE

A good wife is a world of wealth, where just cause of content makes a kingdom in conceit: she is the eye of weariness, the tongue of silence, the hand of labour, and the heart of love: a companion of kindness, a mistress of passion, an exercise of patience, and an example of experience: she is the kitchen physician, the chamber comfort, the hall's care, and the parlour's grace: she is the dairy's neatness, the brew-house wholesomeness, the garner's provision, and the garden's plantation: her voice is music, her countenance meekness, her mind virtuous, and her soul gracious: she is her husband's jewel, her children's joy, her neighbours' love, and her servants' honour: she is poverty's praiser, and charity's praise, religion's love, and devotion's zeal: she is a case of necessity, and a course of thrift, a book of huswifery, and a mirror of modesty. In sum, she is God's blessing, and man's happiness, earth's honour, and heaven's creature.

A WANTON WOMAN

A wanton woman is the figure of imperfection, in nature an ape, in quality a wagtail, in countenance a witch, and in condition a kind of devil; her beck is a net, her word a charm, her look an illusion, and her company a confusion: her life is the play of idleness, her diet the excess of dainties, her love the change of vanities, and her exercise the invention of follies; her pleasures are fancies, her studies fashions, her delight colours, and her wealth her clothes: her care is to deceive, her comfort her company, her house is vanity, and her bed is ruin, her discourses are fables, her vows dissimulations, her conceits subtilities, and her contents varieties: she would she knows not what, and spends she cares not what, she spoils she sees not what, and doth she thinks not what: she is youth's plague, and age's purgatory, time's abuse, and reason's trouble. In sum, she is a spice of madness, a shark of mischief, a touch of poison, and a fear of destruction.

AN USURER

An usurer is a figure of misery, who hath made himself a slave to his money: his eye is closed from pity and his hand from charity, his ear from compassion, and his heart from piety: while he lives he is the hate of a Christian, and when he dies he goes with horror to hell: his study is sparing, and his care is getting, his fear is wanting, and his death is loosing: his diet is either fasting or poor fare, his clothing the hangman's wardrobe, his house the receptacle

of thievery, and his music the chinking of his money: he is a kind of canker, that with the teeth of interest eats the hearts of the poor, and a venomous fly that sucks out the blood of any flesh that he lights on. In sum, he is a servant of dross, a slave to misery, an agent for hell, and a devil in the world.

AN EFFEMINATE FOOL

An effeminate fool is the figure of a baby; he loves nothing but to be gay, to look in a glass, to keep among wenches, and to play with trifles; to feed on sweetmeats and to be danced in laps, to be embraced in arms, and to be kissed on the cheek: to talk idly, to look demurely, to go nicely, and to laugh continually: to be his mistress' servant, and her maid's master, his father's love, and his mother's none-child; to play on a fiddle, and sing a love-song, to wear sweet gloves, and look on fine things: to make purposes, and write verses, devise riddles, and tell lies: to follow plays, and study dances, to hear news, and buy trifles: to sigh for love, and weep for kindness, and mourn for company, and be sick for fashion: to ride in a coach, and gallop a hackney, to watch all night, and sleep out the morning: to lie on a bed and take tobacco, and to send his page on an idle message to his mistress: to go upon jigs, to have his ruffs set in print, to pick his teeth, and play with a puppet. In sum, he is a man-child, and a woman's man, a gaze of folly, and wisdom's grief.

(The Good and The Badde).

SUMMER

It is now summer, and Zephyrus with his sweet breath cools the parching beams of Titan; the leaves of the trees are in whisper-talks of the blessings of the air, while the nightingale is tuning her throat to refresh the weary spirit of the traveller:—Flora now brings out her wardrobe, and richly embroidereth her green apron:—the nymphs of the woods in consort with the Muses sing an *ave* to the morning, and a *vale* to the sun's setting:—the lambs and the rabbits run at base in the sandy warrens, and the ploughlands are covered with corn:—the stately hart is at lair in the high wood, while the hare in a furrow sits washing of her face: the bull makes his walk like a master of the field, and the broad-headed ox bears the garland of the market: the angler with a fly takes his pleasure with the fish, while the little merlin hath the partridge in the foot:—the honey-dews perfume the air, and the sunny showers are the earth's comfort:—the greyhound on the plain makes the fair course: and the well-mouthed hound makes the music of the woods:—the battle of the field is now stoutly fought, and the proud rye must stoop to the sickle:—the carter's whistle cheers his forehorse, and drink and sweat is the life of the labourer:—idle spirits are banished the limits of honour, while the studious brain brings forth his wonder:—the azure sky shows the heaven is gracious, and the glorious sun glads the spirit of Nature:—the ripened fruits show the beauty of the earth, and the brightness of the air the glory of the heavens:—In sum, for the world of worth I find in it, I thus conclude of it;—I hold it a most sweet season, the variety of pleasures, and the paradise of love. Farewell.

WINTER

It is now winter, and Boreas begins to fill his cheeks with breath; shaketh the tops of the high cedars, and hoiseth the waves of the sea, to the danger of the sailors' comfort:—Now is the earth nipped at the heart with a cold, and her trees are disrobed of their rich apparel: there is a glass set upon the face of the waters, and the fishes are driven to the bottoms of the deep:—the usurer now sits lapt in his furs, and the poor makes his breath a fire to his fingers' ends:—Beauty is meshed for fear of the air, and youth runs to physic for restoratives of Nature:—The stag roars for loss of his strength, and the flea makes his castle in the wool of a blanket:—cards and dice now begin their harvest, and good ale and sack are the cause of civil wars: Machiavel and the devil are in council upon destruction, and the wicked of the world make haste to hell:—Money is such a monopoly that he is not to be spoken of, and the delay of suits is the death of hope. In itself it is a woeful season, the punishment of Nature's pride, and the play of misery. Farewell.

MARCH

It is now March, and the northern wind drieth up the southern dirt:—The tender lips are masked for fear of chapping and the fair hands must not be ungloved:—now riseth the sun a pretty step to his fair height, and Saint Valentine calls the birds together, where Nature is pleased in the variety of love:—the fishes and frogs fall to their manner of generation, and the adder dies to bring forth her young:—the air is

sharp, but the sun is comfortable; and the day begins to lengthen:—The forward gardens give fine sallets and a nosegay of violets is a present for a lady:—Now beginneth Nature (as it were) to wake out of her sleep, and sends the traveller to survey the walks of the world:—the sucking rabbit is good for weak stomachs, and the diet for the rheum doth many a great cure:—The farrier now is the horse's physician, and the fat dog feeds the falcon in the mew:—The tree begins to bud, and the grass to peep abroad, while the thrush with the blackbird make a charm in the young springs:—the milk-maid with her best-beloved talk away weariness to the market, and in an honest meaning kind words do no hurt:—the football now trieth the legs of strength, and merry matches continue good fellowship:—It is a time of much work, and tedious to discourse of:—but in all I find of it I thus conclude in it:—I hold it the servant of Nature, and the schoolmaster of art:—the hope of labour, and the subject of reason. Farewell.

NOVEMBER

It is now November, and according to the old proverb, let the thresher take his flail, and the ship no more sail:—for the high winds and the rough seas will try the ribs of the ship, and the hearts of the sailors:—Now come the country people all wet to the market, and the toiling carriers are pitifully moiled:—The young herne and the shoulerd are now fat for the great feast, and the woodcock begins to make toward the cockshoot:—The warreners

now begin to ply their harvest, and the butcher, after a good bargain, drinks a health to the grazier:—the cook and the comfit-maker make ready for Christmas, and the minstrels in the country beat their boys for false fingering:—Scholars before breakfast have a cold stomach to their books, and a Master without Art is fit for an A. B. C.—A red herring and a cup of sack make war in a weak stomach, and the poor man's fast is better than the glutton's surfeit:—Trenchers and dishes are now necessary servants, and a lock to the cupboard keeps a bit for a need:—Now begins the goshawk to weed the wold of the pheasant and the mallard loves not to hear the bells of the falcon:—The winds now are cold, and the air chill, and the poor die through want of charity:—Butter and cheese begin to raise their prices, and kitchen stuff is a commodity that every man is not acquainted with.—In sum, with a conceit of the chilling cold of it, I conclude in it:—I hold it the discomfort of Nature, and reason's patience. Farewell.
(*Fantasticks.*)

MYNSHUL

GEFFRAY MYNSHUL. No details about the life of Mynshul are known. His book, entitled *Essayes and characters of a Prison and Prisoners. Written by G. M. of Grayes-Inne, Gent.*, was written in the King's Bench Prison in Southwark, in 1617. He tells us that the book was written to keep him from brooding upon his unfortunate plight.

THE CHARACTER OF A PRISONER

A prisoner is an impatient patient lingering under the rough hands of a cruel physician; his creditor having cast his water knows his disease and hath power to cure him, but takes more pleasure to kill him. He is like Tantalus, who hath freedom running by his door yet cannot enjoy the least benefit thereof; his greatest grief is that his credit was so good, and now no better. His land is drawn within the compass of a sheepskin and his own hand the fortification that bars him of entrance. He is fortune's tossing-ball; an object that would make mirth melancholy; to his friends an abject, and a subject of nine days' wonder in every barber's shop, and a mouthful of pity (that he had no better fortune) to midwives and talkative gossips, and all the content that this transitory life can give him seems but to flout him, in respect the restraint of liberty denies him the true use. To his familiars he is like a plague, whom they dare scarce come nigh for fear of infection; he is a monument ruined by those which raised him; he spends the day with a *heu mihi, vae miserum*, and the night with a *Nulla dolor est medicabilis herba*; and to conclude

A Prisoner is a woeful man,
Oppressed with grief of mind.
And tell his miseries, no man can:
Which he is sure to find.

THE CHARACTER OF A CREDITOR

A creditor is a man whose estate is wrapped up in sheepskins; his rising grows by his debtor's fall, his credit relies upon his debtor's performance, and the death of a young gallant's father is more pleasing to him than fasting days to a usurer, or death to a broker. He grows rich only by putting forth commodities, which he immediately converts to discommodities; he will not put out money for ten in the hundred, for usury is hateful to him, but he loves extortion and makes that his *summum bonum*, for he will merchandize with you, whereby he will gain sixty in a hundred. He is your city's honest man, which is, to speak the truth, more than a knave, for a knave that is crafty needs no broker, but he cannot live without one. He is a man composed of all love, and protesting kindness to pleasure the occasions of his gallant debtor, with his much affirmation of his respect, how willing he is to do his worship a pleasure, whereby the chief aim of his pleasure is to have a footing upon some capital message or else to be fingering some petty lordship or comely minor; who having no sooner glutted himself with the rich banquet of his debtor's dear cost, but immediately to physic himself he is at the charge of a fair hackney coach with three most absolute jades to draw him (whither he most willingly is drawn) with his curious wife and two or three of his own conditioned neighbours, to see this goodly purchase, who prepare themselves some fortnight beforehand and prune themselves up in their peacock's feathers like the puppets in a Lord Mayor's pageant; and for this his great act he is admired

at amongst his neighbours as the owl in the daytime amongst other birds, and esteemed of with as much respect as that captain *Pigmi* was, which was commander in that bloody war against the terrible black crows.

A *creditor* may further be said to be either *homo, monstrum, or demon*. A man when he casts his debtor into prison with a determination to seek his own, not to ruin him, and if he be not able to pay all to take what he can spare and give him day for the rest, and so release him: this man is *homo homini Deus* that as he does punish, so he doth preserve.

A monster when he hath not only extended his substance but casts him in prison, and is as deaf as an adder to hear of release till he have paid him the utmost farthing.

A devil when he hath ruined him doth rejoice to see him fall, and instead of coin will have his carcass.

But to find a creditor both *Homo et Angelus*, that will release his prisoner when he is not able to pay him, and that will consider that *ultra posse non est esse*—Such a one is *Rara avis in terra, etc.*

Some creditors are pitiful,
And mercy still will show:
And some as flint will harder be,
Which many debtors know.

THE CHARACTER OF JAILORS

A Jailor is as cruel to his prisoners as a dog-killer in the plague time to a diseased cur, and shows no more pity to a young gentleman than

the unconscionable citizen that laid him in: when they meet you in the streets they show themselves more humble to you than a whore when she is brought before a constable or a cheater before a Justice, but when you fall into their fingers they will be as currish as they seemed kind.

They are like bawds and beadles that live upon the sins of the people; men's follies fill their purses.

But some conflict is, he hath some misery, for his pillow is more stuffed with fears than feathers, and though every prisoner sinks under the weight of his own debts, yet his keeper feels the burthen of all, and if sometimes by escapes (though against his will) he did not pay some poor men's debts, his extortion would be so weighty, that the earth could scarce bear him; and to conclude, he deserves the old proverb,
as cruel as a
jailor.

...

PARROT

HENRY PARROT. In 1626 there was published "at the sign of the Black Raven in the Strand" a little book entitled *Cures for the Itch. Characters. Epigrams. Epitaphs. By H. P.* It is conjectured that H. P. is Henry Parrot, the author of a collection of epigrams entitled *Springs for Woodcocks* (1613) and several other books of epigrams and satires. There are thirteen characters in the book, the only existing copy of which is in the Bodleian. The two following characters are taken from the appendix to Bliss's edition of Earle's *Microcosmography*.

A SCOLD

Is a much more heard-of, than least desired to be seen or known, she-kind of serpent; the venom'd sting of whose poisonous tongue, worse than the biting of a scorpion, proves more infectious far than can be cured. She's of all other creatures most untameablest, and covets more the last word in scolding than doth a combater the last stroke for victory. She loudest lifts it standing at her door, bidding, with exclamation, flat defiance to anyone says black's her eye. She dares appear before any Justice, nor is least daunted with the sight of constable nor at worst threatenings of a cucking-stool. There's nothing mads or moves her more to outrage than but the very naming of a wispe or if you sing or whistle when she is scolding. If any in the interim chance to come within her reach, twenty to one she scratcheth him by the face; or do but offer to hold her hands, she'll presently begin to cry out murder. There's nothing pacifies her but a cup of sack, which taking in full measure of digestion she presently forgets all wrongs that's done her and thereupon falls straight a-weeping. Do but entreat her with fair words, or flatter her, she then confesseth all her imperfections and lays the guilt upon the whore her maid. Her manner is to talk much in her sleep what wrongs she hath endured of that rogue her husband, whose hap may be in time to die a martyr; and so I leave them.

A GOOD WIFE

Is a world of happiness, that brings with it a kingdom in conceit and makes a perfect adjunct in society; she's such a comfort as exceeds content and proves so precious as cannot be paralleled, yea more inestimable than may be valued. She's any good man's better second self, the very mirror of true constant modesty, the careful huswife of frugality; and dearest object of man's heart's felicity. She commands with mildness, rules with discretion, lives in repute, and ordereth all things that are good or necessary. She's her husband's solace, her house's ornament, her children's succour, and her servants' comfort. She's (to be brief) the eye of wariness, the tongue of silence, the hand of labour and the heart of love. Her voice is music, her countenance meekness; her mind virtuous and her soul gracious. She's a blessing given from God to man, a sweet companion in his affliction, and joint co-partner upon all occasions. She's (to conclude) earth's chiefest paragon, and will be, when she dies, heaven's dearest creature.

JONSON

BEN JONSON (1573?-1637) stands with Beaumont and Fletcher next in rank to Shakespeare among the dramatists of his time. He was influenced to the writing of characters by Theophrastus. Characters appear in *Cynthia's Revels*, *Every Man out of His Humour*, and in *Timber, or Discoveries made upon Men and Matter*, an interesting collection of short essays and jottings collected and published in his old age.

PHILAUTIA

A nymph of a most wandering and giddy disposition, humorous as the air, she'll run from gallant to gallant, as they sit at primero in the presence, most strangely, and seldom stays with any. She spreads as she goes. To-day you shall have her look as clear and fresh as the morning, and to-morrow as melancholic as midnight. She takes special pleasure in a close obscure lodging, and for that cause visits the city so often, where she has many secret true concealing favourites. When she comes abroad, she's more loose and scattering than dust, and will fly from place to place, as she were wrapped with a whirlwind. Your young student, for the most part, she affects not, only salutes him, and away: a poet, nor a philosopher, she is hardly brought to take any notice of; no, though he be some part of an alchemist. She loves a player well, and a lawyer infinitely; but your fool above all. She can do much in court for the obtaining of any suit whatsoever, no door but flies open to her, her presence is above a charm. The worst in her is want of keeping state, and too much descending into inferior and base offices; she's for any coarse employment you will put upon her, as to be your procurer, or pander.

She admires not herself for any one particularity, but for all: she is fair, and she knows it; she has a pretty light wit too, and she knows it; she can dance, and she knows that too; play at shuttlecock, and that too: no quality she has, but she shall take a very particular knowledge of, and most ladylike commend it to you. You

shall have her at any time read you the history of herself, and very subtilely run over another lady's sufficiencies to come to her own. She has a good superficial judgement in painting, and would seem to have so in poetry. A most complete lady in the opinion of some three beside herself.

CRITES

A creature of a most perfect and divine temper: one in whom the humours and elements are peacefully met, without emulation of precedency; he is neither too fantastically melancholy, too slowly phlegmatic, too lightly sanguine, or too rashly choleric; but in all so composed and ordered, as it is clear Nature went about some full work, she did more than make a man when she made him. His discourse is like his behaviour, uncommon, but not unpleasing; he is prodigal of neither. He strives rather to be that which men call judicious, than to be thought so; and is so truly learned, that he affects not to show it. He will think and speak his thoughts both freely; but as distant from depraving another man's merit, as proclaiming his own. For his valour, 'tis such that he dares as little to offer an injury as to receive one. In sum, he hath a most ingenious and sweet spirit, a sharp and seasoned wit, a straight judgement and a strong mind. Fortune could never break him or make him less. He counts it his pleasure to despise pleasures, and is more delighted with good deeds than goods. It is a competency to him that he can be virtuous. He doth neither covet nor fear; he

hath too much reason to do either; and that commends all things to him.

IMPUDENCE

He has two essential parts of the courtier, pride and ignorance; marry, the rest come somewhat after the ordinary gallant. 'Tis Impudence itself, Anaides; one that speaks all that comes in his cheeks, and will blush no more than a sackbut. He lightly occupies the jester's room at the table, and keeps laughter, Gelaia, a wench in page's attire, following him in place of a squire, whom he now and then tickles with some strange ridiculous stuff, uttered as his land came to him, by chance. He will censure or discourse of anything, but as absurdly as you would wish. His fashion is not to take knowledge of him that is beneath him in clothes. He never drinks below the salt. He does naturally admire his wit that wears gold lace or tissue; stabs any man that speaks more contemptibly of the scholar than he. He is a great proficient in all the illiberal sciences, as cheating, drinking, swaggering, whoring, and such like: never kneels but to pledge health, nor prays but for a pipe of pudding-tobacco. He will blaspheme in his shirt. The oaths which he vomits at one supper would maintain a town garrison in good swearing a twelvemonth. One other genuine quality he has which crowns all these, and that is this: to a friend in want, he will not depart with the weight of a soldered groat, lest the world might censure him prodigal, or report him a gull: marry, to his cockatrice, or punquetto, half a

dozen taffata gowns or satin kirtles in a pair or two of months, why, they are nothing.

(Cynthia's Revels, Act II., Scene i.)

CARLO BUFFONE

A public, scurrilous and profane jester, that more swift than Circe, with absurd similes, will transform any person into deformity. A good feast-hound or banquet-beagle, that will scent you out a supper some three miles off, and swear to his patrons "Damn him! he came in oars," when he was but wafted over in a sculler. A slave that hath an extraordinary gift in pleasing his palate, and will swill up more sack at a sitting than would make all the guard a posset. His religion is railing, and his discourse ribaldry. They stand highest in his respect, whom he studies most to reproach.

(Every Man out of His Humour.)

SHAKESPEARE

I remember, the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, Would he had blotted a thousand. Which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who choose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candour: for I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was (indeed) honest, and of an open and free nature; had an

excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped: *Sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power, would the rule of it had been so too: Many times he fell into those things, could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Caesar, one speaking to him, "Caesar thou dost me wrong." He replied, "Caesar did never wrong but with just cause," and such like; which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.

DOMINUS VERULAMIUS (Lord Verulam)

One, though he be excellent, and the chief, is not to be imitated alone: for no imitator ever grew up to his author; likeness is always on this side of truth. Yet there happened in my time one noble speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language (where he could spare or pass by a jest) was nobly censorious. No man ever spake more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech, but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough, or look aside from him, without loss. He commanded where he spoke; and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man that heard him was, lest he should make an end.

(*Timber.*)

EARLE

JOHN EARLE (1600-1665) was educated at Oxford. He became chaplain to Charles, Prince of Wales, and was made Doctor of Divinity in 1640. He followed the royal family into exile during the Interregnum and was rewarded at the Restoration by the Bishopric of Worcester (1662), and translated to the see of Salisbury (1663). While at the University he composed Characters which, after circulating for some while in manuscript, were published by Edward Blount in 1628, with the title *Microcosmographie; Or A Peece of the World discovered in Essays and Characters*. There were eight editions of the *Microcosmographie* in Earle's lifetime and it is the only book of Characters which has maintained a position in English literature. Earle is, beyond question, the greatest English artist of Character.

The Characters which follow have been selected to illustrate the versatility and the genuine insight which enables him to portray closely-related types distinctly and without overlapping.

A CHILD

Is a Man is a small letter, yet the best copy of Adam before he tasted of Eve or the apple; and he is happy whose small practice in the world can only write this character. He is nature's fresh picture newly drawn in oil, which time and much handling dims and defaces. His soul is yet a white paper unscribbled with observations of the world, wherewith at length it becomes a blurred note-book. He is purely happy, because he knows no evil, nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all, and when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beater. Nature and his parents alike dandle him, and tice him on with

a bait of sugar to a draught of wormwood. He plays yet, like a young prentice the first day, and is not come to his task of melancholy. All the language he speaks yet is tears, and they serve him well enough to express his necessity. His hardest labour is his tongue, as if he were loath to use so deceitful an organ; and he is best company with it when he can but prattle. We laugh at his foolish sports, but his game is our earnest; and his drums, rattles, and hobby-horses but the emblems and mocking of men's business. His father hath writ him as his own little story, wherein he reads those days of his life that he cannot remember, and sighs to see what innocence he has out-lived. The older he grows, he is a stair lower from God; and like his first father much worse in his breeches. He is the Christian's example, and the old man's relapse; the one imitates his pureness, and the other falls into his simplicity. Could he put off his body with his little coat he had got eternity without a burthen and exchanged but one heaven for another.

A GOOD OLD MAN

Is the best antiquity, and which we may with least vanity admire. One whom time hath been thus long a-working, and like winter fruit ripened when others are shaken down. He hath taken out as many lessons of the world as days, and learnt the best thing in it, the vanity of it. He looks over his former life as a danger well past, and would not hazard himself to begin again. His lust was long broken before his body, yet he

is glad this temptation is broke too, and that he is fortified from it by this weakness. The next door of death sads him not, but he expects it calmly as his turn in nature; and fears more his recoiling back to childishness than dust. All men look on him as a common father, and on old age for his sake as a reverend thing. His very presence and face puts vice out of countenance, and makes it an indecorum in a vicious man. He practises his experience on youth without the harshness of reproof, and in his counsel is good company. He has some old stories still of his own seeing to confirm what he says, and makes them better in the telling; yet is not troublesome neither with the same tale again, but remembers with them how oft he has told them. His old sayings and morals seem proper to his beard; and the poetry of Cato does well out of his mouth, and he speaks it as if he were the author. He is not apt to put the boy on a younger man, nor the fool on a boy; but can distinguish gravity from a sour look, and the less testy he is, the more regarded. You must pardon him if he like his own times better than these, because those things are follies to him now that were wisdom then; yet he makes us of that opinion too, when we see him and conjecture those times by so good a relic. He is a man capable of a dearness with the youngest men; yet he not youthfuller for them, but they older for him; and no man credits more his acquaintance. He goes away at last, too soon whensoever, with all men's sorrow but his own; and his memory is fresh when it is twice as old.

A YOUNG RAW PREACHER

Is a bird not yet fledged, that hath hopped out of his nest to be chirping on a hedge, and will be straggling abroad at what peril soever. His backwardness in the University hath set him thus forward; for had he not truanted there, he had not been so hasty a Divine. His small standing and time hath made him a proficient only in boldness, out of which and his table-book he is furnished for a preacher. His collections of study are the notes of sermons, which taken up at St. Mary's he utters in the country. And if he write brachigraphy, his stock is so much the better. His writing is more than his reading; for he reads only what he gets without book. Thus accomplished he comes down to his friends, and his first salutation is grace and peace out of the pulpit. His prayer is conceited, and no man remembers his College more at large. The pace of his sermon is a full career, and he runs wildly over hill and dale till the clock stop him. The labour of it is chiefly in his lungs; and the only thing he has made of it himself is the faces. He takes on against the Pope without mercy, and has a jest still in lavender for Bellarmine; yet he preaches heresy, if it comes in his way, though with a mind I must needs say very orthodox. His action is all passion, and his speech interjections. He has an excellent faculty in bemoaning the people, and spits with a very good grace. His style is compounded of some twenty several men's, only his body imitates some one extraordinary. He will not draw his handkercher out of his place, nor blow his nose without discretion. His commendation is, that he never looks upon

book; and indeed, he was never used to it. He preaches but once a year, though twice on Sunday; for the stuff is still the same, only the dressing a little altered. He has more tricks with a sermon than a tailor with an old cloak, to turn it, and piece it, and at last quite disguise it with a new preface. If he have waded farther in his profession, and would shew reading of his own, his authors are postils, and his School-divinity a catechism. His fashion and demure habit gets him in with some Town-precisian and makes him a guest on Friday nights. You shall know him by his narrow velvet cape and serge facing, and his ruff, next his hair the shortest thing about him. The companion of his walk is some zealous tradesman, whom he astonisheth with strange points, which they both understand alike. His friends and much painfulness may prefer him to thirty pounds a year, and this means to a chambermaid; with whom we leave him now in the bonds of wedlock. Next Sunday you shall have him again.

A GRAVE DIVINE

Is one who knows the burthen of his calling, and hath studied to make his shoulders sufficient; for which he hath not been hasty to launch forth of his port the University, but expected the ballast of learning and the wind of opportunity. Divinity is not the beginning but the end of his studies, to which he takes the ordinary stair, and makes the Arts his way. He counts it not profaneness to be polished with humane reading, or to smooth his way by Aristotle to School-

divinity. He has sounded both religions and anchored in the best, and is a Protestant out of judgement not faction, not because his country but his reason is on this side. The ministry is his choice not refuge, and yet the Pulpit not his itch but fear. His discourse there is substance, not all rhetoric, and he utters more things than words. His speech is not helped with enforced action, but the matter acts itself. He shoots all his meditations at one butt; and beats upon his text, not the cushion, making his hearers, not the pulpit groan. In citing of Popish errors he cuts them with arguments, not cudgels them with barren invectives; and labours more to shew the truth of his cause than the spleen. His sermon is limited by the method, not the hour-glass; and his devotion goes along with him out of the pulpit. He comes not up thrice a week because he would not be idle, not talks three hours together because he would not talk nothing: but his tongue preaches at fit times and his conversation is the every day's exercise. In matters of ceremony he is not ceremonious, but thinks he owes that reverence to the Church to bow his judgement to it, and make more conscience of schism than a surplice. He esteems the Church's Hierarchy as the Church's glory, and however we jar with Rome would not have our confusion distinguish us. In simoniacal purchases he thinks his soul goes in the bargain, and is loath to come by promotion so dear. Yet his worth at the length advances him, and the price of his own merit buys him a living. He is no base grater of his tithes, and will not wrangle for the odd egg. The lawyer is the only man he hinders, by whom he is spited for taking up

quarrels. He is a main pillar of our Church, though not yet Dean or Canon, and his life our Religion's best Apology. His death is his last sermon, where in the pulpit of his bed he instructs men to die by his example.

A PRETENDER TO LEARNING

Is one that would make all others more fools than himself; for though he know nothing, he would not have the world know so much. He conceits nothing in learning but the opinion, which he seeks to purchase without it, though he might with less labour cure his ignorance than hide it. He is indeed a kind of Scholar-Mountebank, and his art our delusion. He is tricked out in all the accoutrements of learning, and at the first encounter none passes better. He is oftener in his study than at his book, and you cannot pleasure him better than to deprehend him: yet he hears you not till the third knock, and then comes out very angry, as interrupted. You will find him in his slippers, and a pen in his ear, in which formality he was asleep. His table is spread wide with some Classic Folio, which is as constant to it as the carpet, and hath laid open in the same page this half year. His candle is always a longer sitter-up than himself, and the boast of his window at midnight. He walks much alone in the posture of meditation, and has a book still before his face in the fields. His pocket is seldom without a Greek Testament, or Hebrew Bible, which he opens only in church, and that when some stander-by looks over. He has his sentences for company, some scatterings

of Seneca and Tacitus, which are good upon all occasions. If he reads anything in the morning, it comes up all at dinner; and as long as that lasts, the discourse is his. He is a great plagiary of tavern-wit, and comes to sermons only that he may talk of Austin. His parcels are the mere scrapings from company, yet he complains at parting what time he has lost. He is wondrously capricious to seem a judgement, and listens with a sour attention to what he understands not. He talks much of Scaliger and Casaubon and the Jesuits, and prefers some unheard-of Dutch name before them all. He has verses to bring in upon these and these hints, and it shall go hard but he will wind in his opportunity. He is critical in a language he cannot construe, and speaks seldom under Arminius in divinity. His business and retirement and caller away is his study, and he protests no delight to it comparable. He is a great nomenclator of authors, which he has read in general in the catalogue, and in particular in the title, and goes seldom so far as the Dedication. He never talks of anything but learning, and learns all from talking. Three encounters with the same men pump him, and then he only puts in or gravely says nothing. He has taken pains to be an ass, though not to be a scholar, and is at length discovered and laughed at.

A SHE PRECISE HYPOCRITE

Is one in whom good women suffer, and have their truth misinterpreted by her folly. She is one, she knows not what herself if you ask her,

but she is indeed one that has taken a toy at the fashion of religion, and is enamoured of the new fangle. She is a Nonconformist in a close stomacher and ruffle of Geneva print, and her purity consists much in her linen. She has heard of the Rag of Rome, and thinks it a very sluttish religion, and rails at the Whore of Babylon for a very naughty woman. She has left her virginity as a relic of Popery, and marries in her tribe without a ring. Her devotion at church is much in the turning up of her eye, and turning down the leaf in her book when she hears named chapter and verse. When she comes home she commends the sermon for the scripture, and two hours. She loves preaching better than praying, and of preachers Lecturers, and thinks the weekday's exercise far more edifying than the Sunday's. Her ofttest gossipings are Sabbath-days' journeys, where (though an enemy to superstition) she will go in pilgrimage five miles to a silenced minister, when there is a better sermon in her own parish. She doubts of the Virgin Mary's salvation, and dare not saint her, but knows her own place in heaven as perfectly as the pew she has a key to. She is so taken up with Faith she has no room for Charity, and understands no good works but what are wrought on the sampler. She accounts nothing vices but superstition and an oath, and thinks adultery a less sin than to swear "by my truly." She rails at other women by the names of Jezebel and Delilah; and calls her own daughters Rebecca and Abigail, and not Anne but Hannah. She suffers them not to learn on the virginals because of their affinity with organs, but is reconciled to the bells for the chime's sake,

since they were reformed to the tune of a Psalm. She overflows so with the Bible that she spills it upon every occasion, and will not cudgel her maids without scripture. It is a question whether she is more troubled with the Devil or the Devil with her. She is always challenging and daring him, and her weapon is *The Practice of Piety*. Nothing angers her so much as that women cannot preach, and in this point only thinks the Brownist erroneous; but what she cannot at church she does at table, where she prattles more than any against sense and Antichrist, till a capon's wing silence her. She expounds the Priests of Baal "Reading Ministers," and thinks the salvation of the parish as desperate as the Turks'. She is a main derider to her capacity of those that are not her preachers, and censures all sermons but bad ones. If her husband be a tradesman, she helps him to customers, howsoever to good cheer, and they are a most faithful couple at these meetings, for they never fail. Her conscience is like others' lust, never satisfied, and you might better answer Scotus' than her scruples. She is one that thinks she performs all her duty to God in hearing, and shows the fruits of it in talking. She is more fiery against the Maypole than her husband, and thinks he might do a Phineas's act to break the pate of the fiddler. She is an everlasting argument; but I am weary of her.

A BLUNT MAN

Is one whose wit is better pointed than his behaviour, and that coarse and unpolished, not out of ignorance so much as humour. He is a

great enemy to the fine gentleman, and these things of compliment, and hates ceremony in conversation as the Puritan in religion. He distinguishes not betwixt fair and double dealing, and suspects all smoothness for the dress of knavery. He starts at the encounter of a salutation as an assault, and beseeches you in choler to forbear your courtesy. He loves not anything in discourse that comes before the purpose, and is always suspicious of a preface. Himself falls rudely still on his matter without any circumstance, except he use an old proverb for an introduction. He swears old out-of-date innocent oaths, as "by the Mass," "by our Lady," and such like, and though there be Lords present, he cries, "My Masters." He is exceedingly in love with his humour, which makes him always profess and proclaim it, and you must take what he says patiently, "because he is a plain man." His nature is his excuse still, and other men's tyrant; for he must speak his mind, and that is his worst, and craves your pardon most injuriously for not pardoning you. His jests best become him, because they come from him rudely and unaffected; and he has the luck commonly to have them famous. He is one that will do more than he will speak, and yet speak more than he will hear; for though he love to touch others, he is touchy himself, and seldom to his own abuses replies but with his fists. He is as squeazy of his commendations as his courtesy, and his good word is like an eulogy in a satire. He is generally better favoured than he favours, as being commonly well expounded in his bitterness, and no man speaks treason more securely. He

chides great men with most boldness, and is counted for it an honest fellow. He is grumbling much in the behalf of the commonwealth, and is in prison oft for it with credit. He is generally honest, but more generally thought so, and his downrightness credits him, as a man not well bended and crooked to the times. In conclusion, he is not easily bad, in whom this quality is nature, but the counterfeit is most dangerous since he is disguised in a humour that professes not to disguise.

A FLATTERER

Is the picture of a friend, and as pictures flatter many times, so he oft shews fairer than the true substance. His look, conversation, company, and all the outwardness of friendship more pleasing by odds, for a true friend dare take the liberty to be sometimes offensive, whereas he is a great deal more cowardly and will not let the least hold go for fear of losing you. Your mere sour look affrights him, and makes him doubt his cashiering. And this is one sure mark of him, that he is never first angry, but ready though upon his own wrong to make satisfaction. Therefore he is never yoked upon a poor man, or any that stands on the lower ground, but whose fortunes may tempt his pains to deceive him. Him he learns first, and learns well, and grows perfecter in his humours than himself, and by this door enters upon his soul; of which he is able at last to take the very print and mark, and fashion his own by it, like a false key to open all your secrets. All his affections jump even

with yours: he is beforehand with your thoughts, and able to suggest them unto you. He will commend to you first what he knows you like, and has always some absurd story or other of your enemy, and then wonders how your two opinions should jump in that man. He will ask your counsel sometimes as a man of deep judgement, and has a secret of purpose to disclose you, and whatsoever you say is persuaded. He listens to your words with great attention, and sometimes will object that you may confute him, and then protests he never heard so much before. A piece of wit bursts him with an overflowing laughter, and he remembers it for you to all companies, and laughs again in the telling. He is one never chides you but for your virtues, as, "You are too good," "too honest," "too religious"; when his chiding may seem but the earnestest commendation, and yet would fain chide you out of them too; for your vice is the thing he has use of, and wherein you may best use him, and he is never more active than in the worst diligences. Thus at last he possesses you from yourself, and then expects but his hire to betray you. And it is a happiness not to discover him; for as long as you are happy, you shall not.

R. M.

R.M. In 1629 appeared a book containing sixteen characters and entitled *Micrologia, Characters, or Essayes, of Persons, Trades, and Places, offered to the City and Country*. By R. M. It is not known who was the author who signs himself "R.M." The only existing copy of this book is in the Bodleian. The Character which follows is taken from the Appendix to Bliss's edition of Earle's *Microcosmography*.

A PLAYER

Is a volume of various conceits or epitome of time, who by his representation and appearance makes things long past seem present. He is much like the counters in arithmetic, and may stand one while for a king, another while a beggar, many times as a mute or cypher. Sometimes he represents that which in his life he scarce practises—to be an honest man. To the point, he oft personates a rover and therein comes nearest to himself. If his action prefigure passion, he raves and rages and protests much by his painted heavens, and seems in the height of this fit ready to pull Jove out of the garret, where perchance he lies leaning on his elbows or is employed to make squibs and crackers to grace the play. His audience are often-times judicious, but his chief admirers are commonly young wanton chamber-maids, who are so taken with his posture and gay clothes they never come to be their own women after. He exasperates men's enormities in public view and tells them their faults on the stage, not as being sorry for them, but rather wishes still he might find more occasions to work on. He is the general corrupter of spirits yet untainted,

inducing them by gradation to much lascivious depravity. He is a perspicuity of vanity in variety, and suggests youth to perpetrate such vices as otherwise they had haply ne'er heard of. He is (for the most part) a noble hypocrite, seeming what he is not, and is indeed what he seems not. And if he lose one of his fellow strolls, in the summer he turns king of the gypsies; if not, some great man's protection is a sufficient warrant for his peregrination, and a means to procure him the town hall, where he may long exercise his qualities, with clown-claps of great admiration, in a tone suitable to the large ears of his illiterate auditory. He is one seldom takes care for old age, because ill diet and disorder, together with a consumption or some worse disease taken up in his full career, have only chalked out his catastrophe but to a colon: and he scarcely survives to his natural period of days.

CLITUS ALEXANDRINUS

CLITUS ALEXANDRINUS. In 1631 appeared a book of twenty-four longish characters, entitled *Whimzies: Or, A New Cast of Characters*. The dedication is signed "Clitus-Alexandrinus." The real name of the author is unknown. Some have thought him to have been Richard Braithwaite, a voluminous writer of treatises on etiquette and social conventions. But nothing could be further from these characters than Braithwaite's windy and moralising style.

AN OSTLER

Is a bottleman; not a barber in Europe can set a better edge on his razor than he can set on horses' teeth, to save his provender. The

proverb is: *The master's eye feeds his horse*; but the ostler's starves him. Now, if you desire to have your palfrey make quick dispatch of his provender, make your ostler his supervisor, and by nimble conveyance he will quickly make an empty manger. What a rubbing and scrubbing he will make, in hope of a small reward at close of a reckoning! What humble obeysance may you expect at his hand, when he prostrates himself in such low service to the heels of your horse! Thus labours he, by currying your beast, to curry favour with yourself. He has no literature, though he trade something near it. He profits out of measure; his ostrie must not be tied to Winchester. If oats seem dear, he will tell you how much their price quickened at every quarter last market day: and he has one close at his elbow that will second him. He will justify it, that no host on all the road got his hay so sweetly or seasonably as his master. Though there be ostlers of all countries, yet generally are they northern men; and those you shall find the simplest, but diligentest, and consequently the honestest; for industry and simplicity are antidotes against knavery. But it is twenty to one, he will be as near your own countryman as he can inform himself, purposely to procure your better respect and purchase the larger reward. He will tell you, if he find you credulous, that your horse hurts at withers, or he is hoof-bound; but refer all unto him, and you shall be sure to pay both saddler and farrier for nothing. He can direct you to a pot of the nappiest ale in all the street, and conduct you too, so the tapster know not. He has sundry petty-officers, as under-ostlers, litter-strowers,

boot-catchers, to whom little accrues after his deductions. He professeth some skill in horses, and knows how to cure divers maladies with oil of oats; but he will never cure so many as he has diseased, nor fat so many as he has starved. To a bare stranger that promiseth but small profit to a stable, he will be as peremptory as a beadle. He will feed his horse with delays and demurs, and cause him stay greater guests' leisure. But how officious the snake will be, where he smells benefit! He speaks in his ostrie (the chief seat of his hypparchy) like a frog in a well, or a cricket in a wall. When guests' horses stand at livery, he sleeps very little, fearing lest they should eat too much; but at bottle, he is more secure; howsoever, he has a dainty dentifrice that will charm them. He is a constant stable man; and herein only commendable; constancy in respect of his place, and humility in respect of his person, makes him both known and knavish. He has a notable glib vein in vain discourse: no country can you name, but it is in his verge; his long acquaintance with people of all conditions and countries, is become so mathematically useful unto him, as he has the geographical map of the whole continent (so far as this island extends) in his illiterate pericranium; which he vents by way of description upon every occasion; and this he makes his weekly stable-lecture. He is at very little charge with his laundress but for his false shirt and nightcap; which he wears as ornaments to his profession, and in them acts his daily penance: for it is his use to encounter your palfrey in a shirt of mail, be he male or female. If he rise to any preferment, he may say,

Gramercy, horse; yet will he hardly confess so much. He aspires sometimes to tapster, holding it the more beneficial place; but howsoever, better for him, for he may now drink free of cost. Long winter nights watching and early rising (for he must be either the guests' cock, or they his) have much forslowed his diligence: for now he will endure a call or two before he rise. But this is no fault of his, but the diversity of his occasions: for his desire is naturally to rise early, and to be officious to his guests before they be stirring, in giving their horses provender, which they may dispatch in a trice, before ever their masters come out of their chambers. When he finds convenient time and leisure, he will toss a pot sociably with his neighbour. But none are so familiar with him as the smith and saddler, whom he is bound to present (upon some private composition) to any gentleman or other, that shall have occasion to use them. If he may make so much bold with you, he will send his commends, sweetened with a nutmeg, by you to the ostler of your next inn; and this begets reciprocal courtesies betwixt them, with titles too, which they are wholly guiltless of; as "honest boy"; "true blade," etc. But these styles are but given them by their fellow ostlers, whose desertless commendations exact as much at their hands. If he be but indifferently honest (as I would have no superlative degrees of honesty in that profession) he improves the benefit of the inn above comparison: all desire to harbour where there is an honest ostler. Which opinion once purchased, he retains forever; and by it strengthens him with his master's favour. He begins now to be

a landed man by means of his honesty and usury. If he have the grace to stay the good hour, he may succeed his master, and by matching with his mistress rise to inn-keeper. But this is very rare, for he is not by half so neat a youth as the chamberlain. Long and sore did he labour in the spring of his youth, before he came to reap any crop in the autumn of his age. He is now grown resty. Profit is an alluring bait, but it cannot make him do that which he did. Now he loves to snort under the manger, and sleep out his time before his departure: yet he cannot endure that any should succeed him in his place, though he cannot supply it himself. Well, suppose him now drawing on to his last quarter; some grasps or gripes of mortality he feels, which makes him conclude in his own element; *Grass and hay, we are all mortal*. He could, for all this, find in his heart to live one year longer; to compare his last years' vails and this together; and, perchance, redeem his averages too with better measure. But his ostrie is shut up; the guests gone; their reckoning paid; only a poor guest of his own stays yet in her inn, and has not discharged. But now I see the inn dissolved; the sign of her being fallen to earth, and defaced; and his inmate lodged where the Great Inn-keeper has appointed.

A DECOY

Is a brave mettled blade, as apt to take as to give. His morning preparative is, "What sconce shall we build?" Though he never bare office in

the ward where he lives, he has the word of a constable, and can bid stand. He is a witty hypocrite; for sometimes if occasion serve, he can play the civil devil, and counterfeit a demure carriage. He will close with you in any argument out of a pregnant present conceit so as he would make one believe he had the elements of all learning: but hold him to it, and he will fall off, as he doth in his whole course from the practice of goodness. To bestead his friend, or rather befriend himself, he will turn true Asian knight, and swear for you most pragmatically. A more affable or sociable companion the world cannot afford you: for he will mould himself to your humour, be it in the quest of business or pleasure: your own shadow cannot be more attendant, nor more obsequiously observant. His only desire is but to know where you lodge and (for want of his high-road revenues) he will be your incessant visitant. Having by this wrought on your easy temper and in your bosom purchased him a friendly harbour, he pretends occasions abroad and complains his horse is lame, and what injury the base farrier had done him. This in civility you cannot choose but take notice of, especially to so intimate a friend, who has so many times vowed to engage his person for your honour. By this he mounts your palfrey, and makes for the country, where if he do not speed himself of a fortune by the way, next Friday in Smithfield you shall find your demilance in the fair. Whom if you should chance to own, yet were you never a whit nearer your own: for your sweet-bosom friend will not stick to face you and swear you out of him. Nay, he will tax you of

impudence and, countenanced by some of his own comrades, vow revenge for this undigested imputation. Now, if your discretion will not be thus outbraved nor baffled, he will show himself true spark of valour, and encounter you where you will or dare. But set up this for your rest, if you adjourn time you shall as soon meet with your horse as him. But these are but petty assays to others of his masterpieces. By this he hath taken upon him the title of a great heir; which is seconded by the approvement of his ingenuous fry. All cubs of one litter, and equally furnished for a cheating lecture. This some rich merchant, milliner, or tailor, or some other necessary appendice of a gentleman is presently possessed of; who become humble supplicants for his custom, and by corrupting the groom of his chamber (who was corrupt enough already) purposely cheat themselves with expense of some few crowns. Along goes our decoy, as an imaginary heir, well accoutred and attended, towards his receipt of custom. Where, as one born to more means than brains, he behaves himself like a very gandergoose, which strengthens his credulous creditors' gainful expectance, hoping to make an Essex calf of him. But his acquaintance begets a good effect in them, for it ever ends with repentance. But these are but his civil city cheats, for want of employment abroad. For howsoever his name, in its own proper signification, seem to render him, his profession has proclaimed him an universal cheat. Public fairs are his revenues; and there is nothing which he keeps better in his heart than their time. He has his variety of led suits; and can (if need require) counterfeit

the habit of grazier, gallant, or citizen all in one day. With which habits he plays the cunning impostor, and deludés those whose condition he represents: he had need be one of Volpone's true-bred cubs that shall smell him out. Private alleys and by-lanes are his sanctuaries in the city: but places of public frequent in the country. He has more doxies than a gypsy, which he makes use of either for receiving his purchase or for informing him of a prey. If at any time he shall be accused or attacked by some simple country officer he affronts him with such big-swollen words of points of reputation, gentile, estimation, detraction, derogation, as holding all these to be several titles of his honour, he not only releases him, but most humbly complaining invites him to a dinner lest his too rash attack of a gentleman of worship, (for so his ignorance holds him) should bring him in danger. Which simplicity of his our decoy observes, and works upon it. He must have his reputation salved with some *unguentum album*, or he will not sit down with this disgrace. Which (to prevent all ensuing harm, taking him bound withal that he shall stir up no powerful friend against him, whereof our cheat pretends a myriad) this official offal applies to cure the ulcer of his impostumed reputation; and so they part, a fool and a foist. You shall find him now and then betting with some of his rooking consorts in bowl-alleys; where if a young novice come, he stands confident of a purchase. You shall see him presently (yet with a reserved counterfeit civility) close with him. His own genius shall not seem more intimate. But our young master still goes by

weeping-cross; he leaves as few crumbs of comfort in his purse, as hair on his chin, or wit in his pate. It is above the reach of conceit to observe him, how understandingly he will converse with a country farmer, after he has saluted him at the *Salutation* door. His tale is of a turf, his matter a mattock, his plea a plough. But the catastrophe is a piece of plate, which he ever leaves the countryman in pledge for. To display him by his garb, or describe him by his garment, were a task of some difficulty; he sorts and suits himself purposely to fool the world, in such variety. Sometimes you shall see him neat and brisk, and accoutred bravely: next day, like one at odds with himself, nitty and nasty, which indeed is his true natural garb, that best becomes him; and may be best preserved in regard of those uncertain veils which befall him. He may for most part compare with those brave Roman emperors for the manner of his death; for he seldom dies in his bed. He hopes one day to be advanced above the residue of his fellows, which I conjecture must either be on a pillory or the gallows: where I leave him.

A METAL-MAN

Is nothing less than what his name imports. He has a beetle head, and a leaden heel. The emblem of him is expressed in the hollow charnel voice of that walking trunk-hosed goblin, *Any ends of gold or silver?* The arch-artist in this mineral is the alchemist, for the rest are all sublunary to him, he only mercury sublimate unto them. His stoves, limbecks, and materials

are already provided: his long acres have been measured out and make his provisions come in. He holds himself nothing inferior to Kelly in art, he only wisheth but himself like fate. Seven years are now expired since his Promethean fire received first light; and yet the philosopher's stone may be in Sisyphus' pocket, for ought that he knows. There is no artist that has more faith than he, upon less grounds. He doubts not but before the sign enters Aries, he shall, like another Jason, purchase a golden fleece. It is the highest employment wherein he engageth his most intimate friends, to furnish him with sufficiency of brass, copper, pewter, etc. He will make the state rich enough, if he have enough to do withal. By this, he thinks he sees a corner of the philosopher's stone, yet he cannot discern the colour. Hope of profit bereaves him of sleep; but the cost of his art deprives him of profit. It is a wonder to observe what rare crochets and devices he retains purposely to gull himself! What choice structures he intends to erect out of his pure elixirs! Yea, so far deluded is he with the strength of a transported imagination, as one might easily make him believe that the reparation of Paul's was only reserved to be his master-piece; and that many of our Duke Humphrey's knights expected when he should perfect it. The flourishing city-walks of Moorfields, though delightful, yet not so precious or beautiful as he will make them. Those sallow-coloured elms must be turned into yellow Hesperian plants: where every bankrupt merchant may pluck a branch at his pleasure, to refurnish his decayed treasure. O the transcendency of art! He looks back at

the hour of his nativity, and by a probable argument of the constellation wherein he was born, he gathers that the crucible of his brain must be the Indies of this state. Not a morning shines upon him wherein he expects not before the west receive him, but that his hopes shall enrich him and those many jeering mountebanks that attend him. Every day's experience becomes now a precious observance: which makes him think he draws near to the shore; and so he doth, for now the ship of his fortune rides at low water. Yet is he as rich in mountains of golden conceits and airy imaginations as ever he was: his speculation in time will make him as rich as a new-shorn sheep; but this his wisdom believes not. Heyday; what a racket he keeps! "Elevate that tripod; sublimate that pipkin; elixate your antimony; intenerate your chrysocoll; accelerate your crucible. Quick, quick, the mint stays for our metal. Let our materials be infused. Our art requires your diligence; your diligence ample recompense. How much may one hour's remissness prejudice this consequent business; frustrate the state's expectance; and perpetually estrange the richest discovery that ever age brought forth, from our successors?" Dear Democritus, hold thy sides or they will crack else! This diving Paracelsian seeks Amalthea, but finds Amalga. His metals have more moon than sun in them. How he tires himself in a wild goose-chase! As near he was yesterday as to-day, yet poorer to-day than yesterday. His art has arrived her secretest port, attained her highest pitch. Which makes him now convert his speculation into admiration: wondering that

this stone should be so long concealed from him. By this time he encounters with a nimble quacksalver, who forgeth new tricks to delude him. His encourageth him in his attempt, seconds him with his advice and assistance; purposely to extract out of the decreasing limbeck of his fortunes a monthly allowance. He limits him a time, which expired, his hopes are arrived: but before the time come, this nimble doctor is flown. But what more powerfully prevalent than error? All these rules shall not draw him from his bias. He will not desist till he see an end of something; and so he may quickly, for his fortunes now lie a-bleeding. But now his expense becomes more easy and temperate: for though his device be delicious, yet the ebb of his fortunes makes him in his disbursements more parsimonious, and in distillations more precious. Before the next month end, his art hath wrought out the end of his state: so as this alchemist becomes all-a-mist, and Theogenes-like ends in smoke. A bill must be now erected, a chemical schedule pasted, where his hopeful utensils were lately reared; and if any metall'd spark will spend some crowns in the same science, the pupil may have a tutor: whose judgement and precious experiments he may use for board wages. Now will any one buy a kettle, a cauldron, or a limbeck? How much is the state deceived in this great man's masterpiece! How his hopes are thawed! His fortunes distilled! And his aims miserably closed! How this thread-bare philosopher shrugs, shifts and shuffles for a cup of six, whose thirsty desires were once for *aurum potable!* Few or none compassionate

his infelicity, save only the metal-men of Lothbury, who expected for their grosser metals ready vent by means of his philosophy. His sumptuous fires are now extinguished, the oil of his life's lamp consumed, his hopes into impossibilities resolved, and he in his last scene on earth, to earth returned.

A CORRANTO-COINER

Is a state news-monger; and his own genius is his intelligencer. His mint goes weekly, and he coins money by it. Howsoever the more intelligent merchants do jeer him, the vulgar do admire him, holding his novels oracular. And these are usually sent for tokens or intermissive courtesies betwixt city and country. He holds most constantly one form or method of discourse. He retains some military words of art, which he shoots at random; no matter where they hit, they cannot wound any. He ever leaves some passages doubtful, as if they were some more intimate secrecies of state, closing his sentence abruptly, with—*Hereafter you shall hear more*. Which words, I conceive, he only useth as baits to make the appetite of the reader more eager in his next week's pursuit for a more satisfying labour. Some general-erring relations he picks up, as crumbs or fragments, from a frequented ordinary: of which shreds he shapes a coat to fit any credulous fool that will wear it. You shall never observe him make any reply in places of public concourse: he ingenuously acknowledges himself to be more bounden to the happiness of a retentive memory than either ability of tongue or pregnancy of

conceit. He carries his table-book still about with him, but dare not pull it out publicly: yet no sooner is the table drawn than he turns notary; by which means he recovers the charge of his ordinary. Paul's is his walk in winter; Moorfields in summer. Where the whole discipline, designs, projects, and exploits of the States, Netherlands, Poland, Switzer, Crim Chan and all, are within the compass of one quadrangle walk most judiciously and punctually discovered. But long he must not walk, lest he make his news-press stand. Thanks to his good invention he can collect much out of a very little: no matter though more experienced judgements disprove him; he is anonymous, and that will secure him. To make his reports more credible or (which he and his stationer only aim at) more vendible, in the relation of every occurrence he renders you the day of the month; and to approve himself a scholar, he annexeth these Latin parcels or parcel-gilt-sentences, *veteri stylo, novo stylo*. Palisadoes, parapets, counterscarps, forts, fortresses, rampiers, bulwarks, are his usual dialect. He writes as if he would do some mischief; yet the charge of his shot is but paper. He will sometimes start in his sleep, as one affrighted with visions; which I can impute to no other cause but to the terrible skirmishes which he discoursed of in the day time. He has now tied himself apprentice to the trade of minting: and must weekly perform his task, or (besides the loss which accrues to himself) he disappoints a number of no small fools, whose discourse, discipline, and discretion is drilled from his state-service. These you shall know by their Monday

morning's question, a little before exchange time; *Stationer, have you any news?* Which they no sooner purchase than peruse; and early by next morning (lest their country friend should be deprived of the benefit of so rich a prize) they freely vent the substance of it, with some illustrations, if their understanding can furnish them that way. He would make you believe that he were known to some foreign intelligence, but I hold him the wisest man that hath the least faith to believe him. For his relations he stands resolute, whether they become approved, or evinced for untruths; which if they be he has contracted with his face never to blush for the matter. He holds especial concurrence with two philosophical sects, though he be ignorant of the tenets of either: in the collection of his observations he is peripatetical, for he walks circularly: in the digestion of his relations he is stoical, and sits regularly. He has an alphabetical table of all the chief commanders, generals, leaders, provincial towns, rivers, ports, creeks, with other fitting materials to furnish his imaginary building. Whisperings, mutterings, and bare suppositions are sufficient grounds for the authority of his relations. It is strange to see with what greediness this airy chameleon, being all lungs and wind, will swallow a receipt of news, as if it were physical: yea, with what frontless insinuation he will screw himself into the acquaintance of some knowing intelligencers, who, trying the cask by his hollow sound, do familiarly gull him. I am of opinion, were all his voluminous centuries of fabulous relations compiled, they would vie in number with the *Iliads* of many forerunning ages. You shall

many times find in his *Gazettas*, *Pasquils*, and *Corrantos* miserable distractions; here a city taken by force, long before it be besieged; there a country laid waste before ever the enemy entered. He many times tortures his readers with impertinencies: yet are these the tolerablest passages throughout all his discourse. He is the very landskip of our age. He is all air; his ear always open to all reports; which how incredible soever, must pass for current and find vent, purposely to get him current money, and delude the vulgar. Yet our best comfort is his chimeras live not long; a week is the longest in the city, and after their arrival, little longer in the country. Which past, they melt like butter, or match a pipe and so burn. But indeed, most commonly it is the height of their ambition to aspire to the employment of stopping mustard-pots, or wrapping up pepper, powder, stavesacre, etc., which done, they expire. Now for his habit, Wapping and Longlane will give him his character. He honours nothing with a more endeared observance, nor hugs ought with more intimacy, than antiquity, which he expresseth even in his clothes. I have known some love fish best that smelled of the pannier; and the like humour reigns in him, for he loves that apparel best that has a taste of the broker. Some have held him for a scholar, but trust me such are in a palpable error, for he never yet understood so much Latin as to construe *Gallobelgicus*. For his library (his own continuations excepted) it consists of very few or no books: he holds himself highly engaged to his invention, if it can purchase him victuals, for authors he never

converses with them, unless they walk in Paul's. For his discourse it is ordinary: yet he will make you a terrible repetition of desperate commanders, unheard-of exploits; intermixing withal his own personal service. But this is not in all companies: for his experience has sufficiently informed him in this principle: that as nothing works more on the simple than things strange and incredibly rare, so nothing discovers his weakness more among the knowing and judicious than to insist by way of discourse on reports above conceit. Amongst these therefore, he is as mute as a fish. But now imagine his lamp (if he be worth one) to be nearly burnt out; his inventing genius wearied and surfeit with ranging over so many unknown regions; and himself wasted with the fruitless expense of much paper, resigning his place of weekly collections to another: whom in hope of some little share, he has to his stationer recommended, while he lives either poorly respected, or dying miserably suspended. The rest I end with his own close: *next week you shall hear more.*

A BALLAD-MONGER

Is the ignominious nickname of a penurious poet, of whom he partakes in nothing but in poverty. His strain (in my opinion) would sort best with a funeral elegy, for he writes most pitifully. He has a singular gift of imagination, for he can descant on a man's execution long before his confession. Nor comes his invention far short of his imagination; for want of truer

relations, for a need he can find you out a Sussex dragon, some sea or inland monster, drawn out by some Shoelane man in a Gorgon-like feature, to enforce more horror in the beholder. He has an excellent faculty in this; he has one tune in store that will indifferently serve for any ditty. He is your only man in request for Christmas carols. His works are lasting-pasted monuments upon the insides of country alehouses, where they may sojourn without expense of a farthing: which makes their thirsty author cry out in this manner, if he have so much Latin:

Quo licuit chartis, non licet ire mihi.

He stands much upon stanzas, which halt and hobble as lamely as that one-legged cantor that sings them: it would do a man's heart good to see how twin-like he and his songman couple. Wits of equal size, though more holding veils befall the voice. Now you shall see them (if both their stocks aspire to that strength) drop into some blind alehouse, where these two naked Virginians will call for a great pot, a toast, and a pipe. Where you may imagine the first and last to be only called for out of an humour; but the midst out of mere necessity, to allay hunger. Yet to see how they will hug, hook, and shrug over these materials in a chimney corner (O Polyhymnia) it would make the Muses wonder! But now they are parted: the Stentor has fitted his Batillus with a subject: whereon he vows to bestow better lines than ever stuck in the *Garland of Goodwill*. By this time with botches and old ends this ballad-bard has expressed the quintessence of his genius,

extracted from the muddy spirit of bottle-ale and froth. But all is one for that; his trinkilo must have it, it must suffer the press. By this, Nick Ballad has got him a quartern of this new impression; with which he mounts Holborn as merry as a carter; and takes his stand against some eminent bay-window; where he vents his stuff. He needs not dance attendance; for in a trice you shall see him guarded with a janizarie of coster-mongers, and country goslings: while his nippes, ints, bungs and prinados, of whom he holds in fee, oft-times prevent the Lawyer, by diving too deep into his client's pocket while he gives too deep attention to this wonderful ballad. But stale ballad-news, like stale fish when it begins to smell of the pannier, are not for queasy stomachs. You must therefore imagine that by this time they are cashiered of the city, and must now ride post for the country: where they are no less admired than a giant in a pageant: till at last they grow so common there too, as every poor milk-maid can chant and chirp it under her cow; which she useth as a harmless charm to make her let down her milk. Now therefore you must suppose our facetious ballad-monger, as one nectar-infused with some poetical liquor, re-ascending the horse-hoofed mount, and with a cup of six (for his token pledge will be taken for no more) he presumes to represent unto the world a new conceit, entitled; *A proper new Ballad, to the tune of Bradadeery Round*. Which his chanteleer sings with variety of airs (having as you may suppose, an instrumental polyphone in the crannies of his nose.) Now he counterfeits a natural base, then a perpetual treble, and

ends with a counter-tenor. You shall hear him feign an artful strain through the nose, purposely to insinuate into the attention of the purer brotherhood: but all in vain; they blush at the abomination of this knave, and demurely passing by him, call him the lost child. Now, for this author, you must not take him for one of those pregnant critic suburban wits, who make work for the fiddlers of the city. For those are more knaves than fools, but these quite contrary. In those you shall find salt, sense, and verse; but in these none of all three. What then is to be expected from so sterile a Parnasian, where impudence is his best conductor, ignorance his best instructor, and indigence his best proctor? Shall we then close with him thus? He is constant in nothing but in his clothes. He never casts his slough but against Bartholomew Fair: where he may casually endanger the purchase of a cast suit: else trust me, he is no shifter. In a word, get his poor corpse a sheet to shroud them in at his dying, they get more than his muse could ever make him worth while he was living.

MILTON

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674). Thomas Hobson, for sixty years carrier between Cambridge and London, was a very well-known Cambridge character. In No. 509 of the *Spectator* Steele ascribed to him the origin of the proverbial saying "Hobson's Choice." On his death in 1631 Milton, who was at the University at the time, wrote two Characters upon him. The first of these follows:—

ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER.

Here lies old Hobson. Death hath broke his
girt,

And here, alas ! hath laid him in the dirt ;
Or else, the ways being foul, twenty to one
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter that, if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down ;
For he had any time this ten years full
Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and *The
Bull.*

And surely death could never have prevailed,
Had not his weekly course of carriage failed ;
But lately, finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlin
Showed him his room where he must lodge that
night,
Pulled off his boots, and took away the light.
If any ask of him, it shall be said,
" Hobson has supped, and 's newly gone to bed."

FULLER

THOMAS FULLER (1608-1661) was a clergyman and royalist whose lively style and witty observations would naturally place him with the gay Caroline poets. His most popular works are *The Holy War*, *The Holy State and the Profane State*, *Church History of Britain*, and *History of the Worthies of England*. The last of these, which is most often read, is a racy account of the most important men of England. Fuller's out-of-the-way information and intimate knowledge of his country, together with an ever-ready humour and a natural gift for anecdote, make his books of a sustained liveliness marred by scarcely a dull page. In all, characters abound.

HOOKER

Hooker was born in Devonshire, bred in Oxford, Fellow of Corpus Christi College; one of a solid judgement and great reading. Such the depth of his learning, that his pen was a better bucket than his tongue to draw it out: a great defender both by preaching and writing of the discipline of the Church of England, yet never got (nor cared to get) any eminent dignity therein; conscience, not covetousness, engaging him in the controversy. Spotless was his conversation; and, though some dirt was cast, none could stick, on his reputation.

Mr. Hooker's voice was low, stature little, gesture none at all, standing stone-still in the pulpit, as if the posture of his body were the emblem of his mind, unmoveable in his opinions. Where his eye was left fixed at the beginning, it was found fixed at the end of his sermon. In a word, the doctrine he delivered had nothing but itself to garnish it. His style was long and

pithy, driving on a whole flock of several clauses before he came to the close of a sentence. So that when the copiousness of his style met not with proportionable capacity in his auditors, it was unjustly censured for perplexed, tedious, and obscure. His sermons followed the inclination of his studies, and were for the most part on controversies, and deep points of school divinity.

BACON

None can character him to the life, save himself. He was in parts more than a man; who in any liberal profession might be whatsoever that he would himself: a great honourer of ancient authors, yet a great deviser and practiser of new ways of learning: privy counsellor, as to King James, so to nature itself, diving into many of her abstruse mysteries. New conclusions he would dig out with mattocks of gold and silver; not caring what his experience cost him, expending on the trials of nature all and more than he got by the trials at the bar; posterity being the better for his—though he the worse for his own—dear experiments. He and his servants had all in common; the men never wanting what their master had; and thus what came flowing in unto him was sent flying away from him, who, in giving of rewards, knew no bounds but the bottom of his own purse. Wherefore, when King James heard that he had given ten pounds to an under-keeper, by whom he had sent him a buck, the king said merrily, “I and he shall both die beggars”; which was commendable prodigious.

gality in a subject. He lived many years after; and in his books he will ever survive: in the reading whereof, modest men commend him in what they do—condemn themselves in what they do not—understand, as believing the fault in their own eyes, and not in the object.

(The Church History of Britain.)

QUEEN ELIZABETH

She was an excellent scholar, understanding the Greek, and perfectly speaking the Latin. Good skill she had in the French and Italian, using interpreters not for need, but state. She was a good poet in English, and fluently made verses. Nor was her poetic vein less happy in Latin.

Her piety to God was exemplary; none more constant or devout in private prayers; very attentive also at sermons, wherein she was better affected with soundness of matter, than quaintness of expression. She could not well digest the affected over-elegancy of such as prayed for her by the title of "Defendress of the Faith," and not the "Defender"; it being no false construction to apply a masculine word to so heroic a spirit.

She was very devout in returning thanks to God for her constant and continual preservations; for one traitor's stab was scarce put by, before another took aim at her. But as if the poisons of treason, by custom, were turned natural unto her, by God's protection they did her no harm. In any design of consequence, she loved to be long and well advised; but where

her resolutions once seized, she would never let go her hold, according to her motto, *Semper eadem*.

By her temperance she improved that stock of health which nature bestowed on her, using little wine and less physic. Her continence from pleasures was admirable; and she the paragon of spotless chastity, whatever some Popish priests (who count all virginity hid under a nun's veil) have feigned to the contrary.

She was of person tall; of hair and complexion fair, well-favoured, but high-nosed; of limbs and feature neat; of a stately and majestic deportment. She had a piercing eye, wherewith she used to touch what mettle strangers were made of, who came into her presence. But as she counted it a pleasant conquest with her majestic look to dash strangers out of countenance; so she was merciful in pursuing those she overcame; and afterwards would cherish and comfort them with smiles, if perceiving towardliness and an ingenuous modesty in them. She much affected rich and costly apparel; and if ever jewels had just cause to be proud, it was with her wearing them.

(The Holy State and the Profane State.)

SALTONSTALL

WYE SALTONSTALL published in 1631 a book of Characters entitled *Picturae loquentes: or Pictures drawne forth in Characters. With a Poeme of a Maid*. These are among the brightest and most vivid of all the books of Charactery. A second edition was published in 1635, containing a selection from the Characters of the earlier edition. They have been pruned to a still greater brevity, and fully justify the author's motto, *ne ultra crepidam*. The first seven Characters quoted are from the first edition and the rest from the second.

AN OLD MAN

Is loath to bid the world goodnight; he knows the grave is a long sleep and therefore would sit up as long as he could. His soul has dwelt in a ruinous tenement, and yet is so unwilling to leave it that it could be content to sue the body for reparations. He lives now but to be a burthen to his friends, as age is to him, and yet his thoughts are as far from death as he is nigh it. Howsoever time be a continued motion, yet the dial of his age stands still at 50. That's his age for ten years afterward, and [he] loves such a friend that like a flattering glass tells him he seems far younger. His memory is full of the actions of his youth, which he often histories to others in tedious tales, and thinks they should please others because himself. His discourses are full of parenthesis, and his words fall from him as slowly as water from an alembic; drop by drop. He loves the chimney corner and his chair, which he brags was his grandfather's, from whence he secures the cupboard from the cats and dogs, or the milk from running over, and is only good to build up the architecture of

a seacoal fire by applying each circumstant cinder. When his natural powers are all impotencies, he marries a young wench for warmth's sake, and when he dies, makes her an estate *durante viduitate*, only for widowhood. At talk he commonly uses some proverbial verses gathered perhaps from cheese-trenchers or *Schola Salerna*, which he makes as applicable as a mountebank's plasters, to all purposes, all occasions. He calls often to the servingman for a cup of sack, and to that end styles him friend; and wonders much that new wine should not be put in old bottles. Though the proverb be "Once a man and twice a child," yet he hopes from his second childhood to run back into his teens, and so be twice a man too. Lastly, he's a candle burnt to the snuff, the ruins only of a man, whose soul is but the salt of his body to keep it from stinking, and can scarcely perform that too.

A COUNTRY BRIDE

Is a sacrifice to Venus, led to Church by two young bachelors. And all the way is paved with strewings on which she treads so lightly that she hardly bruises a gentle flower, while the maids attend upon her with rosemary and ribbons, the engines of a wedding. Being come to Church, her marriage knot is soon tied, and the ring put on her thumb, as an emblem of affection, which like a circle should be endless. The fiddlers now crowd on, till being come home the mysterious Bride-Cake is broke over their heads, in the remembrance of the old

Roman custom of confarreation; and afterwards she is placed at the upper end of the table to denote her supremacy in household matters. Here she minces it, and is ready to cut her fingers with too much modesty, while the name of Bride makes her simper like a pot that's ready to run o'er, for she conceits some strange matters, and could wish the day were shorter though it be at Christmas. Dinner once done they fall to Country dances, where the lusty lads take the bride to task, and all to bepeck the floor with their hobnails, while they bestir themselves out of measure, and are only rewarded with a concluding smack from the bride's lips. Thus the bride is but the May-game of a country village, that fills the town with mirth and music: Till night comes, and then she is laid in her husband's arms, where the curtains being drawn, we must leave them, and leave you to think out the rest yourself.

A PLOUGHMAN

Is the Earth's midwife, and helps to deliver her of her yearly burthen. His labour frees her in part from the curse of the barrenness, which she repays again with a fruitful crop. He's the best usurer, for when he sows the grain he looks to have it repaid with the sevenfold interest. His antiquity is from Abel, the first tiller of the ground, and himself goes like an Adamite always in skin. When he hangs between the plough-stilts, you have his true posture, where he's seldom an upright man, for he leans most to one side. A whole flight of crows follow him for

their food, and when they fly away they give him ill language. The smell of the earth makes him hungry, for he brings home an invincible stomach, and nothing holds him back but a barley pudding. He unyokes with the sun, and so comes whistling home his team, which consists of horse or oxen, and his care is to see them meated before himself. This done he's set to supper, where his meals are not lasting because violent; for he eats hard for the time, and when he finds himself satisfied, puts up his knife, with a "God be praised." In the winter nights the mending of his whip or shoes finds him business, and for that purpose he buys hobnails at the Fairs. His greatest pride is a fair bandpoint, and to wear a posy in his hat snatched from the maid Joan. He prays only for a fair seed time, and of all days will be sure to keep Plough-Monday. If he fall in love, he'll be sure to single her out at the next Wake to dance with, and lays such blows on her lips you may hear the smack afar off. If she reject him, he grows melancholy, and instead of sighs whistles out his breath; and if he have a rival, challenges him at football. Rainy days make him only idle, for when he cannot plough yet he goes to the Harrow because 'tis an Ale-house. Here he dare lose his two pots at Noddy and spends his hostess more chalk to reckon it than her gains are worth. In a word though he have no sign, he's the land's chief victualler, a good harvest is his happiness, and the last seed he sows is his own body, which he knows like his grain, though it seem to perish, yet shall spring again.

A MELANCHOLY MAN

Is a full vessel which makes not so great a sound as those that are more empty and answer to every knock. His wise parsimony of words shows more wisdom than their many, which are oftentimes more than wise. He can be merry without expressing it by an ignorant laughter. And if his company screw themselves up to an excessive strain of mirth, he proves amongst them but like a jarring string to a consort of music, and cannot raise himself to a high note of jollity. When other men strive to seem what they are not, he alone is what he seems not, being content in the knowledge of himself, and not weighing his own worth in the balance of other men's opinions. If he walk and see you not, 'tis because his mind being busied in some serious contemplation, the common sense has no time to judge of any sensual object. He's hardly with much invitation drawn to a feast, where every man sits an observer of another man's action, and had rather with Diogenes wash his own roots at home than with Aristippus frequent the court of kings. His actions show no temerity, having been long before intentions, and are at last produced as the ripe issue of a serious deliberate resolution. His speech shews more matter in't than words, and like your gold coin contains much worth in a little, when other men's is but like brass-farthings, and expresses little in much. As his apprehensions so his passions are violent and strong, not enduring on the sudden any opposition of good counsel, but like a torrent bears down all before it. If he fall in love, he woos more by letter than his own presence, and is not hasty in the desire of

fruition. His apparel is plain like himself, and shews the riches of his mind, which contemns a gaudy outside as the badge of fools. He goes therefore commonly in black, his hat unbrushed, a hasty gait with a look fixed on the ground, as though he were looking for pins there when yet his mind is soaring in some high contemplation; and is then always most busy when he seems most idle.

A YOUNG HEIR

Is a gamester at Noddy, one and twenty makes him out; if he have a flush in his hand expect him shortly to shew it without hiding his cards. For his father's avarice he runs into the other extreme, prodigality; his hand is of the quality of lightning, which melts his money in his purse but leaves his purse entirely whole. In all companies though almost his equals, he arrogates to himself supremacy of payment, and like a good soldier withstands all the shot, letting none disperse among the rest. During his minority he's but a companion to servingmen, who quickly make him proud by buzzing him in the ear with his future inheritance. Next to his father he looks for a secondary respect from the tenants, and is much affected with the title of young landlord. His mother's indulgence keeps him still at home, like a bird in a cage, so that when he gets forth he's soon ensnared by any she-fowler and falls down to her stales straightway. When he has wit enough to divide commons, he's sent perhaps to Oxford, and having stayed there the dabbling of a freshman's

gown, comes home again, being content rather to eat sugarplums at home than taste there of the bitter root of learning. From hence he's transported to the Inns of Court, and dotes much upon the first chapter of Littleton's *Tenures* concerning fee-simple, because of his own estate. His father's long life is *his* lingering sickness, and he wishes to be once able to speak the first petition of our Lord's prayer, *Our father which art in heaven*. After his decease, he takes arms afresh of the Herald, and pays for crest and motto. He walks now next to the wall with a swelled countenance, and speaks as haughtily to his inferiors as though he had swallowed a Lordship already, and the steeple stuck in his throat.

His known estate in the country proposes him varieties of matches, and his wealth not his wit wins him affection. He's now beholding to poets for love sonnets, and the posy of his wedding ring. Being thus fixed in one centre, his next ambition is to be pricked down Justice of Peace; now his warrants have more virtue in them than himself. He's terrible now to his tenants, and by his authority can out of his chair nod a beggar to the stocks. In his discourse his inferiors must now grant him the better, and at his own table if he break a saltless jest, all must applaud him. Thus he lives till time making him grow old, what was folly in youth now proves dotage, having his desires of his father's death punished now at last in the same desires of his heir, who would gladly give cloaks for him without mourning, and afterwards bury him in the sepulchre of his fathers.

A LAWYER'S CLERK

His father thought it too chargeable to keep him at school till he could read *Harry Stottle*, and therefore preferred him to a man of Law. His master is his genius, and dictates to him before he sets pen to paper. If he be to make a Bond or Bill, for fear of writing false Latin he abbreviates the ending and termination of his word with a dash, and so leaves it doubtful. He sits nigh the door to give access to strangers, and at their going forth gives them a leg in expectation. His master is a cunning juggler of lands and knows how to convey them underhand, he only copies them over again and looks for a fee for expedition. His utmost knowledge is the names of the Courts and their several offices, and begins after a while, like Pie that has his tongue slit, to chatter out some terms of Law with more audacity than knowledge. At a new play he'll be sure to be seen in the three-penny room, and buys his pippins before he goes in, because he can have more for money. When he hears some stale jest (which he best apprehends) he fills the house with an ignorant laughter. He wears cut-fingered dogskin gloves for his ease, or the desire of bribes makes his hands grow itchy. In the vacation his master goes into the country to keep Courts, and then he's tied to a cloak-bag and rides after him. He calls himself the hand of the Law and commends the wisdom thereof in having so many words go to a bargain, for that both lengthens them and makes his fees the larger. He would fain read Littleton if he might have a comment on him, otherwise he's too obscure, and he dotes much on West's *Symboliography* for teaching

the form of an acquittance. In his freshman-ship he hunts after cheap venery, and is in debt to the cook for eel-pies on fasting days and Friday nights. The corruption of him is a weak attorney; then he traffics with countrymen's businesses and brings them down a bill of charges worse than a tailor's for a suit in the last fashion, and here we leave him for now he's at the highest.

AN USURER

Must be drawn like to those pictures that have a double aspect, which if you behold one way seems to be a man, but the other way a devil. He grounds the lawfulness of his usury on the parable wherein the servant was not approved of that had not improved his talent; he'll be sure therefore not to hide his, but make the best use of it. He gets into men's estates as cut-purses get cloaks in the night; if he can but wind himself into a piece of it he'll be sure to get it all at last. Or like an Essex ague will shake whole Lordships into a consumption. His case for heaven is very dangerous, because he sins still with security. He's an excellent cook to dress a young heir, for he first plucks off his feathers, and afterwards serves him up to the world with woodcock sauce. His clerk is the Vulcan that forges the bonds and shackles which he imposes on other men. If you come to borrow money of him, if he feel out your necessity, he'll be sure to make you pay for it, and his first question will be, "What's your security?" He could find in his heart to be

circumcised for a Jew if he thought he might thrive more by his usury. His pining covetous thoughts eat off his flesh from his body, and as though he had been lain in lime make him look like a living anatomy. All his life is a golden dream, for he dreams of nothing but gold, and this red earth is all the heaven he expects. To conclude, he's one that makes haste to be rich, and therefore cannot be innocent. Like thieves he undoes men by binding them. And lastly, his estate is raised out of the ruins of whole families, which first sends him in ill getting it, and afterwards his son in ill spending it, both to the devil; and there I leave them.

THE WORLD

Is a stage, men the actors, who seldom go off with an applause, often are hissed at. Or it may be likened to a scale or predicament of relation, wherein the King is the *summum genus*, under whom are many subordinate degrees of men, till at last we descend to the beggar, the *infima species* of mankind, whose misery cannot be subdivided into any lesser fortune. The world contemns a scholar and learning makes a scholar contemn the world. Arts and sciences are accounted here mere speculations, terminated only in the knowledge of their subjects; and therefore the most study the great volume of the world and strive to reduce knavery to practice. Poverty is accounted as spreadingly contagious as the plague; he that is affected with it is shunned of all men, and his former friends

look upon him as men look upon dials with a skew countenance, and so finding him in the afternoon of his fortunes pass by him. Acquaintance is here chosen with the bravest, not with the wisest; and a good suit makes a man good company. The chiefest goddess here adored is riches; she might have her temple as well as Juno, Minerva, and the rest, but in lieu thereof she takes up every man's heart, and for her sacrifice exacts their first morning thoughts, so that the most universal government is now a *plutocracy*. Friends are only here but concomitants of felicity, being like the leaves of trees, which stick to them close in summer but fall off from them in winter when they most need them. To make love the foundation of marriage is contemned as befitting the innocence of Arcadian shepherds, and therefore now they marry portions and take wives as things to boot. This perhaps glues the eldest sister into some foolish family, while the younger perhaps has nothing but nature's talent, which while she puts to use spoils all. When men look for happiness here, it is a sign they expect none above; striving to make heaven descend to earth, as though they were loath to take the pains to go thither. To conclude and not flatter the world, she is the fool's paradise, the wise man's scorn, the rich man's heaven who is miserably happy, the poor man's hell who is happily miserable. For these two shall hereafter change their condition.

A PETTY COUNTRY FAIR

Is the publication of some few pedlars' packs distinguished into booths, which is yet filled with a great confluence of country people, who flock thither to buy some trivial necessaries. Afar off it seems a tumult of white staves and red petticoats and mufflers, but when you come nearer they make a fair shew. The men buy hobnails and plough-irons and the women household trifles, yet such as are for use more than ornament. Gentlewomen come hither to buy bonelace and London gloves, and are only known by a mask hanging on their cheek and an antique plume of feathers in their hair, and 'twould do you good to hear them bargain in their own dialect. The inns are this day filled; every man meets his friend, and unless they crush a pot they think it a dry compliment. Here the young lads give their lasses fairings, which if she take with a simpering consent, the next Sunday their banns are bidden. A ballad-singer may be sooner heard here than seen, for instead of the viol he sings to the crowd. If his ballad be of love the country wenches buy it to get by heart at home, and after sing it over their milk-pails. Gypsies flock thither, who tell men of losses, and the next time they look for their purses they find their words true. At last after much sweat and trampling to and fro each one carries home a piece of the fair, and so it ends.

A COUNTRY ALEHOUSE

Is the centre of the town's good fellowship, or some humble roofed cottage licensed to sell

ale. The inward hangings is a painted cloth, with a row of ballads painted on it. It smells only of smoke and new wort, and yet the usual guests think it a rare perfume. They drink no healths here to mistresses, but their only compliment is, "Here is to thee neighbour Jobson." They pay here by the poll, for they think that many purses makes light shots as many hands light work. Their only game here is Noddy, and that but for a pot of ale for pastime. 'Tis the married man's sanctuary, whither he flies to avoid a scolding wife at home and thinks to drench his cares in this ale *Lethe*. They often make bargains here, but before they go out can hardly stand to them. All the posts are creditors and the chalk like an inseparable accident can hardly be wiped off. They drink here till their mirth and drink fly out both together, the one in the chimney and the other in drunken catches, till the street ring again, and every pot raises them a note higher. To strangers 'tis known by the advancement of a maypole, and is the only guest-house to pedlars' pilgrimages. Lastly, if there be two in the town, they live in hostile emulation and the faction is about brewing the best ale.

A GENTLEMAN'S HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY

Is the prime house of some village and carries gentility in front of it. The tenants round about travel thither in pilgrimage with their pig and goose offerings, and their duty increases with the near expiring of their leases. The servingmen are like quarter waiters; for

while some give attendance at home the rest are dispersed in the alehouses. Their master allows them to make men drink for his credit, while they sound forth his fame of hospitality upon the trumpets of blackjacks. They envy most their own coat, for if a gentleman bring half a dozen men with him they'll not suffer a man to come off alive, and that expresses their master's welcome. At meals you shall have a scattered troop of dishes led in by some black-puddings, and in the rear some demolished pasties which are not fallen yet to the servingmen. Between meals there is bread and beer for all comers, and for a stranger a napkin and cold meat in the buttery may be obtained. All the rooms smell of dogs and hawks and the walls bear arms, though it be but a musket and two corslets. The maids have their several sweethearts, which they get by befriending men in their several offices, as the dairymaid by a dish of cream, the chamber-maid by her laundry; and for this the serving men do them as good a turn. After which if she knot and prove, she obtains of her mistress a poor copyhold and they both turn tenants to the family and are called retainers. The master of the house is adored as a relic of gentility, and if his wife come by some home match he dares not let her see London or the Court for fear she should make his woods pay for 't. He observes all times and seasons of the year, and his Christmas is the butler's Jubilee. To conclude, his house is the seat of hospitality, the poor man's Court of Justice, the Curate's Sunday ordinary, and the only exchequer of charity, where the poor go away relieved, and cry "God bless the founder."

A FINE DAME

Is a picture of her own drawing, for most commonly she is painted, and her cheek never alters but keeps one height of colour, which shews it is artificial. She affects a fine niceness in everything, and her mouth is drawn into so narrow a compass that she will not speak a broad word, but calls her husband "hisband." She cannot endure a man of a coarse outside or of a blunt discourse, but she loves a fine spruce gallant that will kiss her hand and talk idly as herself and melt both himself and his means to do her pleasure. When she sits at home by the fireside she spreads her paper fan to defend her beauty, and when she walks forth she goes like a slow-sailing pinnace, while her man steers her course to the next gossip's, where she casts anchor for a while and unloads herself of all the news she knows, while they two sit in council upon their husbands' faults and resolve to punish them with cornucopia. After this she comes home again and behaves so lovingly towards her goodman that he thinks all is well and takes her for an angel of full weight, when indeed she is many grains too light. Thus her little wits she bestows in wantonness and cares not if there were no sheep in England, for as long as the silkworm will spin her taffety gown somebody shall pay for 't. She wears a white soft glove on her hand, with bracelets on her wrists, and is all tiffany lace and cobweb lawn, which though she buy at the best hand yet 'tis pinned upon her. For her life she is a scholar to Epicurus and thinks pleasure the only happiness, for to drink choice wines, eat

banqueting stuff, and play with a parrot, is the only employment of her hours, and though she live not in Venice yet she is one of Venus's dames and excels her in wantonness. She cares not for the philosopher's stone, for no quintessence of nature can please her. If she walk abroad she is so bescarfed that the wind must not breathe on her face lest it should make her lips rugged. She is sick with the conceit of sickness and the name of death puts her into an ague, for it is too fearful a word for her tender constitution and her ill life makes her tremble at a passing-bell. To conclude, she is the shadow of beauty, or a fine piece of walking earth, which at the last turns to dust, and then what is she ?

LUPTON

DONALD LUPTON published in 1632 *London and Country Carbonadoed and Quartered into Several Characters*. These Characters too often mistake facetiousness for wit, but they present intimate scenes of English life in Town and Country. To those interested in manners and places of the past their charm will be apparent.

THAMES

This is a long, broad, slippery fellow; rest he affects not, for he is always in motion: he seems something like a carrier, for he is still either going or coming, and once in six or eight hours salutes the sea his mother, and then brings tidings from her. He follows the disposition of the wind; if that be rough, so is the water; if

that calm, so is this: and he loves it, because when the wind is at highest, then the water will best show her strength and anger: it is altogether unsteady, for it commonly is sliding away. Man's unconstant state and uncertain frail condition is truly resembled by this, always either ebbing or flowing, being in a trice high and low: he will not be a martyr, for he will turn, but never burn. Resolution is absolutely his guide and counsellor, for he will run his course: he cannot be said to be a well or spring without water, for he is *puteus inexhaustus*. Merchandise he likes and loves; and therefore sends forth ships of traffic to most parts of the earth: his subjects and inhabitants live by oppression like hard landlords at land, the greatest rule and many times devour the less: the city is wondrous beholden to it, for she is furnished with almost all necessaries by it: he is wondrously crossed, he is the maintainer of a great company of watermen; he is a great labourer, for he works as much in the night as the day. He is led by an unconstant guide, the moon: he is clean contrary to Smithfield, because that is all for flesh, but this for fish; his inhabitants are different from those upon land, for they are most without legs. Fishermen seem to offer him much wrong, for they rob him of many of his subjects; he is seldom with company, but in the night or rough weather. He meets the sun, but follows the moon: he seems to complain at the bridge, because it hath intruded into his bowels, and that makes him roar at that place: To speak truth of him, he is the privileged place for fish and ships, the glory and wealth of the city, the high-way to the sea, the bringer-in of

wealth and strangers, and his business is all for water, yet he deals much with the land too: he is a little sea, and a great river.

SMITHFIELD

You may have a fair prospect of this square fellow as you pass from the straits of Pie Corner; this place is well stored with good harbours for passengers to put into for flesh and drink, and for fish it is admirable; but fish harbour appears now but two days in seven above water: here thrice a week one may see more beasts than men. Butchers that have money make this their haven or rendezvous. Men that are down-fled, and better fed than taught, may see many like themselves, bought here for slaughter. Butchers surely cannot endure cuckolds, because they kill so many horned beasts. Some, I suppose, may be said to buy themselves, such as traffic for calves. Though the place be square, yet there is much cheating in it. Here land-pirates use to sell that which is none of their own. Here comes many horses (like Frenchmen) rotten in the joints, which by tricks are made to leap, though they can scarce go; he that lights upon a horse in this place, from an old horse-courser, sound both in wind and limb, may light of an honest wife in the stews. Here is many an old jade that trots hard for 't, that uses his legs sore against his will, for he had rather have a stable than a market or a race. I am persuaded that this place was paved without the consent of the horse-courser's company. This place affords

those leather black-coats, which run so fast upon wheels they shake many a young heir out of his stock and means. The men that live here, they be said to be well fed, for here's meat enough. This place shows what a rich country England is, and how well it breeds beasts. A man that considers their number and greatness, and how soon consumed, may think there are a world of mouths, or else that Englishmen are great eaters. I will speak this of Smithfield, it is the greatest, fairest, richest, squarest market-place in this great City or Kingdom.

FISHER-WOMEN

These crying, wandering, travailing creatures carry their shops on their heads, and their storehouse is ordinarily Billingsgate or the Bridgefoot, and their habitation Turnagain Lane. They set up every morning their trade afresh. They are easily set up and furnished; get something, and spend it jovially and merrily: five shillings, a basket, and a good cry, is a large stock for one of them. They are merriest when all their ware is gone: in the morning they delight to have their shop full, at even they desire to have it empty. Their shop's but little, some two yards compass, yet it holds all sorts of fish, or herbs, or roots, strawberries, apples, or plums, cucumbers, and suchlike ware. Nay, it is not destitute sometimes of nuts, and oranges, and lemons. They are free in all places, and pay nothing for shop-rent, but only find repairs to it. If they drink out their whole stock, it's but pawning a petticoat in Long

Lane, or themselves in Turnbull Street, for to set up again. They change every day almost, for she that was this day for fish, may be tomorrow for fruit, next day for herbs, another for roots: so that you must hear them cry before you know what they are furnished withal. When they have done their fair, they meet in mirth, singing, dancing, and in the middle as a parenthesis, they use scolding; but they do use to take and put up words, and end not till either their money or wit or credit be clean spent out. Well, when in an evening they are not merry in a drinking-house, it is suspected that they have had bad return, or else have paid some old score, or else they are bankrupts. They are creatures soon up and soon down.

HOSPITALITY

This true noble-hearted fellow is to be dignified and honoured wheresoever he keeps house. It's thought that pride, puritans, coaches and covetousness hath caused him to leave our land. There are six upstart tricks come up in great houses of late which he cannot brook: peeping windows for the ladies to view what doings there are in the hall; a buttery hatch that's kept locked; clean tables and a French cook in the kitchen; a porter that locks the gates in dinner time; the decay of black-jacks in the cellar; and blue coats in the hall. He always kept his greatness by his charity: he loved three things, an open cellar, a full hall, and a sweating cook: he always provided for three dinners, one for himself, another for his servants, the third

for the poor. Anyone may know where he kept house, either by the chimney's smoke, by the freedom at gate, by want of whirligig Jacks in the kitchen, by the fire in the hall, or by the full furnished tables. He affects not London, Lent, Lackeys, or Bailiffs. There are four sorts that pray for him, the poor, the passenger, his tenants, and servants. He is one that will not hoard up all, nor lavishly spend all; he neither racks nor rakes his neighbours; they are sure of his company at church as well as at home, and he gives his bounty as well to the preacher as to others, whom he loves for his good life and doctrine. He had his wine come to him by full butts, but this age keeps her wine-cellar in little bottles. Lusty, able men, well maintained, were his delight, with whom he would be familiar. His tenants knew when they saw him, for he kept the old fashion, good, commendable, plain. The poor about him wore him upon their backs; but now, since his death, landlords wear and waste their tenants upon their backs in French or Spanish fashions. Well, we can say at once such a charitable practitioner there was, but now he's dead, to the grief of all England. And it is shrewdly suspected that he will never rise again in our climate.

COUNTRY CHAPLAINS

They must do as marigolds, imitate their master as these do the sun. They are men of Grace before and after dinner and supper; they are men that seem desirous of preferment, for

they rise before their lord and master. Their habit is neat, cleanly, if not too curious it's well. In a well governed house, they perform prayer twice a day, because it shows and teaches zeal, godliness. Their sermons are not long, but generally good and pithy. Their lord's respect and favour makes the servants to respect and love them. Grave modesty and learning, with an affable carriage, wins them regard and reverence. The more private their persons be, the more public their praise. Their studies generally are their best closets and their books their best counsellors. Such as these deserve to be made much of. But there are others of the same profession, yet much different in nature, who strive to satisfy and please, even by smothering, counterfeiting, or imitating their masters' faults, and love the strong beer-cellar or a wine-tavern more than their studies: whose ambition is to be conversant with the gentlewomen, and now and then to let an oath slip with a grace; whose acquaintance and familiarity is most with the butler, and their care to slip to an ale-house unseen, with the servants. Their allowance is good if it be 20 Mark and their diet. If they be married they must be more obsequious and industrious to please; if they come single, it's a thousand to one but they will be either in love or married before they go away. I honour both lord and chaplain when they are godly and religious; but I dislike when either the lord will not be told of his faults, or the chaplain will not, or dare not. I love the life when Zeal, Learning and Gravity are the gifts of the preacher. But I dislike it when by respects Connivency or Ignorance with Pride keep the

chapel. If they be wise, they will keep close till they have the advowson of a living; the better they are liked of their master, and the more store he hath of livings, they have the more hopes of a presentation. It's a great virtue in their patron if he do not geld it, or lessen it, before they handle it.

ALE-HOUSES

If these houses have a box-bush, or an old post, it is enough to show their profession. But if they be graced with a sign complete, it's a sign of good custom. In these houses you shall see the *History of Judith, Susannah, Daniel in the Lions' Den, or Dives and Lazarus* painted upon the wall. It may be reckoned a wonder to see or find the house empty, for either the parson, churchwarden, or clerk, or all, are doing some church or court-business usually in this place. They thrive best where there are fewest. It is the Host's chiefest pride to be speaking of such a gentleman, or such a gallant that was here, and will be again ere long. Hot weather and thunder and want of company are the hostess's grief, for then her ale sours. Your drink is usually very young, two days old; her chiefest wealth is seen if she can have one brewing under another. If either the hostess or her daughter or maid will kiss handsomely at parting, it is a good shooing-horn or bird-lime to draw the company thither again sooner. She must be courteous to all, though not by nature yet by her profession; for she must entertain all, good and bad, tag and rag, cut

and long-tail. She suspects tinkers and poor soldiers most, not that they will not drink soundly, but that they will not pay lustily. She must keep touch with three sorts of men: that is, the malt-man, the baker, and the Justice's clerks. She is merry, and half mad, upon Shrove Tuesday, May-days, feast-days, and Morris dances. A good ring of bells in the parish helps her to many a tester. She prays the parson may not be a Puritan. A bag-piper and a puppet-play brings her in birds that are flush. She defies a wine-tavern as an upstart outlandish fellow, and suspects the wine to be poisoned. Her ale, if new, looks like a misty morning, all thick; well, if her ale be strong, her reckoning right, her house clean, her fire good, her face fair, and the town great or rich, she shall seldom or never sit without chirping birds to bear her company, and at the next Churching or Christening, she is sure to be rid of two or three dozen of cakes and ale by gossiping neighbours.

BRAITHWAIT

RICHARD BRAITHWAIT'S *The English Gentleman* (1633) is a long and laborious treatise, whose purpose is to trace the education and behaviour of the perfect Gentleman from birth to manhood. It was very popular in an age when treatises on education and etiquette were in demand; to us it is ineffably tedious. The *Character of a Gentleman* appended to this work has little intrinsic merit, but is interesting to contrast with more recent ideals of the Gentleman.

A GENTLEMAN

Is a man of himself, without the addition of either tailor, milliner, seamster, or haberdasher. Actions of goodness he holds his supreme happiness. The fate of a younger brother cannot depress his thoughts below his elder. He scorns baseness more than want; and holds nobleness his sole worth. A Crest displays his house, but his own actions express himself. He scorns pride, as a derogation to gentry; and walks with so pure a soul, as he makes uprightness the honour of his family. He wonders at a profuse fool, that he should spend when honest frugality makes him spare; and no less at a miserable crone, who spares when reputation bids him spend. Though heir of no great fortunes, yet his extensive hand will not shew it. He shapes his coat to his cloth; and scorns as much to be beholden as to be a galley-slave. He hath been youthful, but his mature experience hath so ripened him, as he hates to become either gull or cheat. His disposition is so generous as others' happiness cannot make him repine, nor any occurrent save sin make him repent. He admires nothing more than a constant spirit, derides nothing more than a

recreant condition, embraceth nothing with more intimacy than a prepared resolution. Amongst men he hates no less to be uncivil than in his fear to God-ward to be servile. *Education* he holds a second Nature; which (such innate seeds of goodness are sown in him) ever improves him, seldom or never depraves him. Learning he holds not only an additament but ornament to gentry. No complement gives more accomplishment. He intends more the tillage of his mind than his ground; yet suffers not that to grow wild neither. He walks not in the clouds to his friend but to a stranger. He eyes the Court with a virtuous and noble contemplation; and disvalues him most whose sense consists in scent. He views the City with a princely command of his affections. No object can withdraw him from himself; or so distract his desires as to covet ought unworthily; or so entrance his thoughts as to admire ought servilely. He lives in the country without thought of oppression; makes every evening his day's *Ephemeris*. If his neighbour's field flourish he does not envy it; if it lie fit for him he scorns to covet it. There is not that place he sees, or that pleasure he enjoys, whereof he makes not some singular use to his own good and God's glory. *Vocation* he admits of, walking in it with so generous and religious a care, as he makes piety his practice, acts of charity his exercise, and the benefit of others his sole solace. He understands that neither health cometh from the clouds without seeking, nor wealth from the clods without digging. He recommends himself therefore in the morning to God's protection and favour, that all the day long he may more prosperously

succeed in his labour. He holds idleness to be the very moth of man's time. Day by day therefore hath he his task imposed, that the poison of idleness may be better avoided. He holds as God's opportunity is man's extremity, so man's security is the Devil's opportunity. Hoping therefore he fears, fearing he takes heed, and taking heed he becomes safe. Hospitality he holds a relic of gentry. He harbours no passion but compassion. He grieves no less at another's loss than his own; nor joys less in another's success than his own peculiar. *Recreation* he useth to refresh him, but not surprise him. Delights cannot divert him from a more serious occasion; neither can any hour-beguiling pastime divide him from an higher contemplation. For honest pleasures he is neither so Stoical as wholly to contemn them, nor so Epicureal as too sensually to affect them. There is no delight on mountain, vale, coppice, or river, whereof he makes not an useful and contemplative pleasure. Recreation he admits not to satisfy his *sense*, but solace *himself*. He fixeth his mind on some other subject when any pleasure begins too strongly to work on him: he would take it but not be taken by it. He attempers his attractivest pastimes with a little aloes to wean him all the sooner from their sweetness. He scorns that a moment of content should deprive him of an eternity of comfort. He corrects therefore his humour in the desire of pleasure, that he may come off with more honour. *Acquaintance* he entertains with fear, but retains with fervour. He consorts with none but where he presumes he may either better them or be bettered by them. Virtue is the

sole motive of his choice. He conceives how no true amity nor constant society can ever be amongst evil men. He holds it a blemish to the repute of a gentleman, and an aspersion to his discretion, to make choice of those for his associates who make no more account of time than how to pass it over. Conference he affects; and those he admits only into the list of his discourse, whom he finds more real than verbal, more solid than complimentary. He will try him before he rely on him; but having found him *touch*, they touch his honour that impeach him. *Moderation* in his desires, cares, fears, or in what this theatre of earth may afford, he expresseth so nobly as neither love of whatsoever he enjoys can so enthral him, nor the loss of what he loves can in any way appal him. A true and generous moderation of his affections hath begot in him an absolute command and conquest of himself. He smiles, yet compassionately grieves, at the immoderations of poor worldlings in their cares and griefs; at the indiscretion of ambitious and voluptuous flies in their desires and fears. *Perfection* he aspires to; for no lower mound can confine him, no inferior bound impale him. Virtue is the stair that raiseth to the height of this story. His ascent is by degrees; making humility his directress, lest he should fail or fall in his progress. His wings are holy desires; his feet heavenly motions. He holds it the sweetest life to be every day better, till length of days re-unite him to his Redeemer. He hath played his part on this stage of earth with honour; and now in his exit makes heaven his harbour.

ANONYMOUS

In 1634 was published anonymously *A Strange Metamorphosis of Man, transformed into a Wildernesse. Deciphered in Characters*. In this curious little volume the technique of Characterery is applied to the description of animals. The Characters are fresh and delightful. There is no definite attempt to parallel human characteristics from the animal world, but here and there we discover a subtle resemblance between an animal Character and a human type. This volume has also, I am sure incorrectly, been attributed to Braithwait.

In his *Preface* the author writes: "The world is a Wildernesse, Man a pilgrim lost in the desert; or rather Man is the Desert, not to be found, but in the Wildernesse. A Desert who leaving the path of Rectitude, hath plunged himselfe into the thicket of worldly Appetites; to seeke him in the Citie were in vaine, who leaving Jerusalem, entred into the Desert the way of Jericko. To find him then, we must leave the Citie, and seeke him in the Wildernesse. Where behold a strange Metamorphosis! Wee finde him not in his owne similitude, but like Ulisses his Crew, transformed into the shape of everything we meete with. We then take him as we finde him, and deliver you his Character in those borrowed shapes, not to put him to the blush."

THE ROCK

Is the huge and vast Whale in the sea of the desert, which spouts his water by the springs that spout from him; and in the time of tempests, by his open jaws receives the amazed beasts as Jonas into his belly, and so shelters them till the storm blow over. He is so unwieldy and stiff in all his joints, as he never moves except in earthquakes, and then rocks like himself. It is the palace of the king of beasts, where he keeps his Court, well founded, walled, and vaulted over with a stony roof; no windows there but

the open doors or mouth thereof, unless you will say the eyes of every creature there are the glass windows, which being within do serve them well enough to see with. He is even as old as the world, and hath seen many centuries of years pass over his head. He could speak perhaps of the Deluge of Noah, as it had been but yesterday, were he well put to it. This I can tell you, that being so long under water, he still keeps his breath to the end, as well as at the first, and came forth of the waters as fresh as ever. There is no tortoise could bear so great a load, yea, if the whole world were laid on his back, he would not shrink an inch under it, unless the foundation or centre should fail. It is well that God and nature hath made him inanimate, for were he sensible as the beasts of the forests are, and should but walk therein, he would shoulder everything out of its place. He is nothing so bad as those of the sea are, which lie lurking in wait over head and ears to work mischief; while this of the wilderness is very courteous, and doth many good offices for his neighbours, the inhabitants round about him. He is very valiant, for if he have any quarrels with any, he will never budge a foot from the place he is in. In fine, though he be a Rock, he is no scandal of offence to any, but a fair example and pattern to us of constancy and perseverance in virtue and a good life.

THE BEAR .

Is a clumsy-fisted fellow come from Greenland, who goes in a rug-gown for the coldness of that climate, which here also he cannot leave

off out of custom. He is a true savage, who hath no more civility with him than that place can afford him. By his gait you would take him to be a right cripple who goes on his hands, while his forefeet are much shorter than his hinder. He is no witch though he border upon Lapland and be tied to a stake, for he burns not there, though he be hot and put into a chafe by the mastiff dogs. He is pestilent kind where he takes, for if he chance to catch a dog in his arms he so hugs him as he will even break his back withal. He is very lickerish, which makes him love honey so much, that it costs him many a scratched face by those peevish elves who have the keeping of it; but he cares not so he may lick his lips after it. What his talents are otherwise, I know not, but I am sure he hath talons of his own that take such hold of one. Some call them claws, but they do him wrong for he cannot flatter. But I should take them for paws rather, which will make you pause ere you get out of them. If he be a man of war he is a tall one, for he fights high, and is nothing snug as the bull is, who fights so low; but high or low, when he fights he will be sure to roar full loud with his cannon voice, if he be put to it. He is very unthrum at every thing he goes about and brings his work but rawly forth, till with the filing of the tongue with much ado he brings them at last to some perfection. He is a good trencherman, for he will eat soundly at another man's cost. But if he be at his own finding he will dine you sometimes with Duke Humphrey, and keep his chamber like one with never a penny in his purse. They have their Seniors with them, it would seem, who have

their Majorities and Minorities amongst them: but fall not out about precedence, because in the heavens there is no strife at all; the truth is, he would make at least a good groom in the Lion's Court, especially the porter there, for his grim look and the habit he wears.

THE HORSE

Is a creature made as it were in wax. When nature first framed him, she took a secret complacence in her work. He is even her masterpiece in irrational things, borrowing somewhat of all things to set him forth. For example his slick bay coat he took from the chestnut; his neck from the rainbow, which perhaps makes him rain [rein] so well. His mane belike he took from *Pegasus*, making him a hobby to make this a complete jennet, which mane he wears so curled, much after the women's fashions nowadays; this I am sure of, howsoever it becomes them, it sets forth our jennet well. His legs he borrowed from the hart with his swiftness, which makes him a true courser indeed. The stars in his forehead he fetched from heaven, which will not be much missed, there being so many. The little head he hath, broad breast, fat buttock, and thick tail, are properly his own; for he knew not where to get him better. If you tell him of the horns he wants to make him most complete, he scorns the motion and sets them at his heel. He is well shod, especially in the upper leather, for as for his soles, they are much at reparation, and often fain to be removed. Nature seems to have spent an appren-

ticeship of years to make you such a one, for it is full seven years before he comes to this perfection, and be fit for the saddle: for then (as we) he seems to come to years of discretion, when he will shew a kind of rational judgement with him, and if you set an expert rider on his back, you shall see how sensibly they will talk together as master and scholar. When he shall be no sooner mounted and planted in the seat with the reins in one hand, a switch in the other, and speaking with his spurs in the horse's flanks a language he well understands, but he shall prance, curvet, and dance the Canaries half an hour together in compass of a bushel, and yet still as he thinks get some ground, shaking the goodly plume on his head with a comely pride. This will our *Bucephalus* do in the lists. But when he comes abroad into the fields he will play the country gentleman as truly as before the knight in tournament. If the game be up once, and the hounds in chase, you shall see how he will prick up his ears straight, and trickle at the sport as much as his rider shall, and laugh so loud, that if there be many of them, they will even drown the rural harmonies of the dogs. When he travels, of all inns he loves best the sign of the Silver Bell, because likely there he fares best, especially if he come the first, and get the prize. He carries his ears upright, nor seldom ever lets them fall till they be cropped off, and after that as in despite will never wear them more. His tail is so essential to him, that if he lose it once he is no longer a horse, but ever styled a curtal. To conclude, he is a blade of Vulcan's forging, made for Mars of the best metal, and the post of Fame to carry her

tidings through the world, who if he knew his own strength would shrewdly put for the monarchy of our wilderness.

THE GNAT

If you take him as he is indeed, is but a point, but an atom, but a little nothing that flies in the air: but otherwise is a vast amphitheatre, wherein the divine wisdom takes pleasure to shew his omnipotence. He hath a curious palate of his own, which makes him so lickerish of human blood, which this little cannibal daily and nightly sucks at others' costs. There is something doubtless in the furnace of the stomach of this little piece of creature which causeth such a raging thirst as cannot be satisfied. It is a pleasure to see him swim in the air, where he flies without flying, or rather the air flies for him, and serves him as a coach to convey him at pleasure. They say he hath wings, but indeed he hath none, for that which is fastened to his back so, and glued as it were unto his skin in form of wings, is no more than air, and a wind wrought to a stuff that hath no name, nor all China affords you any such; and that it is they call his wings. And yet with them he will skim and vault in the air, like a mountebank upon the stage. He is a notable tilter, and with his lance will not miss you his adversary, but smite him full on the face, and that so dexterously as you shall not know who did it, being the only recreation he takes. This is admirable in him, that the spear which is felt by night of such as sleep cannot be seen by day or by such

as wake. He never puts it in the rest in vain; for either he fetches blood indeed, or leaves some mark of his valour and dexterity behind him. He is but a pigmy or dwarf of himself, but being on his stilts he would make you believe he were somebody, and so he is indeed, for he is all body and no legs. He hath a voice notwithstanding like a giant, and if he be disposed to put it in tune, he sings you a deep tenor; and lays out such a throat withal, that shall drown a choir of better music. The harmony they make of many parts is none of the best; the reason is, because they have no treble amongst them, but all trouble and confusion. When they go into the wars among themselves, they keep no discipline at all, nor march all their troops in files, but pell-mell rush in one upon another, and everyone sounds his own trumpet. When he sings he would make you believe he runs division, being no more than a shaking of the body, through a foolish trick he hath got to dance when he sings, or to sing when he dances. When he lists to take a cup of wine, he hath his wimble to pierce the vessel that holds his Hippocras, which is likewise his quill to sup his possets. He is an excellent chirurgeon, who with his lancet will not miss you a vein, though at midnight. He is no good tobacconist, since what he takes he lets down, which makes him dog-sick. Being bred in the marshes, he is much subject to rheums and grievous defluxions of the eyes, and therefore cannot abide a smoky room, but will immediately avoid it and be ready to break his neck out of the window for haste. They are notorious rebels, for if they rise once they chiefly aim at the head, witness

the frequent riots they make, especially about our heads and faces. He is a great whisperer and teller of tales in our ears, but so as one is never the wiser for them. In fine, they are busybodies where they have no thanks for their labours.

THE SWALLOW

Is the little spirit of the air, who will be here and there and everywhere, in the twinkling of an eye. He loves to dwell in the City for society's sake. His house is built in the manner of the antipodes, in the vulgar opinion; for as their feet are opposite to ours, of consequence their houses must needs be turned upside down; and so are theirs. They have no windows, or posterns behind their houses, but all their light, egress and regress is at the porch only, where they keep watch with their bills, both night and day, for fear of foreign invasion. Their fare is light and easy of digestion, which makes them so active and nimble as they are: not of worms, for that they hold too gross and earthly; not of corn, not to put the world to so much cost; nor of flesh, for they cannot endure the flesh-pots of Egypt. They hawk, hunt, and fish where they list, as being the rangers of the forests, allowed by nature through the privilege of their wing. He must needs fly well that feeds on fliers, who is so fleet that he will stay by the way for no man's pleasure, for he is always set on the spur, and, as it were, the post of the eagle's court. The difficulty is, he can hardly stay so long in a place as to take his message ere he goeth, so tickle he is. They are

notable physicians, or chirurgions, which you will, for they will cure you the blind as readily with the herb Chelidonia as cause it with their dung. In fine, they are welcome guests when they come first, because they bring in the summer with them; and never depart without tears when winter comes.

WORTLEY

FRANCIS WORTLEY was the son of Sir Richard Wortley, of Wortley, Yorkshire, knight. He was an ardent loyalist. Taken prisoner in the Civil Wars he was confined in the Tower, where he wrote the volume entitled *Characters and Elegies* (1646).

A JESUIT

Is to the moderate Papist as the Puritan to the Protestant. For his original he is descended from Ignatius, and begotten in spiritual adultery upon the Pope's spouse. He was nursed with much care, and educated with as much in the Pope's school, at the Austrian charge; better read in the Politics than Divinity, though in both learned beyond the common reach. The Anabaptist and he look several ways, yet they are like Samson's foxes tied together by the tails with firebrands, and commonly endanger the country that harbours them. The Esseni were not more austere in the Jewish Church than he in the Christian. They agree in this both alike, enemies to Caesar. He is to the Pope as the Pharisee was to the High-Priest,

always of his council, commonly of the *quorum*: he will compass as much ground as either to gain a proselyte: his endeavour is thankfulness to the Pope for cure of his education, and to the Austrian for his charges: he requites them both, and becomes an useful instrument to advance the hierarchy of the one, and the tyranny of the other.

The Pharisee was not a greater observer of traditions than he, nor prouder of his philactery than he of his Order; he is so well versed in questions, that the Pharisee did not trouble our Saviour more with dilemmas than he with dangerous problems doth the Catholic Church; none improves an Order more than he, nor is a greater husband of the common stock, which is so great an one that with his golden key and his pick-lock, or his screw of Confession, he rules the councils of most Princes, and crooks them to his own ends. Though he seems to deny the world, no man has a greater share in it. No man pretends greater piety to God, purity and humility in himself, nor charitable equity to Man, than he. He dares challenge God to account, and thinks Him so great a debtor that he is able to leave a huge treasure of Supererogation to the Church, and quit scores with Him; yet in conclusion proves a bankrupt, and owes more than he can ever hope to pay; and yet so proud, he scorns to compound with his Redeemer, or make use of his Surety. He thinks Christ did himself and his master the Pope wrong with His humility, and blames Him He made no more use of his legions of angels to establish a temporal monarchy. There is no text troubles him more than Peter's pay-

ing tribute to Caesar; "Ὑπαγε σατανᾶ, and *ter negabis*, are far more easy of digestion, and trouble him less to answer. *Pro te et me* he conceives are words of dangerous consequence, and had he been of Christ's council, should have been spared. In a word, he hath gotten more for his master and himself than Christ ever challenged or meant to Saint Peter, or his Successor, either in that hierarchy he claims, or the temporal power he usurps, which he pretends is *propter bonum Ecclesiae*, with which clause or caution he can absolve any judicial oath, though sealed with the sacrament and signed by a legion of cardinals, as Pope Paschal did his with Henry the Emperor; so he prefers the Church liberties in temporal things before his own salvation and the royal signature of the sacrament.

THE CITY PARAGON

Is a woman whose birth was greater than her portion, but her virtues greater than her birth; who was married to a husband whose fortune exceeded his wisdom, yet his fortune in her was greater than his wealth; who manages his fortune so, that she improves his conscience as much as his wealth, and her wit makes him eminent in the City. She loves not (with the Pharisees) the highest places at feasts, nor salutations in assemblies, knowing envy attends the first, and pride the other. Her dress is more comely than costly, modest than garish; her visits, like Sabbath-days' labours, not frequent, and never without charity or

necessity undertaken: her entertainment to her husband's friends, or her own, suits both their conditions; more neat it is than curious; and is more real and solid than ceremonious. She desires her children may be so bred that they may be seasoned in their childhood with those virtues which may make them happy in their age. And knowing examples prevail more than precepts, she gives them none but such as she would have them follow. Those troubles incident to rich men (which they call misfortunes) she makes blessings by her right use of them, knowing it is not the fruition, but the right use, that makes us truly rich, nor the loss of wealth can make any so truly miserable as the abuse of it. If she hear any ill of her neighbour, she had rather suppress it than report it; if any good, she will rather improve it than enviously diminish it. If any uncertain evil be reported of any good man or woman, she breaks it in the egg, and will not give it the reputation of credit, much less of report: if any uncertain good, she had rather believe it than question it; so she makes her worst neighbours better, and her good she improves. In bargains for her husband she rather makes a wise bargain than a crafty; she had rather save than circumvent; she loves not to hide leaven in the lump of her husband's fortune, nor dares trust her stock with laying up what oppression must make good again. She likes not gilded pills, she knows they may prove too cathartic. In a word, the State suffers what her husband gains, that she wanted the power of a greater man, to do more good, since his will is answerable to the best, and her wisdom not inferior to her will.

You City-dames who imitate
Court-Ladies in their greatest state,
Learn but the dress which here you have,
You may much cost and labour save:
And be esteemed better far,
Nay honoured more than Ladies are.

Then thank my Country which hath lent
Your City such a president.

CLEVELAND

JOHN CLEVELAND (1613-1658), the Cavalier poet, was born at Loughborough in Leicestershire in 1613, son of an usher in a free school there. In 1627, when he was fifteen years old, he was sent to Christ's College, Cambridge, to which Milton had gone two years before. His scholastic career was brilliant. In 1645 he was ejected from his position as Fellow and Tutor by the Parliamentary visitors and was sent to Newark as judge advocate. After the surrender at Newark, Cleveland depended upon the hospitality of Cavaliers, who befriended him for his witty companionship and good scholarship. He wrote three prose characters in the early days of his trouble, entitled: *The Character of a Country Committee-Man, with the Ear-mark of a Sequestrator; The Character of a Diurnal-Maker; The Character of a London Diurnal.*

THE CHARACTER OF A DIURNAL-MAKER

A diurnal-maker is the sub-almoner of history, Queen Mab's register, one whom, by the same figure that a north-country pedlar is a merchantman, you may style an author. It is like overreach of language when every thin tinder-cloaked quack must be called a doctor; when a clumsy cobbler usurps the attribute of our

English peers, and is vamped a translator. List him a writer and you smother Geoffrey in swabber-slops; the very name of dabbler over-sets him; he is swallowed up in the phrase, like Sir S. L. [Samuel Luke] in a great saddle, nothing to be seen but the giddy feather in his crown. They call him a Mercury, but he becomes the epithet like the little negro mounted upon an elephant, just such another blot rampant. He has not stuffings sufficient for the reproach of a scribbler, but it hangs about him like an old wife's skin when the flesh hath forsaken her, lank and loose. He defames a good title as well as most of our modern noblemen; those wens of greatness, the body politic's most peccant humours blistered into lords. He hath so raw-boned a being that however you render him he rubs it out and makes rags of the expression. The silly countryman who, seeing an ape in a scarlet coat, blessed his young worship, and gave his landlord joy of the hopes of his house, did not slander his complement with worse application than he that names this shred an historian. To call him an historian is to knight a mandrake; 'tis to view him through a perspective, and by that gross hyperbole to give the reputation of an engineer to a maker of mousetraps. Such an historian would hardly pass muster with a Scotch stationer in a sieveful of ballads and goodly books. He would not serve for the breastplate of a begging Grecian. The most cramped compendium that the age hath seen since all learning hath been almost torn into ends, outstrips him by the head. I have heard of puppets that could prattle in a play, but never

saw of their writings before. There goes a report of the Holland women that together with their children they are delivered of a Sosterkin, not unlike a rat, which some imagine to be the offspring of the stoves. I know not what *Ignis fatuus* adulterates the press, but it seems much after that fashion, else how could this vermin think to be twin to a legitimate writer? When those weekly fragments shall pass for history, let the poor man's box be entitled the exchequer, and the alms-basket a magazine. Not a worm that gnaws on the dull scalp of voluminous Holinshed, but at every meal devoured more chronicle than his tribe amounts to. A marginal note of W. P. would serve for a winding-sheet of that man's works, like thick-skinned fruits that are all rind, fit for nothing but the author's fate, to be pared in a pillory.

The cook who served up the dwarf in a pie (to continue the frolic) might have lapped up such an historian as this in the bill of fare. He is the first tincture and rudiment of a writer, dipped as yet in the preparative blue, like an almanac well-willer. He is the cadet of a pamphleteer, the pedee of a romancer; he is the embryo of a history slinked before maturity. How should he record the issues of time who is himself an abortive? I will not say but that he may pass for an historian in Garbier's academy; he is much of the size of those knot-grass professors. What a pitiful seminary was there projected! Yet suitable enough to the present universities, those dry nurses which the providence of the age has so fully reformed that they are turned reformadoes. But that's no matter, the meaner the better. It is a maxim

observable in these days, that the only way to win the game is to play petty Johns. Of this number is the esquire of the quill, for he hath the grudging of history and some yawnings accordingly. Writing is a disease in him and holds like a quotidian, so 'tis his infirmity that makes him an author, as Mahomet was beholding to the falling sickness to vouch him a prophet. That nice artificer who filed a chain so thin and light that a flea could trail it (as if he had worked shorthand, and taught his tools to cipher), did but contrive an emblem for this skipjack and his slight productions.

Methinks the Turk should license diurnals because he prohibits learning and books. A library of diurnals is a wardrobe of frippery; 'tis a just idea of a Limbo of the infants. I saw one once that could write with his toes, by the same token I could have wished he had worn his copies for socks; 'tis he without doubt from whom the diurnals derive their pedigree, and they have a birthright accordingly, being shuffled out at the bed's feet of history. To what infinite numbers an historian would multiply should he crumble into elves of this profession? To supply this smallness they are fain to join forces, so they are not singly but as the custom is in a croaking committee. They tug at the pen like slaves at the oar, a whole bank together; they write in the posture that the Swedes gave fire in, over one another's heads. It is said there is more of them go to a suit of clothes than to a Britannicus; in this polygamy the clothes breed and cannot determine whose issue is lawfully begotten.

And here I think it were not amiss to take a

particular how he is accoutred, and so do by him as he in his *Siquis* for the wall-eyed mare, or the crop flea-bitten, give you the marks of the beast. I begin with his head, which is ever in clouts, as if the night-cap should make affidavit that the brain was pregnant. To what purpose doth the *Pia Mater* lie so dully in her white formalities; sure she hath had hard labour, for the brows have squeezed for it, as you may perceive by his buttered bongrace, that film of a demicastor; 'tis so thin and unctuous that the sunbeams mistake it for a vapour, and are like to cap him; so it is right heliotrope, it creaks in the shine and flaps in the shade; whatever it be I wish it were able to call in his ears. There's no proportion between that head and appurtenances; those of all lugs are no more fit for that small noddle of the circumcision than brass bosses for a Geneva Bible. In what a puzzling neutrality is the poor soul that moves betwixt two such ponderous biases? His collar is edged with a piece of peeping linen, by which he means a band; 'tis the forlorn of his shirt crawling out of his neck; indeed it were time that his shirt were jogging, for it has served an apprenticeship, and (as apprentices use) it hath learned its trade too, to which effect 'tis marching to the paper mill, and the next week sets up for itself in the shape of a pamphlet. His gloves are the shavings of his hands, for he casts his skin like a cancelled parchment. The itch represents the broken seals. His hosts are the legacies of two blackjacks, and till he pawned the silver that the jacks were tipped with it was a pretty mode of boot-hose-tops. For the rest of his habit he is a perfect seaman, a kind of tarpaulin, he being

hanged about with his coarse composition, those poldavy papers.

But I must draw to an end, for every character is an anatomy lecture, and it fares with me in this of the diurnal-maker, as with him that reads on a begged malefactor, my subject smells before I have gone through with him. For a parting blow then. The word historian imports a sage and solemn author, one that curls his brow with a sullen gravity, like a bull-necked Presbyter since the army hath got him off his jurisdiction, who, Presbyter-like, sweeps his breast with a reverend beard, full of native moss-troopers; not such a squirting scribe as this that's troubled with the rickets, and makes pennyworths of history. The college treasury that never had in bank above a Harry-groat, shut up there in a melancholy solitude, like one that is kept to keep possession, had as good evidence to show for his title as he for an historian; so, if he will needs be an historian, he is not cited in the sterling acceptance, but after the rate of bluecaps' reckoning, an historian Scot. Now a Scotchman's tongue runs high fullams. There is a cheat in his idiom, for the sense ebbs from the bold expression, like the citizen's gallon, which the drawer interprets but half a pint. In sum, a diurnal-maker is the antimask of an historian, he differs from him as a drill from a man, or (if you had rather have it in the saints' gibberish) as a hinter doth from a holder-forth.

FORD

THOMAS FORD. In 1647 was published *The Times Anatomized, in several Characters. By T. F.* In a manuscript interlineation in a copy among the King's pamphlets the author is described as "Thomas Ford, servant to Mr. Sam. Man." He was apparently an admirer of Juvenal, without Juvenal's satirical genius.

TIME

Time is the universal standard, whereby we measure hours, days, weeks, months, years and ages. A rivulet of Time, which proceeded from, and shall end in, the Ocean of Eternity, compared by that great statesman and philosopher of our kingdom to the nature of a river, which carrieth down to us that which is light and blown up, and sinketh and drowneth that which is solid and weighty. It is the devourer of all things, the great monarch that casteth down some, and raiseth others, with a kind of omnipotency and unresistable power, for there is not anything in the power of man can scotch the ever-circling wheel of Time. 'Tis neither force nor flattery can stop his full career. It is he that opens the windows of heaven to let in day and draws the curtains of the night, to secure the sleep of wearied labour. And so swift is his flight that we cannot discover it, till past. He is always the same, and yet not the same since I said so. The only subject of honest and lawful avarice. But whilst I speak of time I lose it, considering that though he is known to be, yet he is being unknown, for his name is better known than his nature.

A NOVICE PREACHER

Is a young lapwing, running from his nest of the University, before maturity of time and knowledge have cast the shell of ignorance, which therefore he still carries on his pate. However this callow bird, weary of his mother's tuition (when indeed she might better be weary of him), having hopped out of his nest must be chirping on every hedge and will be straggling abroad, never minding the danger of such attempts; but *Who so bold as blind Bayard?* saith the proverb. We may say of him as of the nightingale, *Vox et praeterea nil*. His greatest commendation is the strength of his lungs, having been but a while like a cipher, in the place of a figure. Methinks I hear the people saying to those novices, as the wise to the foolish virgins, "Ye have not enough for us and yourselves too, go ye rather and buy for yourselves: for we bear ye witness, that hitherto out of your own necessities ye have administered unto us." And no wonder, that instead of shining lights they prove foolish fires to lead their flocks into a maze of errors, in which they wander, not having the clue of learning or judgement to guide them out. They are rather smoke to put out the eyes of the seeing, than like to lend eyes unto the blind. They are mere wells without water, and clouds without rain. His sermons are but the echoes of other men, in which his greatest commendation is, that he reads them clerk-like. For his prayers they consist most and end of nought else, save a zealous taking of the Lord's name in vain, in tedious tautologies, which he is as devout in, as a papist would be in dropping his beads. His library consists of a

Directory and an Ordinance for Tithes, and if his estate will reach to it, a Concordance.

FLECKNOE

RICHARD FLECKNOE was a copious writer of more than mediocre but less than brilliant talent. The list of his published works extends from 1626 (if we accept the *Hierothalamium* on the unsupported assertion of Leslie Stephen) to 1675. He has had the singular misfortune to achieve literary renown solely from one of the most pungent of Dryden's satires. Few students of literature know more of him than the following verses from *Mac Flecknoe*:

All human things are subject to decay,
And, when Fate summons, monarchs must obey.
This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young
Was called to empire, and had governed long;
In prose and verse was owned without dispute,
Through all the realms of nonsense absolute.

He is also addressed by Andrew Marvell in the poem *Flecknoe, an English Priest at Rome* (*Works*, ed. Ed. Thompson, I, 280-5). The Marquis of Newcastle was an admirer of his work, and addresses him in the poem:

Fleckno, thy verses are too high for me,
Though they but justly fit thy Muse and thee, etc.

And again, of his *Characters*, he says:

Fleckno, thy *Characters* are so full of wit,
And fancy, as each word is throng'd with it,
Each line's a volume, and who reads would swear,
Whole libraries were in each *Character*.

In 1658 he published *Fifty-five Enigmatical Characters, all very exactly drawn to the life, from several Persons, Humours, Dispositions*. A second edition in 1665 contained sixty-eight *Characters*. His endeavour, he states, was "to honour Nobility, praise

Virtue, tax Vice, laugh at Folly, and pity Ignorance." Of his achievement his own estimate was: "I seem to surpass mediocrity, and approach somewhat nigh perfection." The former at least may be granted him.*

OF A MISERABLE OLD GENTLEWOMAN

Her word is, *pity any thing should be lost*, whilst others say, *pity any thing should be saved*, as she saves it; for she hoards up candles' ends, and scrapes up grease; being so rich in kitchen-stuff as her very clothes are become part of it; excepting her branched velvet gown (thin as an old groat with the figures all worn out), which she keeps more carefully for Sundays and Holy-days; nor wonders she at the Jews wearing their clothes in the desert forty years, for she has a petticoat she has worn as long; her stomacher being a piece of venerable antiquity, derived from the velvet of Queen Mary's gown; and her Prayer Book was a relic of her grandmother's, till falling into the dripping-pan (by sympathy) the dog and cat fell out about it, and at last agreed to pray [prey] on it: since when for want of a book, her ordinary prayer (without book) is a *God help ye* without alms, for which the beggars curse her as fast; only your sneezers thank her, because they expect no more from her. For her house, you enter it with the same horror as you'd do one the witches kept their Sabat in; she sitting purring in the chimney-corner like a melancholy cat, mumping like an old ape when she saluteth you; and

* There is a study of Flecknoe by Dr. Anton Lohr, in *Münchene Beiträge zur Romanischen und Englischen Philologie*.

when she'd regale you indeed, sends for a bottle of Sack from her closet (as everlasting as the widow's crutch of oil) has served this twelve months all strangers that come to house, together with a box of mermelate so dry as the flies have given 't over long since, in despair of extracting any more sweetness out of it. In fine, to tell you all the sordid poverty of her house, I should never make an end: wherefore, to conclude, her *coffers* are only rich (whilst she is poor), where she hoards up all her old spurrials and Harry Angels, with her death's head and gimmel Rings, for whosoever she means to make her heir, which I'm sure shan't be me, I laugh at her so much.

OF AN IRRESOLUTE PERSON

He hovers in his choice, like an empty balance with no weight of judgement to incline him to either scale; he dodges with those he meets, nor can he ever resolve which way to let them pass. Everything he thinks on is a matter of deliberation, and he does nothing readily but what he thinks not on. Discourse that helps others out of labyrinths is a labyrinth to him; and he of all creatures would be far wiser if he had none at all. He begins nothing without deliberation; and when he begins to deliberate, never makes an end. Has some dull demon cries, *do not, do not* still, when he's on point of doing anything, which he obeys as a divine Revelation. He plays at *shall I, shall I?* so long, till opportunity be past; and then as he did the fault, repents at leisure. He is enemy to

resolution, or rather as resolution were enemy to him, his heart fails him; and like a coward he turns back presently, at sight of it. He still misliking the present choice of things as Scoggan did his tree to hang on. He could never bet at cocking nor horse-race yet, because the battle or race was always done or he could deliberate which side to take, and is only happy in this, that his irresolution hinders him from marrying and entering into bonds. Nor is't (perhaps) the least part of his happiness to be as long in choosing his religion now, amongst so many new sects, that sprout up every day; though 'tis thought he is a *Quaker*; and if he be superstitious withal, he is in for his wits, and next news you hear from him will be from Bedlam.

OF A FANTASTIC LADY

Her life is a perpetual contradiction, she would and she would not, and "*make ready the coach, yet let it alone too; drive to such a place, yet do not neither;*" is her ordinary dialect. She differs from the irresolute, in that he is always beginning, and she never makes an end; she writes and blots out again, whilst he deliberates what to write: t'one being a *resty*, t'other a *restless* pain. So you can tell what to make of t'one's negative, and how two negatives make an affirmative; but of her *aye* and *no* together, you know not what to make, but only that she knows not what to make of it herself. Her head is just like a mill, or squirrel's cage, and her mind the squirrel that turns and whirls it round, and her imagination differs from others, as your

grotesque figures do from natural; and from grotesque in that these have some design in them, but her imagination has none. She never looking towards the end, but only the beginning of things; or if she does, forgets or disapproves it straight. For she will call in all haste for one, and have nothing to say to him when he comes; and long (nay die) for some toy or trifle, which having once, she grows weary of presently and throws away. In fine, who are of one mind to-day and another to-morrow are constant to her, and Saturn's revolution compared unto the Moon's. For you know not where to have her a moment, and whosoever would hit her thoughts must shoot flying; and fly themselves whosoever would follow her.

OF A PHYSICIAN

By sin, sickness first entered into the world; and by sickness, death and the physician. Behold, how some derive his pedigree; others say, that as lawyers engender processes and laws abuses, so physicians do maladies. Certain 'tis, he and death are but cousin germans once removed, both of the same trade and occupation of killing men; though the physician escapes (by money and corruption of the judge) and poor death only is condemned for it. Another reason why never physician yet held up his hand at bar for killing patient, is, because the crowner's quest have found it self-murder in those who take physic of them. Certainly, they do more harm than good (for all the saying, that did not physicians kill men so fast, the

world would be so full of them as there'd be no living one by another) for with their purging they but fill the world with ordures; and for one stool they give a man, they give him twenty pains, diseases, and molestations. Who say that we must honour physicians for necessity, mean only that they are necessary evils, against whom David prayed (infallibly) when he desired to be *delivered from his necessities*; meantime, as 'tis said, *necessity has no law*, so would it could be said, that necessity has no physician too. But this now, is no ways to be understood by our English physicians but only those of other nations, who with their sixpenny fees have skill accordingly, whilst ours with their golden fees have golden skill.

OF ONE WHO IS EXCELLENT COMPANY

He is all spiritual and his words like lightning pass to the interior, without resting in the exterior. He inspires you with a secret joy and cheerfulness beyond all outward mirth, and is as far above laughter as the element of fire above squibs and crackers. He is like the leading voice in a choir; not all the music, but there is no music without him. And as the other makes choice of the best voices, so doth he of the best company, to whom he is so grateful and acceptable, as they strive more for his company than in the days of jousting and tournament they did for the prize. Such a jewel they esteem him, and so great a treasure they have of him, who is all that they call pleasant and delightful in conversation, there being never any disputing

where he is, nor passing the third reply; but all complement without flattery, and all compliance without assentation; so as the nobler sort are all ravished with his company; the wiser delighted, and everyone bettered by it. And he, in fine, deservedly esteemed company for a king, and companion for any prince.

OF A TROUBLESOME KINDNESS

He asks you with a great deal of joy, when he meets you, *Whether you be there or no?* And though you have never so great business, makes you stay till he hath asked you so often how you do, as to make you doubt at last whether you be well or no. He shakes you by the hand, till he hath almost shaken it out of joint; and if he embrace you once, and gets you but in the hug, you had as good fall into the hands of a Cornish wrestler; when he hath you at home, he is troublesome at table with carving you, and making you eat whether you will or no, and often drinking to you, with a hundred remembrances. But if you be sick he is troublesomest of all, with praying you *to be well*, and prescribing you physic accordingly; so as you'd give so much to be rid of his visit as you are forced to give the physician for his. And this most commonly is all the thanks they get who overdo, and make you cry out at last that half the kindness would suffice, as he did whose friend helping him up on horse-back gave him such a lift as threw him quite over on t'other side.

OF WIT

Wit is *Le point de l'Esprit*, as the French call it, or the *Point of the Spirit*, which without it would be dull. It is no solid food of life, but an excellent sauce or seasoning if it be not unseasonably used; it is but the outside of wisdom, and the flaying matter only for the words is but taking the paring and leaving the fruit behind. Whence jesting is but only the sportive use thereof, and not to be used on all occasions. Meantime, though it seems to confer but little to the more serious part of life, yet to men of business it is like music to devotion, which, though it divert for the present, yet makes them fitter for it afterwards. In fine, *Wit* like *Beauty* has somewhat in it of divine, and they profane either who abuse them to vicious ends; nor acquired by *Art*, but by *Nature* and *Conversation*; somewhat above expression, and so voluble a thing as it is altogether as voluble in the abstract to describe; only in the concrete, I will tell you what a witty person is:

OF A WITTY PERSON

He is the sparkling liquor of the company, others but dregs and lees, and the life and spirit of it, that else would be dull and dead. He is never dry nor pumping, but always full and flowing with conceit; and when he meets with one who can but uphold a side as at shuttlecock, you would be delighted to see how handsomely they keep it up. He is a good Man as well as a good companion, scorning as some do to owe their wits unto their vice, and so far a good

fellow to take a cheerful cup or two; for wine is a good whetstone of wit, so they take not so much to whet the edge of it quite away. Meantime, he counts it rather befitting a bravo than gentleman to use his wit as his weapon to the offence of any, and thinks wit in those who have not wisdom to govern it like a fool on horseback, or putting a sword into a madman's hands. As such as he are only wits indeed, whilst those whom the vulgar usually call so are rather out of their wits, such as I shall describe you next.

OF ONE WHO ZANIES THE GOOD COMPANION

He is a wit of an under region like Jack Puddin, grossly imitating on the lower rope what the other does neatly on the higher; and is only for the laughter of the vulgar, whilst the wiser sort can hardly smile at him. All the wit he has chiefly consists in jests broken twenty times before, or stories worn threadbare with often telling them, with nothing in them of his own besides the faces which you must laugh at, or you spoil them too, and put him out of countenance. Meantime, he is never in his element but in a Coffee-house or Tavern, the Bedlam of wits, where men are mad rather than merry; and there is only noise instead of mirth; and there be triumphs with reciting play scraps and singing bawdy songs, with so many parentheses of oaths between, as he can never come to the sense he would be at. In fine, he is a buffoon rather than a wit, and with his broad jesting abuses men so long, till meeting with some or other as choleric as he is abusive they

beat him for his pains, when he goes muttering away, and says, *They understand not wit*, when indeed it is he himself.

OF A DUTCH FROW

She is cleanly in her house, though not in herself, and keeps all her household-stuff so neat, as if it were rather for ornament than use. You may as soon get her to set the house on fire, as make fire in any room but the kitchen. As for her own chimney, it is under her coats in her Lul-pot, with which she so bemackerels her thighs, as you would take her for a mermaid, half fish, half flesh; by which unnatural heat she brings forth nothing but sooterkins. She never travels without her basket of provant, or stiver's worth of nuts or shrimps, to be cracking or nibbling with on the way. Returned home she puts up all things in the cupboard, her band, her huke, and self too when she goes to bed; where betwixt want of air and fogginess she stinks like a fitchcock. On worky days she keeps the shop, and huswives everything to the best; but on holidays the silver chain and appurtenances goes on, and her best clothes too, or she will go to the Lombard for it. In fine, she keeps home all day, but at night takes occasion to fetch her husband home from the Tavern, only to drink herself, where they sip and sip so long, till they are both maudlin drunk, and then they go lovingly home to bed and sleep like pigs.

K. W.

Confused Characters of Conceited Coxcombs, or A Dish of Traiterous Tyrants was published in 1661. From a poem attached to the volume we learn that the author's initials were K.W. Except that he had been to Cambridge, nothing more is known about him. In his preface to the "Facecious Reader" he says: "Characters are descriptions, and where the persons described prove vicious and vain, excuse me, gentle reader, if this treatise prove so likewise." The volume is distinguished by a rabidly royalist attitude.

A DETRACTING EMPIRIC

An emperic is one whose chief excellency consists in hard words and sentences, and in a fine bombastic oratory, accompanied with detraction from the credit of his betters, and commendation of his own far-fetched experience. His first original is from a poor apothecary's subservant, whose work is to look to the stills and sweep the shop, who, having got a smatch and relish of their nonsensical gibberish, and stolen some of his master's receipts, at the end of his time makes an end of his master, and the next market day sets up for himself; his first adventures are upon the sweaty toes and butter teeth of country jobsons, whose hard travel and dry crusts make their grinders and carriers in an unserviceable condition. After, his impudence increasing, not his wit, then out he comes in half a sheet of paper, a French doctor; and his pitiful retainers plaster him on every post and wall, with a lying account of his exquisite parts and great skill. And these are the men that attest he hath wrought wonders on their bodies; but, however, let's give you a glimpse of

his profession. This excrement of an apothecary, this quackroyal, is never so much himself as when he's a prattling on things he cannot understand, and never so happy as when he's a-puzzling the dull intellects of his silly patients with Greek, Latin words, and telling them what fractions, dislocations he hath set, how many humours he hath assuaged by frication, how many megrimical and hypochondriacal humours he hath dissipated, what marvellous unheard-of cures he hath done in places where he never was, nor ever will be; and then to all his brags he cannot pass by the mentioning of the weakness and insufficiency of other doctors, and what a want of experience there is in most of them for want of his travels. Thus this politic glistertube runs himself into a kind of small practice for a time, but they all learn his simplicity at last, which vexes him to the guts. For like the kite, who, having over-laid her maw with carrion, and vomiting it up, thought she had parted with her guts; so this scum of a closestool thinks himself ruined by their departure. But, however, because he will be a right traveller indeed, and so may lie by authority, he never stays in a place above a fortnight, but makes himself an *individuum vagum*, under pretence of the common good, and because he will not hide his talent in a napkin, his candle under a bushel. But if he had his due he should have a pair of stocks at least; for the grave is his friend in receiving those he murders. This is the man who is the lord paramount of all doctors, and dares try it out with Galen or Hippocrates, but shows never so good sport as when two of them meet together

in a market. Then like two mastiffs they fall on for the prey, and by this means the people escape a cheating. Then these quacks peal out each other's weakness; and because they know their own originals, they discover their own knavery to the bottom. But their greatest skill lies in the French pox. How comes that about? Only by self experience; for such idle vagabonds lay themselves open to all such impious suggestions. But let me not tire myself with these *hocus pocusses* of doctorism, but leave them to their ignorance, to scrape a living out of their equals.

A JURYMAN RUSTIC

Thinks his unhewen noddle able to give a rational account of his charge and place at the "sizes of hisen prizes," as he calls them, but alas! poor fellow, the latitude of his prickears show the whole world that they have sucked up his brains; and that his empty noddle is full of nought but conceit and self-applause.

Did you but see him gape at the judge with his lockerum jaws, when he examines in the trial and gives his opinion, you would almost swear either the sot hears with his mouth, or else the elf being a faint-hearted puppy sounds at the conceit he hath the judge's red robes are only the blood of some condemned wretch. When he's retired to his considering plat, how many frivolous nonsensical queries doth he make, and when he brings in his verdict he will be sure, either because he would be thought to be a noble person, and so fit for the place; or

else a prudent man, and so fit to be regarded. He gives a sum of the costs and charges his and their pitiful pates and indigent pericranium's think equitable, by nobles or marks, not by pounds, because the threadbare scrub never saw at one time (of his own) twenty shill. If he hath obtained so high a measure of book-learnedness (as he calls it) as to write, then he's the best of the Shire, and his leaden pate serves to be the bias of all his wooden-headed roundnoddled associates. If his zeal pretends to religion, then after his verdict (as he calls it) he takes upon him to inform the just-asses of the Shire of ill licensed alehouses and other misdemeanours, and thinks thereby to have the credit to be accounted a man respecting the republic good. But sizes being over, he's sure to have a parting blow; I mean, a hogshead of beer in his own ass's noddle; and then he gallops a tittering pace home, and the next day falls to repenting for this (as he calls it) sin of infirmity.

Now he's turned a diurnal in folio, and as that doth, he informs his neighbours of an abundance of lies; which they are bound to believe, because he's one of the twelve, and the twelfth wise man spoke it. Well, after he's pretty well empty of all his stories, then to the plough again and his daily labour; and now he neither minds God nor the devil, only his mother earth; and he viper-like makes no conscience of piercing and penetrating his mother's bowels. But I fear my countrymen will be angry with me; but my best hope is that they cannot read, and then I hope I shall be free from their homespun execrations. However for a parting blow, master juryman, have a

care of bribes and partiality, interest and affection; for if you do the devil's work he'll be sure to pay your wages at your own sizes.

A FINICAL LONDON CITIZEN

It is reported of Minerva, or Pallas, that she was begot of Jupiter's brain, without the help of a woman. But this complete craftsman was begot of Midas his ears, by the assistance of a finical exchange-woman; and you shall find in him the exact qualities of both his progenitors. His bringing up and education was pretty good, but his greatest perfection consists in the volubility of his tongue, and in the emphatical pronounciation of a "What lack you?" His great care in the morning is to get his brazen face into a good decorum; and he much admires a handsome prentice, which, as a good signpost and bush in a country town, he thinks draws in customers. He fears much lest he should not be trim, and therefore he carries his lookingglass in his shoes, that so whenever he looks down, he may correct the rumple in his band. And his boy every night rubs and scours them for the same purpose, lest he be the next morning crowned with the heels of them as a penance for omission. He's a man will scorn to take any affront, and his reason he's a free man. This man's memory is very good in his place, and he runs over his wares with a great deal of celerity. He's no respecter of persons; for, because he'll be in the mode of the times, he Madames all his customers; and by his good words cheats the poor gulls, and makes

them pay for their high titles. He's a man of a very large and spacious conscience, which appears by his large demands, and small receipts; he'll ask you a pound for a commodity, and take the third part. And yet by reason of his neatness and trimness he may be said to be a man very exact in his walking. His roses, garters and cuffs putting on, spend the whole morning; and then with his vinegar cloak he marches into the shop, and to the Change, with a great deal of gravity, and thinks himself an alderman apparent at his first setting up. His wife, that trim dame, is his only cross. For he's forced to wear out a pair of shoes more in a quarter for her; for he's fain to scrub them half an hour at the door mat, for fear of fouling the kitchen; if he takes tobacco, the sink is his drawing room, and he must not spit in her palace, under the penance of a scolding; she's a notable good scold, and will use her tongue as well as her husband can use his rapier, and better too. This queen, or rather nymph of the queen of fairies, is a very costly dame, and must eat nothing but dainties and dear-bought cakes, dressed in ample manner, which makes them both very often to fall from high fare and rich clothes to the counter and the brokers. Did you but see her husband and she, with what devotion they walk to Islington cake-house, you would think them some zealous sacrificers in their ceremonial works. Every May she goes to hear the cuckoo sing, but that is the only sorrow of her husband's jealous brain. They are the only wise ones in the city; but in the country the only fools and ignoramuses. The only notable and gallant day is on that day

they call my Lord Mayor's day, and then my gallant squires of the cloth are in all their *pontificalibus*. If he's a young man, he's whiffler to the Company, which is much of the same nature with a dog whipper; and then he marches with his white rod and golden chain before his Company; if he comes to the honour of a gown, you'd take him to be a hog in armour, just such another bumble-arst furfaced piece of mortality. But when he comes to be master of a Company, or alderman or Lord Mayor, then he's at the height of his preferment, and he must take on him by his place. And then he, who before was good at light weights, short yards, scant measure, is the only best man to discover his own for-past knaveries; there I leave him to order his upstarts in the art of knavery.

A CHURCH-WARDEN.

A Church-Warden may be compared to a choky pear, which though grafted on never so good a stock, yet remains as bad and ill-savoured as ever: so he by nature of a clownish and Nabal-like temper; yet though he comes to the honour of the forementioned place, to be a warden or overseer of the church, yet he still retains his own natural ignorance and stupidity. Yet neighbours, I hope, you'll respect Mr. Church-warden, for else he'll be so far from repairing and mending your meeting-place, as he'll conspire your ruin and endeavour its downfall. Well, when all comes to all, he understands his place as much as his wife, and she as much as her daughter; and fools all, much alike; if he chance to be of such a public spirit, as to

new-transmogrify his charge, then to be sure, he sets his name up in large characters; as if [he] thought men were so much like him, as to worship and adore such a pitiful piece of mortality. But woe be to his breeks when he gives up his accounts, which like that subtil Roman he seeks not to do, rather than to do. But I'll leave him and his parish to reckon with this cipher.

BUTLER.

SAMUEL BUTLER (1612-1680), the author of *Hudibras*, a burlesque doggerel which satirises the Puritan after the manner of *Don Quixote*, also devoted himself to the writing of *Characters*. A volume was published posthumously and others to the number of 120 have since been collected from his Note-books. The *Characters* are in satiric vein and lack flexibility.

A MODERN CRITIC

Is a corrector of the press gratis; and as he does it for nothing, so it is to no purpose. He fancies himself clerk of Stationers' Hall, and nothing must pass current that is not entered by him. He is very severe in his supposed office, and cries, "Woe to ye scribes!" right or wrong. He supposes all writers to be malefactors without clergy that claim the privilege of their books, and will not allow it where the law of the land and common justice does. He censures in gross and condemns all without examining particulars. If they will not confess and accuse themselves, he will wrack them until they do.

He is a committee-man in the commonwealth of letters, and as great a tyrant, so is not bound to proceed but by his own rules, which he will not endure to be disputed. He has been an apocryphal scribbler himself; but his writings wanting authority, he grew discontent and turned apostate, and thence becomes so severe to those of his own profession. He never commends anything but in opposition to something else that he would undervalue, and commonly sides with the weakest, which is generous anywhere but in judging. He is worse than an *index expurgatorius*; for he blots out all, and when he cannot find a fault makes one. He demurs to all writers, and when he is overruled will run into contempt. He is always bringing writs of error, like a pettifogger, and reversing of judgements, though the case be never so plain. He is a mountebank that is always quacking of the infirm and diseased parts of books, to show his skill, but has nothing at all to do with the sound. He is a very ungentle reader, for he reads sentence on all authors that have the unhappiness to come before him; and therefore pedants, that stand in fear of him, always appeal from him beforehand, by the name of Momus and Zoilus, complain sorely of his extra-judicial proceedings, and protest against him as corrupt, and his judgement void and of none effect, and put themselves in the protection of some powerful patron, who, like a knight-errant, is to encounter with the magician and free them from his enchantments.

A CURIOUS MAN

Values things not by their use or worth, but scarcity. He is very tender and scrupulous of his humour, as fanatics are of their consciences, and both for the most part in trifles. He cares not how unuseful anything be, so it be but unusual and rare. He collects all the curiosities he can light upon in art or nature, not to inform his own judgement, but to catch the admiration of others, which he believes he has a right to because the rarities are his own. That which other men neglect he believes they oversee, and stores up trifles as rare discoveries, at least of his own wit and sagacity. He admires subtleties above all things, because the more subtle they are the nearer they are to nothing, and values no art but that which is spun so thin that it is of no use at all. He had rather have an iron chain hung about the neck of a flea than an alderman's of gold, and Homer's Iliads in a nutshell than Alexander's cabinet. He had rather have the twelve apostles on a cherry stone than those on St. Peter's portico, and would willingly sell Christ again for that numerical piece of coin that Judas took for Him. His perpetual dotage upon curiosities at length renders him one of them, and he shows himself as none of the meanest of his rarities. He so much affects singularity that, rather than follow the fashion that is used by the rest of the world, he will wear dissenting clothes with odd fantastic devices to distinguish himself from others, like marks set upon cattle. He cares not what pains he throws away upon the meanest trifle so it be but strange, while some pity and others laugh at his ill-employed industry. He is one of those that

valued Epictetus's lamp above the excellent book he wrote by it. If he be a book-man, he spends all his time and study upon things that are never to be known. The philosopher's stone and universal medicine cannot possibly miss him, though he is sure to do them. He is wonderfully taken with abstruse knowledge, and had rather handle truth with a pair of tongs wrapped up in mysteries and hieroglyphics than touch it with his hands or see it plainly demonstrated to his senses.

A PHILOSOPHER

Seats himself as spectator and critic on the great theatre of the world, and gives sentence on the plots, language, and action of whatsoever he sees represented, according to his own fancy. He will pretend to know what is done behind the scene, but so seldom is in the right that he discovers nothing more than his own mistakes. When his profession was in credit in the world, and money was to be gotten by it, it divided itself into multitudes of sects, that maintained themselves and their opinions by fierce and hot contests with one another; but since the trade decayed and would not turn to account, they all fell of themselves, and now the world is so unconcerned in their controversies, that three Reformado sects joined in one, like Epicuro-Gassendo-Charltoniana, will not serve to maintain one pedant. He makes his hypotheses himself, as a tailor does a doublet without measure; no matter whether they fit Nature, he can make Nature fit them, and, whether they are too strait or wide, pinch or stuff out the

body accordingly. He judges of the works of Nature just as the rabble do of State affairs; they see things done, and every man according to his capacity guesses at the reasons of them, but knowing nothing of the arcana or secret movements of either, they seldom or never are in the right. Howsoever, they please themselves and some others with their fancies, and the farther they are off truth, the more confident they are they are near it, as those that are out of their way believe the farther they have gone they are the nearer their journey's end, when they are farthest of all from it. He is confident of immaterial substances, and his reasons are very pertinent; that is, substantial as he thinks, and immaterial as others do. Heretofore his beard was the badge of his profession, and the length of that in all his polemics was ever accounted the length of his weapon; but when the trade fell, that fell too. In Lucius's time they were commonly called beard-wearers, for all the strength of their wits lay in their beards, as Samson's did in his locks; but since the world began to see the vanity of that hair-brained cheat, they left it off to save their credit.

AN ANTIQUARY

Is one that has his being in this age, but his life and conversation is in the days of old. He despises the present age as an innovation and slightes the future, but has a great value for that which is past and gone, like the madman that fell in love with Cleopatra. He is an old frippery-philosopher, that has so strange a natural affection to worm-eaten speculation that

it is apparent he has a worm in his skull. He honours his forefathers and foremothers, but condemns his parents as too modern and no better than upstarts. He neglects himself because he was born in his own time and so far off antiquity which he so much admires, and repines, like a younger brother, because he came so late into the world. He spends the one half of his time in collecting old insignificant trifles, and the other in showing them, which he takes singular delight in, because the oftener he does it the farther they are from being new to him. All his curiosities take place of one another according to their seniority, and he values them not by their abilities, but their standing. He has a great veneration for words that are stricken in years, and are grown so aged that they have outlived their employments. These he uses with a respect agreeable to their antiquity and the good services they have done. He throws away his time in inquiring after that which is past and gone so many ages since, like one that shoots away an arrow to find out another that was lost before. He fetches things out of dust and ruins, like the fables of the chemical-plant raised out of its own ashes. He values one old invention, that is lost and never to be recovered, before all the new ones in the world, though never so useful. The whole business of his life is the same with his that shows the tombs at Westminster, only the one does it for his pleasure, and the other for money. As every man has but one father, but two grandfathers and a world of ancestors, so he has a proportional value for things that are ancient, and the farther off the greater.

He is a great time-server, but it is of time out of mind to which he conforms exactly, but is wholly retired from the present. His days were spent and gone long before he came into the world, and since his only business is to collect what he can out of the ruins of them. He has so strong a natural affection to anything that is old, that he may truly say to dust and worms, "You are my father"; and to rottenness, "Thou art my mother." He has no providence nor foresight, for all his contemplations look backward upon the days of old; and his brains are turned with them, as if he walked backwards. He had rather interpret one obscure word in any old senseless discourse than be author of the most ingenious new one, and, with Scaliger, would sell the Empire of Germany (if it were in his power) for an old song. He devours an old manuscript with greater relish than worms and moths do, and, though there be nothing in it, values it above anything printed, which he accounts but a novelty. When he happens to cure a small botch in an old author, he is as proud of it as if he had got the philosopher's stone and could cure all the diseases of mankind. He values things wrongfully upon their antiquity, forgetting that the most modern are really the most ancient of all things in the world, like those that reckon their pounds before their shillings and pence, of which they are made up. He esteems no customs but such as have outlived themselves, and are long since out of use, as the Catholics allow of no saints but such as are dead, and the fanatics, in opposition, of none but the living.

AN AMORIST

Is an artificer or maker of love; a sworn servant to all ladies like an officer in a corporation. Though no one in particular will own any title to him, yet he never fails upon all occasions to offer his services and they as seldom to turn it back again untouched. He commits nothing with them but himself to their good graces; and they recommend him back again to his own, where he finds so kind a reception that he wonders how he does fail of it everywhere else. He is charged and primed with love-powder like a gun, and the least sparkle of an eye gives fire to him and off he goes, but seldom or never hits the mark. He has commonplaces and precedents of repartees and letters for all occasions, and falls as readily into his method of making love as a parson does into his form of matrimony. He converses, as angels are said to do, by intuition, and expresses himself by sighs most significantly. He follows his visits as men do their business and is very industrious in waiting on the ladies where his affairs lie; among which those of greatest concernment are questions and commands, purposes, and other such received forms of wit and conversation, in which he is so deeply studied that in all questions and doubts that arise he is appealed to, and very learnedly declares which was the most true and primitive way of proceeding in the purest times. For these virtues he never fails of his summons to all balls, where he manages the country dances with singular judgement and is frequently an assistant at *l'ombre*. And these are all the uses they make of his parts, besides the sport they give them-

selves in laughing at him, which he takes for singular favours and interprets to his own advantage, though it never goes further; for, all his employments being public, he is never admitted to any private services, and they despise him as not women's meat; for he applies to too many to be trusted by any one, as bastards by having many fathers have none at all. He goes often mounted in a coach as a convoy to guard the ladies, to take the dust in Hyde Park, where by his prudent management of the glass windows he secures them from beggars and returns fraught with China-oranges and ballads. Thus he is but a gentleman-usher-general, and his business is to carry one lady's services to another and bring back the other's in exchange.

BUNYAN

JOHN BUNYAN (1628-1688), a tinker and a tinker's son, became a Baptist in 1657 and was in 1660 imprisoned because he refused to abandon preaching. He spent the greater part of twelve years in prison, but after 1675 his preaching was not hindered, and he became a very popular preacher.

The *Pilgrim's Progress* (1678) was written in prison. Although he nowhere in it gives a formal delineation of a character, his characters have lived in the mind and tradition of the nation beyond those of any other writer.

TALKATIVE

CHRISTIAN. His name is Talkative; he dwelleth in our town. I wonder that you should be a stranger to him, only I consider that our town is large.

FAITHFUL. Whose son is he? And where-about does he dwell?

CHR. He is the son of one Say-well; he dwelt in Prating Row; and is known of all that are acquainted with him, by the name of Talkative in Prating Row; and notwithstanding his fine tongue, he is but a sorry fellow.

FAITH. Well, he seems to be a very pretty man.

CHR. That is, to them who have not thorough acquaintance with him; for he is best abroad; near home he is ugly enough. Your saying that he is a pretty man, brings to my mind what I have observed in the work of the painter, whose pictures show best at a distance, but, very near, more displeasing.

FAITH. But I am ready to think you do but jest, because you smiled.

CHR. God forbid that I should jest (although I smiled) in this matter, or that I should accuse any falsely! I will give you a further discovery of him. This man is for any company, and for any talk; as he talketh now with you, so will he talk when he is on the ale-bench; and the more drink he hath in his crown, the more of these things he hath in his mouth; religion hath no place in his heart, or house, or conversation; all he hath, lieth in his tongue, and his religion is, to make a noise therewith.

FAITH. Say you so! then am I in this man greatly deceived.

CHR. Deceived! you may be sure of it; remember the proverb, "They say and do not" (*Matt. xxiii. 3*). But the "kingdom of God is not in word but in power" (*1 Cor. iv. 20*). He talketh of prayer, of repentance, of faith, and

of the new birth; but he knows but only to talk of them. I have been in his family, and have observed him both at home and abroad; and I know what I say of him is the truth. His house is as empty of religion as the white of an egg is of savour. There is there neither prayer, nor sign of repentance for sin; yea, the brute in his kind serves God far better than he. He is the very stain, reproach, and shame of religion, to all that know him; it can hardly have a good word in all that end of the town where he dwells, through him (*Rom. ii. 24, 25.*) Thus say the common people that know him, A saint abroad, and a devil at home. His poor family finds it so; he is such a churl, such a railer at and so unreasonable with his servants, that they neither know how to do for, or speak to him. Men that have any dealings with him, say it is better to deal with a Turk than with him; for fairer dealing they shall have at their hands. This Talkative (if it be possible) will go beyond them, defraud, beguile, and overreach them. Besides, he brings up his sons to follow his steps; and if he findeth in any of them a foolish timorousness (for so he calls the first appearance of a tender conscience), he calls them fools and blockheads, and by no means will employ them in much, or speak to their commendations before others. For my part, I am of opinion, that he has, by his wicked life, caused many to stumble and fall; and will be, if God prevent not, the ruin of many more.

FAITH. Well, my brother, I am bound to believe you; not only because you say you know him, but also because, like a Christian, you make your reports of men. For I cannot think

that you speak these things of ill-will, but because it is even so as you say.

CHR. Had I known him no more than you, I might perhaps have thought of him, as, at the first, you did; yea, had he received this report at their hands only that are enemies to religion, I should have thought it had been a slander—a lot that often falls from bad men's mouths upon good men's names and professions; but all these things, yea, and a great many more as bad, of my own knowledge, I can prove him guilty of. Besides, good men are ashamed of him; they can neither call him brother, nor friend; the very naming of him among them makes them blush, if they know him.

STEELE

RICHARD STEELE (1672-1729) was born in Dublin, educated at Oxford, and was in turn soldier, captain, poet, playwright, essayist, Member of Parliament, manager of a theatre, publisher of a newspaper, and twenty other things. It was Steele who first made a success of the literary periodical essay in *The Tatler* (1709-10); Addison joined him, and when *The Tatler* ended they again collaborated in *The Spectator* (1711-12). Even more than Addison he ridicules vice and makes virtue lovely.

THE GOOD JUDGE *

It would become all men, as well as me, to lay before them the noble character of Verus the magistrate, who always sat in triumph over,

* Sir John Holt, Lord Chief Justice in the reign of William III.

and contempt of, vice: he never searched after it, or spared it when it came before him: at the same time he could see through the hypocrisy and disguise of those, who have no pretence to virtue themselves, but by their severity to the vicious. This same Verus was, in times past, chief justice (as we call it amongst us), in Felicia.* He was a man of profound knowledge of the laws of his country, and as just an observer of them in his own person. He considered justice as a cardinal virtue, not as a trade for maintenance. Wherever he was judge, he never forgot that he was also counsel. The criminal before him was always sure that he stood before his country, and, in a sort, a parent of it. The prisoner knew, that though his spirit was broken with guilt, and incapable of language to defend itself, all would be gathered from him which could conduce to his safety; and that his judge would wrest no law to destroy him, nor conceal any that could save him. In this time there was a nest of pretenders to justice, who happened to be employed to put things in a method for being examined before him at his usual sessions; these animals were to Verus, as monkeys are to men, so like, that you can hardly disown them; but so base, that you are ashamed of their fraternity. It grew a phrase, "Who would do justice on the justices?" That certainly would Verus. I have seen an old trial where he sat judge on two of them; one was called Trick-track, and the other Tear-shift: one was a learned judge of sharpers; the other the quickest of all men at finding out.

* Great Britain.

a wench. Trick-track never spared a pick-pocket, but was a companion to cheats; Tear-shift would make compliments to wenches of quality, but certainly commit poor ones. If a poor rogue wanted a lodging, Trick-track sent him to gaol for a thief: if a poor whore went only with one thin petticoat, Tear-shift would imprison her for being loose in her dress. These patriots infested the days of Verus, while they alternately committed and released each other's prisoners. But Verus regarded them as criminals, and always looked upon men as they stood in the eyes of justice, without respecting whether they sat on the bench, or stood at the bar. (*The Tatler*, No. 14.)

A GENTLEMAN

It is generally thought, that warmth of imagination, quick relish of pleasure, and a manner of becoming it, are the most essential qualities for forming this sort of man. But any one that is much in company will observe, that the height of good breeding is shown rather in never giving offence, than in doing obliging things. Thus he that never shocks you, though he is seldom entertaining, is more likely to keep your favour, than he who often entertains, and sometimes displeases you. The most necessary talent therefore in a man of conversation, which is what we ordinarily intend by a fine gentleman, is a good judgement. He that has this in perfection, is master of his companion, without letting him see it; and has the same advantage over men of any other qualifi-

cations whatsoever, as one that can see would have over a blind man of ten times his strength.

This is what makes Sophronius the darling of all who converse with him, and the most powerful with his acquaintance of any man in town. By the light of this faculty he acts with great ease and freedom among the men of pleasure, and acquits himself with skill and despatch among the men of business. All which he performs with such success, that, with as much discretion in life as any man ever had, he neither is, nor appears cunning. But as he does a good office, if ever he does it, with readiness and alacrity, so he denies what he does not care to engage in, in a manner that convinces you that you ought not to have asked it. His judgement is so good and unerring, and accompanied with so cheerful a spirit, that his conversation is a continual feast, at which he helps some and is helped by others, in such a manner, that the equality of society is perfectly kept up, and every man obliges as much as he is obliged: for it is the greatest and justest skill in a man of superior understanding, to know how to be on a level with his companions. This sweet disposition runs through all the actions of Sophronius, and makes his company desired by women, without being envied by men. Sophronius would be as just as he is, if there were no law; and would be as discreet as he is, if there were no such thing as calumny.

(The Tatler, No. 19.)

A COQUETTE

As a Rake among men is the man who lives in the constant abuse of his reason, so a Coquette

among women is one who lives in continual misapplication of her beauty. The chief of all whom I have the honour to be acquainted with, is pretty Mrs. Toss: she is ever in practice of something which disfigures her, and takes from her charms, though all she does tends to a contrary effect. She has naturally a very agreeable voice and utterance, which she has changed for the prettiest lisp imaginable. She sees what she has a mind to see at half a mile distance; but poring with her eyes half shut at every one she passes by, she believes much more becoming. The Cupid on her fan and she have their eyes full on each other, all the time in which they are not both in motion. Whenever her eye is turned from that dear object, you may have a glance, and your bow, if she is in humour, returned as civilly as you make it; but that must not be in the presence of a man of greater quality: for Mrs. Toss is so thoroughly well-bred, that the chief person present has all her regards. And she who giggles at divine service, and laughs at her very mother, can compose herself at the approach of a man of good estate.

(*The Tatler*, No. 27.)

THE ENVIOUS MAN

The envious man is in pain upon all occasions that ought to give him pleasure. The relish of his life is inverted, and the objects which administer the highest satisfaction to those who are exempt from this passion, give the quickest pangs to those who are subject to it. All the perfections of their fellow-creatures are

odious: youth, beauty, valour and wisdom are provocations of their displeasure. What a wretched and apostate state is this! To be offended with excellence, and to hate a man because we approve him! The condition of the envious man is the most emphatically miserable; he is not only incapable of rejoicing in another's merit or success, but lives in a world wherein all mankind are in plot against his quiet, by studying their own happiness and advantage. . . .

The reliefs of the envious man are those little blemishes and imperfections, that discover themselves in an illustrious character. It is a matter of great consolation to an envious person, when a man of known honour does a thing unworthy himself: or when any action which was well executed, upon better information appears so alter'd in its circumstances, that the fame of it is divided among many, instead of being attributed to one. This is a secret satisfaction to these malignants; for the person whom they before could not but admire, they fancy is nearer their own condition as soon as his merit is shared among others. I remember some years ago there came out an excellent poem, without the name of the author. The little wits, who were incapable of writing it, began to pull in pieces the supposed writer. When that would not do, they took great pains to suppress the opinion that it was his. That again failed. The next refuge was to say it was overlooked by one man, and many pages wholly written by another. An honest fellow, who sat among a cluster of them in debate on this subject, cried out, "Gentlemen, if you are sure

none of you yourselves had an hand in it, you are but where you were, whoever writ it." But the most usual succour to the envious, in cases of nameless merit in this kind, is to keep the property, if possible, unfixed, and by that means to hinder the reputation of it from falling upon any particular person. You see an envious man clear up his countenance, if in the relation of any man's great happiness in one point, you mention his uneasiness in another. When he hears such a one is very rich he turns pale, but recovers when you add that he has many children. In a word, the only sure way to an envious man's favour, is not to deserve it.

But if we consider the envious man in delight, it is like reading the seat of a giant in a Romance; the magnificence of his house consists in the many limbs of men whom he has slain. If any who promised themselves success in any uncommon undertaking miscarry in the attempt, or he that aimed at what would have been useful and laudable, meets with contempt and derision, the envious man, under colour of hating vain-glory, can smile with an inward wantonness of heart at the ill effect it may have upon an honest ambition for the future.

(The Spectator, No. 19.)

ADDISON

Aristaeus is, in my opinion, a perfect master of himself in all circumstances. He has all the spirit that man can have; and yet is as regular in his behaviour as a mere machine. He is sensible of every passion, but ruffled by none. In conversation he seems to be less knowing to

be more obliging, and chooses to be on a level with others rather than oppress with the superiority of his genius. In friendship, he is kind without profession. In business, expeditious without ostentation. With the greatest softness and benevolence imaginable, he is impartial in spite of all importunity, even that of his own good-nature. He is ever clear in his judgement; but, in complaisance to his company speaks with doubt; and never shows confidence in argument but to support the sense of another.

(*The Tatler*, No. 176.)

ADDISON

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719) was at school and at Oxford with Steele, but he was of a more sedate character than Steele and, entering politics more seriously, rose to be Secretary of State in 1717. Of less power and originality than Steele, he yet wields, deservedly, a more lasting influence. Like Swift, he hates shams, but unlike him he never lost his faith in humanity. *The Tatler* and *The Spectator* are the beginning of the modern essay; and their studies of human character are a preparation for the modern novel.

THE POLITICAL UPHOLSTERER

There lived some years since within my neighbourhood a very grave person, an Upholsterer, who seemed a man of more than ordinary application to business. He was an early riser, and was often abroad two or three hours before any of his neighbours. He had a particular carefulness in the knitting of his

brows, and a kind of impatience in all his motions, that plainly discovered he was always intent on matters of importance. Upon my enquiry into his life and conversation, I found him to be the greatest newsmonger in our quarter; that he rose before day to read the Postman; and that he would take two or three turns to the other end of the town before his neighbours were up, to see if there were any Dutch mails come in. He had a wife and several children; but was much more inquisitive to know what passed in Poland than in his own family, and was in greater pain and anxiety of mind for King Augustus's welfare than that of his nearest relations. He looked extremely thin in a dearth of news, and never enjoyed himself in a westerly wind. This indefatigable kind of life was the ruin of his shop; for about the time that his favourite prince left the crown of Poland, he broke and disappeared.

This man and his affairs had long been out of my mind, till about three days ago, as I was walking in St. James's Park, I heard somebody at a distance hemming after me: and who should it be but my old neighbour the Upholsterer? I saw he was reduced to extreme poverty, by certain shabby superfluities in his dress: for notwithstanding that it was a very sultry day for the time of year, he wore a loose greatcoat and a muff, with a long campaign wig out of curl; to which he had added the ornament of a pair of black garters buckled under the knee. Upon his coming up to me, I was going to enquire into his present circumstances; but was prevented by his asking me, with a whisper,

Whether the last letters brought any accounts that one might rely upon from Bender? I told him, None that I heard of; and asked him whether he had yet married his eldest daughter? He told me, No. "But pray," says he, "tell me sincerely, what are your thoughts of the King of Sweden?" For though his wife and children were starving, I found his chief concern at present was for this great monarch. I told him, that I looked upon him as one of the first heroes of the age. "But pray," says he, "do you think there is anything in the story of his wound?" And finding me surprized at the question—"Nay," says he, "I only propose it to you." I answered, that I thought there was no reason to doubt it. "But why, in the heel," says he, "more than any other part of the body?"—"Because," said I, "the bullet chanced to light there."

This extraordinary dialogue was no sooner ended, but he began to launch out into a long dissertation upon the affairs of the North; and after having spent some time on them, he told me he was in great perplexity how to reconcile the Supplement with the English Post, and had been just now examining what the other papers say upon the same subject. "The Daily Courant," says he, "has these words: 'We have advices from very good hands, that a certain prince has some matters of great importance under consideration.' This is very mysterious; but the Post-boy leaves us more in the dark, for he tells us 'That there are private intimations of measures taken by a certain prince, which time will bring to light.'" "Now the Postman," says he, "who uses to be very clear, refers to the

same news in these words: 'The late conduct of a certain prince affords great matter of speculation.'" "This certain prince," says the Upholsterer, "whom they are all so cautious of naming, I take to be —." Upon which, though there was nobody near us, he whispered something in my ear, which I did not hear, or think worth my while to make him repeat.

We were now got to the upper end of the Mall, where were three or four very odd fellows sitting together upon a bench. These I found were all of them politicians, who used to sun themselves in that place every day about dinner-time. Observing them to be curiosities in their kind, and my friend's acquaintance, I sat down among them.

The chief politician of the bench was a great asserter of paradoxes. He told us, with a seeming concern, That by some news he had lately read from Muscovy, it appeared to him that there was a storm gathering in the Black Sea, which might in time do hurt to the naval forces of this nation. To this he added, That for his part, he could not wish to see the Turk driven out of Europe, which he believed could not but be prejudicial to our woollen manufacture. He then told us, That he looked upon those extraordinary revolutions which had lately happened in those parts of the world, to have risen chiefly from two persons who were not much talked of; "And those," says he, "are Prince Menzikoff and the Duchess of Mirandola." He backed his assertions with so many broken hints, and such a show of depth and wisdom, that we gave ourselves up to his opinions.

The discourse at length fell upon a point

which seldom escapes a knot of true-born Englishmen, Whether, in case of a religious war, the Protestants would not be too strong for the Papists? This we unanimously determined on the Protestant side. One who sat on my right-hand, and, as I found by his discourse, had been in the West Indies, assured us, That it would be a very easy matter for the Protestants to beat the Pope at sea; and added, That whenever such a war does break out, it must turn to the good of the Leeward Islands. Upon this, one who sat at the end of the bench, and, as I afterwards found, was the geographer of the company, said, that in case the Papists should drive the Protestants from these parts of Europe, when the worst came to the worst, it would be impossible to beat them out of Norway and Greenland, provided the Northern crowns hold together, and the Czar of Muscovy stand neuter.

He further informed us, for our comfort, that there were vast tracts of land about the Pole, inhabited neither by Protestants nor Papists, and of greater extent than all the Roman Catholic dominions in Europe.

When we had fully discussed this point, my friend the Upholsterer began to exhort himself upon the present negotiations of peace; in which he deposed princes, settled the bounds of kingdoms, and balanced the power of Europe, with great justice and impartiality.

I at length took my leave of the company, and was going away; but had not gone thirty yards, before the Upholsterer hemmed again after me. Upon his advancing towards me, with a whisper, I expected to hear some secret piece of news,

which he had not thought fit to communicate to the bench; but instead of that, he desired me in my ear to lend him half a crown. In compassion to so needy a statesman, and to dissipate the confusion I found he was in, I told him, if he pleased, I would give him five shillings, to receive five pounds of him when the Great Turk was driven out of Constantinople; which he very readily accepted, but not before he had laid down to me the impossibility of such an event, as the affairs of Europe now stand.

This paper I design for the particular benefit of those worthy citizens who live more in a coffee-house than in their shops, and whose thoughts are so taken up with the affairs of the Allies, that they forget their customers.

(The Tatler, No. 155.)

SALAMANDERS

There is a species of women, whom I shall distinguish by the name of Salamanders. Now a Salamander is a kind of heroine in chastity, that treads upon fire, and lives in the midst of flames, without being hurt. A Salamander knows no distinction of sex in those she converses with, grows familiar with a stranger at first sight, and is not so narrow-spirited as to observe whether the person she talks to be in breeches or petticoats. She admits a male visitant to her bedside, plays with him a whole afternoon at piquet, walks with him two or three hours by moonlight, and is extremely scandalized at the unreasonableness of a husband, or the severity of a parent that would debar the sex

from such innocent liberties. Your Salamander is therefore a perpetual declaimer against jealousy, an admirer of French good breeding, and a great stickler for freedom in conversation. In short, the Salamander lives in an invincible state of simplicity and innocence. Her constitution is preserved in a kind of natural frost. She wonders what people mean by temptations, and defies mankind to do their worst. Her chastity is engaged in a constant ordeal, or fiery trial: like good Queen Emma, the pretty innocent walks blindfold among burning ploughshares, without being scorched or singed by them.

CHESTERFIELD

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD (1694-1773), was a fashionable gentleman, a wit, and a brilliant orator. He is most famous in literature for his letters to his son and grandson. But he also wrote essays and character sketches of his contemporaries. The following is an example of the "club-portrait," a curious form of Character which became popular in the periodical literature of this period.

A MODERN CONVERSATION

'Those whom you will probably meet with to-day are, first of all, Lord Feeble, a nobleman of admirable sense, a true fine gentleman, and for a man of quality, a pretty classic. He has lived rather fast formerly, and impaired his constitution by sitting up late, and drinking your thin sharp wines. He is still what you call nervous, which makes him a little low-

spirited and reserved at first; but he grows very affable and cheerful as soon as he has warmed his stomach with about a bottle of good claret.

‘Sir Tunbelly Guzzle is a very worthy north-country baronet, of a good estate, and one who was beforehand in the world, till being twice chosen knight of the shire, and having in consequence got a pretty employment at court, he ran out considerably. He has left off housekeeping, and is now upon a retrieving scheme. He is the heartiest, honestest fellow living, and though he is a man of very few words, I can assure you he does not want sense. He had an university education, and has a good notion of the classics. The poor man is confined half of the year at least with the gout, and has besides an inveterate scurvy, which I cannot account for: no man can live more regularly; he eats nothing but plain meat, and very little of that; he drinks no thin wines; and never sits up late, for he has his full dose by eleven.

‘Colonel Culverin is a brave old experienced officer, though but a lieutenant of foot. Between you and me, he has had great injustice done him; and is now commanded by many who were not born when he came first into the army. He has served in Ireland, Minorca, and Gibraltar; and would have been in all the late battles in Flanders, had the regiment been ordered there. It is a pleasure to hear him talk of war. He is the best-natured man alive, but a little too jealous of his honour, and too apt to be in a passion; but that is soon over, and then he is sorry for it. I fear he is dropsical, which I impute to his drinking your Champagnes and Burgundies. He got that ill habit abroad.

‘Sir George Plyant is well born, has a genteel fortune, keeps the very best company, and is to be sure one of the best-bred men alive: he is so good-natured, that he seems to have no will of his own. He will drink as little or as much as you please, and no matter of what. He has been a mighty man with the ladies formerly, and loves the crack of the whip still. He is our news-monger; for, being a member of the privy chamber, he goes to court every day, and consequently knows pretty well what is going forward there. Poor gentleman! I fear we shall not keep him long, for he seems far gone in a consumption, though the doctors say it is only a nervous atrophy.

‘Will Sitfast is the best-natured fellow living, and an excellent companion, though he seldom speaks; but he is no flincher, and sits every man’s hand out at the club. He is a very good scholar, and can write very pretty Latin verses. I doubt he is in a declining way; for a paralytical stroke has lately twitched up one side of his mouth, so that he is now obliged to take his wine diagonally. However, he keeps up his spirits bravely, and never shams his glass.

‘Doctor Carbuncle is an honest, jolly, merry parson, well affected to the government, and much of a gentleman. He is the life of our club, instead of being the least restraint upon it. He is an admirable scholar, and I really believe has all Horace by heart; I know he has him always in his pocket. His red face, inflamed nose, and swelled legs, make him generally thought a hard drinker by those who do not know him; but I must do him the justice to say, that I never saw him disguised with liquor in my life. It is true,

he is a very large man, and can hold a great deal, which makes the colonel call him, pleasantly enough, a vessel of election.

‘The last and least,’ concluded my friend, ‘is your humble servant, such as I am; and if you please, we will go and walk in the park till dinner time.’ I agreed, and we set out together. But here the reader will perhaps expect that I should let him walk on a little while I give his character. We were of the same year of St. John’s College in Cambridge: he was a younger brother of a good family, was bred to the church, and had just got a fellowship in the college, when, his elder brother dying, he succeeded to an easy fortune, and resolved to make himself easy with it, that is, to do nothing. As he had resided long in college, he had contracted all the habits, prejudices, the laziness, the soaking, the pride, and the pedantry of the cloister, which after a certain time are never to be rubbed off. He considered the critical knowledge of the Greek and Latin words, as the utmost effort of the human understanding, and a glass of good wine in good company, as the highest pitch of human felicity. Accordingly, he passes his mornings in reading the classics, most of which he has long had by heart; and his evenings in drinking his glass of good wine, which by frequent filling, amounts at least to two, and often to three bottles a-day. I must not omit mentioning that my friend is tormented with the stone, which misfortune he imputes to having once drunk water for a month, by the prescription of the late Doctor Cheyne, and by no means to at least two quarts of claret a-day, for these last thirty years.

JOHNSON

SAMUEL JOHNSON (1709-1784), still the type of sturdy British commonsense and unflinching integrity, won for himself the name of a great moralist in his periodical essays, *The Adventurer*, *The Rambler*, and *The Idler*. His characters are didactic, a favourite device being the imaginary life-story revealing the misfortunes which overtake error and vice.

THE IDLER

I am the unfortunate husband of a buyer of bargains. My wife has somewhere heard, that a good housewife never has anything to purchase when it is wanted. This maxim is often in her mouth, and always in her head. She is not one of those philosophical talkers that speculate without practice, and learn sentences of wisdom only to repeat them; she is always making additions to her stores; she never looks into a broker's shop, but she spies something which may be wanted some time; and it is impossible to make her pass the door of a house where she hears goods selling by auction.

Whatever she thinks cheap, she holds it the duty of an economist to buy; in consequence of this maxim, we are incumbered on every side with useless lumber. The servants can scarcely creep to their beds through the chests and boxes that surround them. The carpenter is employed once a week in building closets, fixing cupboards, and fastening shelves; and my house has the appearance of a ship stored for a voyage to the colonies.

I had often observed that advertisements set her on fire; and therefore, pretending to emulate her laudable frugality, I forbade the

newspaper to be taken any longer; but my precaution is vain; I know not by what fatality, or by what confederacy, every catalogue of genuine furniture comes to her hand, every advertisement of a newspaper newly opened is in her pocket-book, and she knows before any of her neighbours when the stock of any man leaving off trade is to be sold cheap for ready money.

Such intelligence is to my dear-one the Syren's Song. No enchantment, no duty, no interest, can withhold her from a sale, from which she always returns congratulating herself upon her dexterity at a bargain; the porter lays down his burden in the hall; she displays her new acquisitions, and spends the rest of the day in contriving where they shall be put.

As she cannot bear to have anything incomplete, one purchase necessitates another; she has twenty feather-beds more than she can use, and a late sale has supplied her with a proportionable number of Whitney blankets, a large roll of linen for sheets, and five quilts for every bed, which she bought because the feller told her that if she would clear his hands he would let her have a bargain.

Thus by hourly encroachments my habitation is made narrower and narrower; the dining room is so crowded with tables, that dinner can scarcely be served; the parlour is decorated with so many piles of china, that I dare not step within the door; at every turn of the stairs I have a clock, and half the windows of the upper floor are darkened, that shelves may be set before them.

This, however, might be borne, if she would

gratify her own inclinations without opposing mine. But I who am idle am luxurious, and she condemns me to live upon salt provision. She knows the loss of buying in small quantities, we have therefore whole hogs and quarters of oxen. Part of our meat is tainted before it is eaten, and part is thrown away because it is spoiled; but she persists in her system, and will never buy anything by single pennyworths.

The common vice of those who are still grasping at more, is to neglect that which they already possess; but from this failing my charmer is free. It is the great care of her life that the pieces of beef should be boiled in the order in which they are bought; that the second bag of peas should not be opened till the first are eaten; that every feather-bed shall be lain on in its turn; that the carpets should be taken out of the chests once a month and brushed, and the rolls of linen opened now and then before the fire. She is daily enquiring after the best traps for mice, and keeps the rooms always scented by fumigations to destroy the moths. She employs workmen, from time to time, to adjust six clocks that never go, and clean five jacks that rust in the garret; and a woman in the next alley lives by scouring the brass and pewter, which are only laid up to tarnish again.

She is always imagining some distant time in which she shall use whatever she accumulates; she has four looking-glasses which she cannot hang up in her house, but which will be handsome in more lofty rooms; and pays rent for the place of a vast copper in some warehouse, because when we live in the country we shall brew our own beer.

Idler, No. 35.

NED SCAMPER

One of the most eminent members of our club is Mr. Edward Scamper, a man of whose name the Olympic heroes would not have been ashamed. Ned was born to a small estate, which he determined to improve; and therefore, as soon as he became of age, mortgaged part of his land to buy a mare and stallion, and bred horses for the course. He was at first very successful, and gained several of the king's plates, as he is now every day boasting, at the expense of little more than ten times their value. At last, however, he discovered that victory brought him more honour than profit: resolving, therefore, to be rich as well as illustrious, he replenished his pockets by another mortgage, became on a sudden a daring better, and resolving not to trust a jockey with his fortune, rode his horse himself, distanced two of his competitors the first heat, and at last won the race by forcing his horse on a descent to full speed at the hazard of his neck. His estate was thus repaired and some friends that had no souls advised him to give over; but Ned now knew the way to riches and therefore without caution increased his expenses. From this hour he talked and dreamed of nothing but a horse-race; and rising soon to the summit of equestrian reputation he was constantly expected on every course, divided all his time between lords and jockeys, and, as the unexperienced regulated their bets by his example, gained a great deal of money by laying openly on one horse and secretly on the other. Ned was now so sure of growing rich that he involved his

estate in a third mortgage, borrowed money of all his friends, and risked his whole fortune upon Bay-Lincoln. He mounted with beating heart, started fair, and won the first heat; but in the second, as he was pulling against the foremost of his rivals, his girth broke, his shoulder was dislocated, and before he was dismissed by the surgeon two bailiffs fastened upon him and he saw Newmarket no more. His daily amusement for four years has been to blow the signal for starting, to make imaginary matches, to repeat the pedigree of Bay-Lincoln, and to form resolutions against trusting another groom with the choice of his girth.

(*Adventurer*, No. 53.)

EUPHUES

Euphues, with great parts and extensive knowledge, has a clouded aspect and ungracious form; yet it has been his ambition, from his first entrance into life, to distinguish himself by particularities in his dress, to outvie beaux in embroidery, to import new trimmings and to be foremost in the fashion. Euphues has turned on his external appearance that attention which would always have produced esteem had it been fixed upon his mind; and though his virtues and abilities have preserved him from the contempt which he has so diligently solicited, he has, at least, raised one impediment to his reputation; since all can judge of his dress but few of his understanding; and many who discern that he is a fop are unwilling to believe that he can be wise.

(*Rambler*, No. 24.)

GOLDSMITH

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728-1774), son of a clergyman in an Irish village, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He was meant to take holy orders but instead studied law and medicine. After a wandering life on the continent he settled in London, first as a schoolmaster, then as a hack writer. He became a friend of Dr. Johnson and one of his literary circle. As an essayist he has Addison's fine polish but with more sympathy for human life.

ENGLISH PRIDE

The English seem as silent as the Japanese, yet vainer than the inhabitants of Siam. Upon my arrival I attributed that reserve to modesty, which I now find has its origin in pride. Condescend to address them first, and you are sure of their acquaintance; stoop to flattery, and you conciliate their friendship and esteem. They bear hunger, cold, fatigue, and all the miseries of life without shrinking; danger only calls forth their fortitude; they even exult in calamity; but contempt is what they cannot bear. An Englishman fears contempt more than death; he often flies to death as a refuge from its pressure; and dies when he fancies the world has ceased to esteem him.

Pride seems the source not only of their national vices, but of their national virtues also. An Englishman is taught to love his king as his friend, but to acknowledge no other master than the laws which himself has contributed to enact. He despises those nations, who, that one may be free, are all content to be slaves; who first lift a tyrant into terror, and then shrink under his power as if delegated from Heaven. Liberty is echoed in all their assemblies; and thousands

might be found ready to offer up their lives for the sound, though perhaps not one of all the number understands its meaning. The lowest mechanic, however, looks upon it as his duty to be a watchful guardian of his country's freedom, and often uses a language that might seem haughty, even in the mouth of the great emperor, who traces his ancestry to the moon.

A few days ago, passing by one of their prisons, I could not avoid stopping, in order to listen to a dialogue which I thought might afford me some entertainment. The conversation was carried on between a debtor through the grate of his prison, a porter, who had stopped to rest his burden, and a soldier at the window. The subject was upon a threatened invasion from France, and each seemed extremely anxious to rescue his country from the impending danger. "For my part," cries the prisoner, "the greatest of my apprehensions is for our freedom: if the French should conquer, what would become of English liberty? My dear friends, liberty is the Englishman's prerogative; we must preserve that at the expense of our lives; of that the French shall never deprive us; it is not to be expected that men who are slaves themselves would preserve our freedom should they happen to conquer."—"Ay, slaves," cries the porter, "they are all slaves, fit only to carry burdens, every one of them. Before I would stoop to slavery, may this be my poison (and he held the goblet in his hand), may this be my poison—but I would sooner list for a soldier."

The soldier, taking the goblet from his friend, with much awe fervently cried out, "It is not

so much our liberties as our religion that would suffer by such a change: ay, our religion, my lads. May the devil sink me into flames (such was the solemnity of his adjuration), if the French should come over, but our religion would be utterly undone."—So saying, instead of a libation, he applied the goblet to his lips, and confirmed his sentiments with a ceremony of the most persevering devotion.

In short, every man here pretends to be a politician; even the fair sex are sometimes found to mix the severity of national altercation with the blandishments of love, and often become conquerors by more weapons of destruction than their eyes.

This universal passion for politics is gratified by daily Gazettes, as with us at China. But as in ours the emperor endeavours to instruct his people, in theirs the people endeavour to instruct the administration. You must not, however, imagine that they who compile these papers have any actual knowledge of the politics, or the government of a state; they only collect their materials from the oracle of some coffee-house; which oracle has himself gathered them the night before from a beau at a gaming-table, who has pillaged his knowledge from a great man's porter, who has had his information from the great man's gentleman, who has invented the whole story for his own amusement the night preceding.

The English, in general, seem fonder of gaining the esteem than the love of those they converse with. This gives a formality to their amusements; their gayest conversations have something too wise for innocent relaxation:

though in company, you are seldom disgusted with the absurdity of a fool, you are seldom lifted into rapture by those strokes of vivacity, which give instant, though not permanent pleasure.

What they want, however, in gaiety, they make up in politeness. You smile at hearing me praise the English for their politeness; you who have heard very different accounts from the missionaries at Pekin, who have seen such a different behaviour in their merchants and seamen at home. But I must still repeat it, the English seem more polite than any of their neighbours: their great art in this respect lies in endeavouring, while they oblige, to lessen the force of the favour. Other countries are fond of obliging a stranger; but seem desirous that he should be sensible of the obligation. The English confer their kindness with an appearance of indifference, and give away benefits with an air as if they despised them.

Walking a few days ago between an English and a Frenchman into the suburbs of the city, we were overtaken by a heavy shower of rain. I was unprepared; but they had each large coats, which defended them from what seemed to be a perfect inundation. The Englishman seeing me shrink from the weather, accosted me thus: "Pshaw man, what dost shrink at? here, take this coat; I don't want it; I find it no way useful to me; I had as lief be without it." The Frenchman began to show his politeness in turn. "My dear friend," cries he, "why won't you oblige me by making use of my coat? you see how well it defends me from the rain; I should not choose to part with

it to others, but to such a friend as you I could even part with my skin to do him service."

From such minute instances as these, most reverend Fum Hoam, I am sensible your sagacity will collect instruction. The volume of nature is the book of knowledge; and he becomes most wise, who makes the most judicious selection. Farewell.

A LITTLE GREAT MAN

In reading the newspapers here, I have reckoned up not less than twenty-five great men, seventeen very great men, and nine very extraordinary men, in less than the compass of half a year. "These," say the gazettes, "are the men that posterity are to gaze at with admiration; these the names that fame will be employed in holding up for the astonishment of succeeding ages." Let me see—forty-six great men in half a year, amount just to ninety-two in a year. I wonder how posterity will be able to remember them all, or whether the people in future times, will have any other business to mind, but that of getting the catalogue by heart.

Does the mayor of a corporation make a speech—he is instantly set down for a great man. Does a pedant digest his common-place book into a folio—he quickly becomes great. Does a poet string up trite sentiments in rhyme—he also becomes the great man of the hour. How diminutive soever the object of admiration, each is followed by a crowd of still more diminutive admirers. The shout begins in his train, onward he marches towards immortality, looks back at the pursuing crowd with self-satisfac-

tion; catching all the oddities, the whimsies, the absurdities, and the littleness of conscious greatness by the way.

I was yesterday invited by a gentleman to dinner, who promised that our entertainment should consist of a haunch of venison, a turtle, and a great man. I came according to appointment. The venison was fine, the turtle good, but the great man insupportable. The moment I ventured to speak, I was at once contradicted with a snap. I attempted, by a second and a third assault, to retrieve my lost reputation, but was still beat back with confusion. I was resolved to attack him once more from intrenchment, and turned the conversation upon the government of China: but even here he asserted, snapped, and contradicted as before. "Heavens," thought I, "this man pretends to know China even better than myself!" I looked round to see who was on my side; but every eye was fixed in admiration on the great man: I therefore at last thought proper to sit silent and act the pretty gentleman during the ensuing conversation.

When a man has once secured a circle of admirers, he may be as ridiculous here as he thinks proper; and it all passes for elevation of sentiment, or learned absence. If he transgresses the common forms of breeding, mistakes even a tea-pot for a tobacco-box, it is said that his thoughts are fixed on more important objects; to speak and to act like the rest of mankind is to be no greater than they. There is something of oddity in the very idea of greatness; for we are seldom astonished at a thing very much resembling ourselves.

When the Tartars make a Lama, their first care is to place him in a dark corner of the temple; here he is to sit half concealed from view, to regulate the motions of his hands, lips, and eyes: but, above all, he is enjoined gravity and silence. This, however, is but the prelude to his apotheosis: a set of emissaries are despatched among the people, to cry up his piety, gravity, and love of raw flesh; the people take them at their word, approach the Lama, now become an idol, with the most humble prostration; he receives their addresses without motion, commences a god, and is ever after fed by his priests with a spoon of immortality. The same receipt in this country serves to make a great man. The idol only keeps close, sends out his little emissaries to be hearty in his praise; and straight, whether statesman or author, he is set down in the list of fame, continuing to be praised while it is fashionable to praise, or while he prudently keeps his minuteness concealed from the public.

I have visited many countries, and have been in cities without number, yet never did I enter a town which could not produce ten or twelve of those little great men; all fancying themselves known to the rest of the world, and complimenting each other upon their extensive reputation. It is amusing enough when two of those domestic prodigies of learning mount the stage of ceremony, and give and take praise from each other. I have been present when a German doctor, for having pronounced a panegyric upon a certain monk, was thought the most ingenious man in the world; till the monk soon after divided this reputation by returning the compliment; by

which means they both marched off with universal applause.

The same degree of undeserved adulation that attends our great man while living, often also follows him to the tomb. It frequently happens that one of his little admirers sits down big with the important subject, and is delivered of the history of his life and writings. This may properly be called the revolutions of a life between the fire-side and the easy-chair. In this we learn the year in which he was born, at what an early age he gave symptoms of uncommon genius and application, together with some of his smart sayings, collected by his aunt and mother while yet but a boy. The next book introduces him to the university, where we are informed of his amazing progress in learning, his excellent skill in darning stockings, and his new invention for papering books to save the covers. He next makes his appearance in the republic of letters, and publishes his folio. Now the colossus is reared, his works are eagerly bought up by all the purchasers of scarce books. The learned societies invite him to become a member; he disputes against some foreigner with a long Latin name, conquers in the controversy, is complimented by several authors of gravity and importance, is excessively fond of egg-sauce with his pig, becomes president of a literary club, and dies in the meridian of his glory. Happy they who thus have some little faithful attendant, who never forsakes them, but prepares to wrangle and to praise against every oppressor; at once ready to increase their pride while living, and their character when dead. For you and I, my friend, who have no

humble admirer thus to attend us, we, who neither are nor never will be great men, and who do not much care whether we are great men or no, at least let us strive to be honest men, and to have common sense.

THE CHARACTER OF THE MAN IN BLACK

Though fond of many acquaintances, I desire an intimacy only with a few. The man in black, whom I have often mentioned, is one whose friendship I could wish to acquire, because he possesses my esteem. His manners, it is true, are tinctured with some strange inconsistencies; and he may be justly termed an humorist in a nation of humorists. Though he is generous even to profusion, he affects to be thought a prodigy of parsimony and prudence; though his conversation be replete with the most sordid and selfish maxims, his heart is dilated with the most unbounded love. I have known him profess himself a man-hater, while his cheek was glowing with compassion; and, while his looks were softened into pity, I have heard him use the language of the most unbounded ill-nature. Some affect humanity and tenderness, others boast of having such dispositions from nature; but he is the only man I ever knew who seemed ashamed of his natural benevolence. He takes as much pains to hide his feelings as any hypocrite would to conceal his indifference; but on every unguarded moment the mask drops off, and reveals him to the most superficial observer.

In one of our late excursions into the country, happening to discourse upon the provision that

was made for the poor in England, he seemed amazed how any of his countrymen could be so foolishly weak as to relieve occasional objects of charity, when the laws had made such ample provision for their support. In every parish-house, says he, the poor are supplied with food, clothes, fire, and a bed to lie on; they want no more, I desire no more myself; yet still they seem discontented. I am surprised at the inactivity of our magistrates, in not taking up such vagrants, who are only a weight upon the industrious: I am surprised that the people are found to relieve them, when they must be at the same time sensible that it, in some measure, encourages idleness, extravagance, and imposture. Were I to advise any man for whom I had the least regard, I would caution him by all means not to be imposed upon by their false pretences: let me assure you, Sir, they are impostors, every one of them, and rather merit a prison than relief.

He was proceeding in this strain earnestly, to dissuade me from an imprudence of which I am seldom guilty, when an old man, who still had about him the remnants of tattered finery, implored our compassion. He assured us that he was no common beggar, but forced into the shameful profession, to support a dying wife, and five hungry children. Being prepossessed against such falsehoods, his story had not the least influence upon me: but it was quite otherwise with the man in black: I could see it visibly operate upon his countenance, and effectually interrupt his harangue. I could easily perceive that his heart burned to relieve the five starving children, but he seemed ashamed

to discover his weakness to me. While he thus hesitated between compassion and pride, I pretended to look another way, and he seized this opportunity of giving the poor petitioner a piece of silver, bidding him, at the same time, in order that I should not hear, go work for his bread and not tease passengers with such impertinent falsehoods for the future.

As he had fancied himself quite unperceived, he continued, as we proceeded, to rail against beggars with as much animosity as before; he threw in some episodes on his own amazing prudence and economy, with his profound skill in discovering impostors; he explained the manner in which he would deal with beggars were he a magistrate, hinted at enlarging some of the prisons for their reception, and told two stories of ladies that were robbed by beggar-men. He was beginning a third to the same purpose, when a sailor with a wooden leg once more crossed our walks, desiring our pity, and blessing our limbs. I was for going on without taking any notice, but my friend looking wishfully upon the poor petitioner, bade me stop, and he would show me with how much ease he could at any time detect an impostor.

He now therefore assumed a look of importance, and in an angry tone began to examine the sailor, demanding in what engagement he was thus disabled and rendered unfit for service. The sailor replied, in a tone as angrily as he, that he had been an officer on board a private ship of war, and that he had lost his leg abroad, in defence of those who did nothing at home. At this reply, all my friend's importance vanished in a moment; he had not a single

question more to ask; he now only studied what method he should take to relieve him unobserved. He had, however, no easy part to act, as he was obliged to preserve the appearance of ill-nature before me, and yet relieve himself by relieving the sailor. Casting, therefore, a furious look upon some bundles of chips which the fellow carried in a string at his back, my friend demanded how he sold his matches: but, not waiting for a reply, desired in a surly tone to have a shilling's worth. The sailor seemed at first surprised at his demand, but soon recollected himself, and presenting his whole bundle, "Here, master," says he, "take all my cargo, and a blessing into the bargain."

It is impossible to describe with what an air of triumph my friend marched off with his new purchase; he assured me that he was firmly of opinion that those fellows must have stolen their goods, who could thus afford to sell them for half value. He informed me of several different uses to which those chips might be applied; he expatiated largely upon the savings that would result from lighting candles with a match, instead of thrusting them into the fire. He averred that he would as soon have parted with a tooth as his money to those vagabonds, unless for some valuable consideration. I cannot tell you how long this panegyric upon frugality and matches might have continued, had not his attention been called off by another object more distressful than either of the former. A woman in rags, with one child in her arms, and another on her back, was attempting to sing ballads, but with such a mournful voice that it was difficult to determine whether she was

singing or crying. A wretch, who in the deepest distress still aimed at good-humour, was an object my friend was by no means capable of withstanding: his vivacity and his discourse were instantly interrupted; upon this occasion, his very dissimulation had forsaken him. Even in my presence he immediately applied his hands to his pockets, in order to relieve her; but guess his confusion when he found he had already given away all the money he carried about him to former objects. The misery painted in the woman's visage was not half so strongly expressed as the agony in his. He continued to search for some time, but to no purpose, till, at length recollecting himself, with a face of ineffable good nature, as he had no money, he put into her hands his shilling's worth of matches.

THE CHARACTER OF BEAU TIBBS

Though naturally pensive, yet I am fond of gay company, and take every opportunity of thus dismissing the mind from duty. From this motive, I am often found in the centre of a crowd; and wherever pleasure is to be sold, am always a purchaser. In those places, without being remarked by any, I join in whatever goes forward; work my passions into a similitude of frivolous earnestness, shout as they shout, and condemn as they happen to disapprove. A mind thus sunk for a while below its natural standard is qualified for stronger flights, as those first retire who would spring forward with greater vigour.

Attracted by the serenity of the evening, my friend and I lately went to gaze upon the company in one of the public walks near the city. Here we sauntered together for some time, either praising the beauty of such as were handsome, or the dresses of such as had nothing else to recommend them. We had gone thus deliberately forward for some time, when, stopping on a sudden, my friend caught me by the elbow, and led me out of the public walk. I could perceive by the quickness of his pace, and by his frequently looking behind, that he was attempting to avoid somebody who followed: we now turned to the right, then to the left; as we went forward he still went faster, but in vain; the person whom he attempted to escape hunted us through every doubling, and gained upon us each moment: so that at last we fairly stood still, resolving to face what we could not avoid.

Our pursuer soon came up, and joined us with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. "My dear Drybone," cries he, shaking my friend's hand, "where have you been hiding this half a century? Positively I had fancied your were gone to cultivate matrimony and your estate in the country." During the reply, I had an opportunity of surveying the appearance of our new companion: his hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness; his looks were pale, thin, and sharp; round his neck he wore a broad black ribbon, and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass; his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist; he wore by his side a sword with a black hilt; and his stockings of silk, though newly washed, were grown yellow by long service. I was so much engaged with the peculiarity of

his dress, that I attended only to the latter part of my friend's reply, in which he complimented Mr. Tibbs on the taste of his clothes, and the bloom in his countenance: "Pshaw, pshaw, Will," cried the figure, "no more of that, if you love me: you know I hate flattery, on my soul I do; and yet, to be sure, an intimacy with the great will improve one's appearance, and a course of venison will fatten; and yet, faith, I despise the great as much as you do: but there are a great many honest fellows among them; and we must not quarrel with one half, because the other wants weeding. If they were all such as my Lord Mudler, one of the most good-natured creatures that ever squeezed a lemon, I should myself be among the number of their admirers. I was yesterday to dine at the Duchess of Piccadilly's. My lord was there. Ned, says he to me, Ned, says he, I'll hold gold to silver, I can tell where you were poaching last night."

Ah, Tibbs, thou art a happy fellow, cried my companion, with looks of infinite pity; I hope your fortune is as much improved as your understanding in such company? "Improved," replied the other; "you shall know,—but let it go no farther,—a great secret—five hundred a year to begin with.—My lord's word of honour for it—his lordship took me down in his own chariot yesterday, and we had a tête-à-tête dinner in the country, where we talked of nothing else." I fancy you forget, Sir, cried I, you told us but this moment of your dining yesterday in town. "Did I say so?" replied he coolly; "to be sure if I said so, it was so—dined in town: egad, now I do remember, I did dine in town: but I dined in the country too; for

you must know, my boys, I eat two dinners. By the bye, I am grown as nice as the devil in my eating. I'll tell you a pleasant affair about that: We were a select party of us to dine at Lady Grogam's, an affected piece, but let it go no farther; a secret: well, there happened to be no assafoetida in the sauce to a turkey, upon which, says I, I'll hold a thousand guineas, and say, done first, that—but dear Drybone, you are an honest creature, lend me half-a-crown for a minute of two, or so, just till—but harkee, ask me for it the next time we meet, or it may be twenty to one but I forget to pay you."

When he left us, our conversation naturally turned upon so extraordinary a character. His very dress, cries my friend, is not less extraordinary than his conduct. If you meet him this day, you find him in rags; if the next, in embroidery. With those persons of distinction of whom he talks so familiarly, he has scarcely a coffee-house acquaintance. However, both for the interests of society, and perhaps for his own, Heaven has made him poor, and while all the world perceive his wants, he fancies them concealed from every eye. An agreeable companion, because he understands flattery; and all must be pleased with the first part of his conversation, though all are sure of its ending with a demand on their purse. While his youth countenances the levity of his conduct, he may thus earn a precarious subsistence: but when age comes on, the gravity of which is incompatible with buffoonery, then will he find himself forsaken by all; condemned in the decline of life to hang upon some rich family

whom he once despised, there to undergo all the ingenuity of studied contempt, to be employed only as a spy upon the servants, or a bugbear to fright the children into obedience.

LAMB

CHARLES LAMB (1775-1834) is best known for his *Essays of Elia*, which with their whimsical humour and pathos contain much shrewd characterisation. The following Characters are taken from *Poor Relations* and *Amicus Redivivus*, respectively.

A POOR RELATION

—Is the most irrelevant thing in nature,—
—a piece of impertinent correspondence,—an
odious approximation,—a haunting conscience,
—a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the
noon-tide of your prosperity,—an unwelcome
remembrancer,—a perpetually recurring mortifi-
cation,—a drain on your purse,—a more
intolerable dun upon your pride,—a drawback
upon success,—a rebuke to your rising,—a stain
in your blood,—a blot on your 'scutcheon,—a
rent in your garment,—a death's head at your
banquet,—Agathocles' pot,—a Mordecai in
your gate,—a Lazarus at your door,—a lion in
your path,—a frog in your chamber,—a fly in
your ointment,—a mote in your eye,—a triumph
to your enemy,—an apology to your friends,—
the one thing not needful,—the hail in harvest,
—the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet.

He is known by his knock. Your heart telleth you "That is Mr. —." A rap, between

familiarity and respect; that demands, and at the same time seems to despair of, entertainment. He entereth smiling and—embarrassed. He holdeth out his hand to you to shake, and—draweth it back again. He casually looketh in about dinner-time—when the table is full. He offereth to go away, seeing you have company—but is induced to stay. He filleth a chair, and your visitor's two children are accommodated at a side-table. He never cometh upon open days, when your wife says, with some complacency, "My dear, perhaps Mr. — will drop in to-day." He remembereth birth-days—and professeth he is fortunate to have stumbled upon one. He declareth against fish, the turbot being small—yet suffereth himself to be importuned into a slice, against his first resolution. He sticketh by the port—yet will be prevailed upon to empty the remainder glass of claret, if a stranger press it upon him. He is a puzzle to the servants, who are fearful of being too obsequious, or not civil enough, to him. The guests think "they have seen him before." Everyone speculateth upon his condition; and the most part take him to be a—tide-waiter. He calleth you by your Christian name, to imply that his other is the same with your own. He is too familiar by half, yet you wish he had less diffidence. With half the familiarity, he might pass for a casual dependent; with more boldness, he would be in no danger of being taken for what he is. He is too humble for a friend; yet taketh on him more state than befits a client. He is a worse guest than a country tenant, inasmuch as he bringeth up no rent—yet 'tis odds, from his garb and demeanour, that your

guests take him for one. He is asked to make one at the whist table; refuseth on the score of poverty, and—resents being left out. When the company break up, he proffereth to go for a coach—and lets the servant go. He recollects your grandfather; and will thrust in some mean and quite unimportant anecdote—of the family. He knew it when it was not quite so flourishing as “he is blest in seeing it now.” He reviveth past situations, to institute what he calleth—favourable comparisons. With a reflecting sort of congratulation, he will inquire the price of your furniture; and insults you with a special commendation of your window-curtains. He is of the opinion that the urn is the more elegant shape; but, after all, there was something more comfortable about the old tea-kettle—which you must remember. He dare say you must find a great convenience in having a carriage of your own, and appealeth to your lady if it is not so. Inquireth if you have had your arms done on vellum yet; and did not know, till lately, that such and such had been the crest of the family. His memory is unseasonable; his compliments perverse; his talk a trouble; his stay pertinacious; and when he goeth away, you dismiss his chair into a corner as precipitately as possible, and feel fairly rid of two nuisances.

MONOCULUS

—Is a grave, middle-aged person, who, without having studied at the college, or truckled to the pedantry of a diploma, hath employed a great portion of his valuable time in

experimental processes upon the bodies of unfortunate fellow-creatures, in whom the vital spark, to mere vulgar thinking, would seem extinct and lost for ever. He omitteth no occasion of obtruding his services, from a case of common surfeit suffocation to the ignobler obstructions, sometimes induced by a too wilful application of the plant *cannabis* outwardly. But though he declineth not altogether these drier extinctions, his occupation tendeth, for the most part, to water-practice; for the convenience of which, he hath judiciously fixed his quarters near the grand repository of the stream mentioned, where day and night, from his little watch-tower, at the Middleton's Head, he listeneth to detect the wrecks of drowned mortality—partly, as he saith, to be upon the the spot—and partly, because the liquids which he useth to prescribe to himself and his patients, on these distressing occasions, are ordinarily more conveniently to be found at these common hostelries than in the shops and phials of apothecaries. His ear hath arrived to such finesse by practice, that it is reported he can distinguish a plunge at a half furlong distance; and can tell if it be casual or deliberate. He weareth a medal, suspended over a suit, originally of a sad brown, but which, by time and frequency of nightly divings, has been dinged into a true professional sable. He passeth by the name of Doctor, and is remarkable for wanting his left eye. His remedy—after a sufficient application or warm blankets, friction, etc., is a simple tumbler, or more, of the purest Cognac, with water, made as hot as the convalescent can bear it. Where he findeth, as in the case of my friend,

a squeamish subject, he condescendeth to be the taster; and showeth, by his own example, the innocuous nature of the prescription. Nothing can be more kind or encouraging than this procedure. It addeth confidence to the patient, to see his medical adviser go hand in hand with himself in the remedy. When the doctor swalloweth his own draught, what peevish invalid can refuse to pledge him in the potion? In fine, MONOCULUS is a humane, sensible man, who, for a slender pittance, scarce enough to sustain life, is content to wear it out in the endeavour to save the lives of others—his pretensions so moderate, that with difficulty I could press a crown upon him, for the price of restoring the existence of such an invaluable creature to society as G. D.

HUNT

LEIGH HUNT (1784–1859) was poet, essayist, critic, and miscellaneous writer. He was the friend of Shelley, Keats, Hazlitt, Lamb, and Byron. As an essayist he is without the peculiar charm of Lamb and the strong mind of Hazlitt, but he has an easy graciousness and humour of his own. His chief object seems to have been to make good literature known.

THE MAID-SERVANT

Must be considered as young, or else she has married the butcher, the butler, or her cousin, or has otherwise settled into a character distinct from her original one, so as to become what is properly called the domestic. The Maid-

Servant, in her apparel, is either slovenly and fine by turns, and dirty always; or she is at all times neat and tight, and dressed according to her station. In the latter case, her ordinary dress is black stockings, a stuff gown, a cap, and a neck-handkerchief pinned corner-wise behind. If you want a pin, she feels about her, and has always one to give you. On Sundays and holidays, and perhaps of afternoons, she changes her black stockings for white, puts on a gown of a better texture and fine pattern, sets her cap and her curls jauntily, and lays aside the neck-handkerchief for a high-body, which, by the way, is not half so pretty.

The general furniture of her ordinary room, the kitchen, is not so much her own as her master's and mistress's, and need not be described: but in a drawer of the dresser or the table, in company with a duster and a pair of snuffers, may be found some of her property, such as a brass thimble, a pair of scissors, a thread-case, a piece of wax candle much wrinkled with the thread, an odd volume of Pamela, and perhaps a sixpenny play, such as George Barnwell or Southerne's Oroonoko. There is a piece of looking glass in the window. The rest of her furniture is in the garret, where you may find a good looking-glass on the table, and in the window a Bible, a comb and a piece of soap. Here stands also, under stout lock and key, the mighty mystery—the box—containing among other things, her clothes, two or three song books, consisting of nineteen for the penny; sundry Tragedies at a halfpenny the sheet; the *Whole Nature of Dreams Laid Open*, together with the *Fortune-teller* and the *Account of the*

Ghost of Mrs. Veal; the Story of the Beautiful Zoa "who was cast away on a desert island, showing how," etc.; some half-crowns in a purse, including pieces of country-money; a silver penny wrapped up in cotton by itself; a crooked sixpence, given her before she came to town, and the giver of which has either forgotten or been forgotten by her, she is not sure which;—two little enamel boxes, with looking-glass in the lids, one of them a fairing, the other "a Trifle from Margate"; and lastly, various letters, square and ragged, and directed in all sorts of spellings, chiefly with little letters for capitals. One of them, written by a girl who went to a day-school, is directed "Miss."

In her manners, the Maid-servant sometimes imitates her young mistress; she puts her hair in papers, cultivates a shape, and occasionally contrives to be out of spirits. But her own character and condition overcome all sophistications of this sort; her shape, fortified by the mop and scrubbing brush, will make its way; and exercise keeps her healthy and cheerful. From the same cause her temper is good; though she gets into little heats when a stranger is over saucy, or when she is told not to go so heavily down stairs, or when some unthinking person goes up her wet stairs with dirty shoes,—or when she is called away often from dinner; neither does she like to be seen scrubbing the street-door steps of a morning; and sometimes she catches herself saying, "Drat that butcher," but immediately adds, "God forgive me." The tradesmen indeed, with their compliments and arch looks, seldom give her cause to com-

plain. The milkman bespeaks her good-humour for the day with "Come, pretty maids":—then follow the butcher, the baker, the oilman, etc., all with their several smirks and little loiterings; and when she goes to the shops herself, it is for her the grocer pulls down his string from its roller with more than ordinary whirl, and tosses his parcel into a tie.

Thus pass the mornings between working, and singing, and giggling, and grumbling, and being flattered. If she takes any pleasure unconnected with her office before the afternoon, it is when she runs up the area-steps or to the door to hear and purchase a new song, or to see a troop of soldiers go by; or when she happens to thrust her head out of a chamber window at the same time with a servant at the next house, when a dialogue infallibly ensues, stimulated by the imaginary obstacles between. If the Maid-servant is wise, the best part of her work is done by dinner-time; and nothing else is necessary to give perfect zest to the meal. She tells us what she thinks of it when she calls it "a bit o' dinner." There is the same sort of eloquence in her other phrase, "a cup o' tea"; but the old ones, and the washerwomen, beat her at that. After tea in great houses, she goes with the other servants to hot cockles, or What-are-my-thoughts-like, and tells Mr. John to "have done then"; or if there is a ball given that night, they throw open the doors, and make use of the music upstairs to dance by. In smaller houses, she receives the visits of her aforesaid cousin; and sits down alone, or with a fellow maid-servant, to work; talks of her young master or mistress and Mr. Ivins (Evans); or else she

calls to mind her own friends in the country; where she thinks the cows and "all that" beautiful, now she is away. Meanwhile, if she is lazy, she snuffs the candle with her scissors; or if she has eaten more heartily than usual, she sighs double the usual number of times, and thinks that tender hearts were born to be unhappy.

Such being the Maid-servant's life in doors, she scorns, when abroad, to be anything but a creature of sheer enjoyment. The Maid-servant, the sailor, and the school-boy, are the three beings that enjoy a holiday beyond all the rest of the world; and all for the same reason,—because their inexperience, peculiarity of life, and habit of being with persons of circumstances or thoughts above them, give them all, in their way, a cast of the romantic. The most active of the money-getters is a vegetable compared with them. The Maid-servant when she first goes to Vauxhall, thinks she is in heaven. A theatre is all pleasure to her, whatever is going forward, whether the play or the music, or the waiting which makes others impatient, or the munching of apples and gingerbread, which she and her party commence almost as soon as they have seated themselves. She prefers tragedy to comedy, because it is grander, and less like what she meets with in general; and because she thinks it more earnest also, especially in the love-scenes. Her favourite play is *Alexander the Great, or the Rival Queens*. Another great delight is in going a-shopping. She loves to look at the patterns in the windows, and the fine things labelled with those corpulent numerals of "only 7s."—"only 6s. 6d." She

has also, unless born and bred in London, been to see my Lord Mayor, the fine people coming out of Court, and the "beasties" in the Tower; and at all events she has been to Astley's and the Circus, from which she comes away, equally smitten with the rider, and sore with laughing at the clown. But it is difficult to say what pleasure she enjoys most. One of the completest of all is the fair, where she walks through an endless round of noise, and toys, and gallant apprentices, and wonders. Here she is invited in by courteous and well-dressed people, as if she were the mistress. Here also is the conjuror's booth, where the operator himself, a most stately and genteel person all in white, calls her Ma'am; and says to John by her side, in spite of his laced hat, "Be good enough, sir, to hand the card to the lady."

Ah! may her "cousin" turn out as true as he says he is; or may she get home soon enough and smiling enough to be as happy again next time.

THE OLD LADY

If the Old Lady is a widow and lives alone, the manners of her condition and time of life are so much the more apparent. She generally dresses in plain silks, that make a gentle rustling as she moves about the silence of her room; and she wears a nice cap with a lace border, that comes under the chin. In a placket at her side is an old enamelled watch, unless it is locked up in the drawer of her toilet for fear of accidents. Her waist is rather tight and trim than otherwise, as she had a fine one when young; and

she is not sorry if you see a pair of her stockings on a table, that you may be aware of the neatness of her leg and foot. Contented with these and other evident indications of a good shape, and letting her young friends understand that she can afford to obscure it a little, she wears pockets, and uses them well too. In the one is her handkerchief, and any heavier matter that is not likely to come out with it, such as the change of a sixpence; in the other is a miscellaneous assortment, consisting of a pocket-book, a bunch of keys, a needle-case, a spectacle case, crumbs of biscuit, a nutmeg and grater, a smelling bottle, and, according to the season, an orange or apple, which after many days she draws out, warm and glossy, to give to some little child that has well behaved itself. She generally occupies two rooms, in the neatest condition possible. In the chamber is a bed with a white coverlet, built up high and round, to look well, and with curtains of a pastoral pattern, consisting alternately of large plants, and shepherds and shepherdesses. On the mantel-piece are more shepherds and shepherdesses, with dot-eyed sheep at their feet, all in coloured ware: the man, perhaps, in a pink jacket and knots of ribbons at his knees and shoes, holding his crook lightly in one hand, and with the other at his breast, turning his toes out and looking tenderly at the shepherdess; the woman holding a crook also, and modestly returning his look, with a gipsy-hat jerked up behind, a very slender waist, with petticoat and hips to counteract, and the petticoat pulled up through the pocket-holes, in order to show the trimness of her ankles.

But these patterns, of course, are various. The toilet is ancient, carved at the edges, and tied about with a snow-white drapery of muslin. Beside it are various boxes, mostly japan; and the set of drawers are exquisite things for a little girl to rummage, if ever little girl be so bold,—containing ribbons and laces of various kinds; linen smelling of lavender, of the flowers of which there is always dust in the corners; a heap of pocket-books for a series of years; and pieces of dress long gone by, such as head-fronts, stomachers, and flowered satin shoes, with enormous heels. The stock of letters are under special lock and key. So much for the bedroom. In the sitting-room is rather a spare assortment of shining old mahogany furniture, or carved arm-chairs equally old, with chintz draperies down to the ground; a folding or other screen, with Chinese figures, their round, little-eyed, meek faces perking sideways; a stuffed bird, perhaps in a glass case (a living one is too much for her); a portrait of her husband over the mantel-piece, in a coat with frog-buttons, and a delicate frilled hand lightly inserted in the waistcoat; and opposite him on the wall is a piece of embroidered literature, framed and glazed, containing some moral distich or maxim, worked in angular capital letters, with two trees or parrots below, in their proper colours; the whole concluding with an ABC and numerals, and the name of the fair industrious, expressing it to be “her work, Jan. 14, 1762.” The rest of the furniture consists of a looking-glass with carved edges, perhaps a settee, a hassock for the feet, a mat for the little dog, and a small set of shelves, in

which are the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, the *Turkish Spy*, a *Bible and Prayer Book*, Young's *Night Thoughts* with a piece of lace in it to flatten, Mrs. Rowe's *Devout Exercises of the Heart*, Mrs. Glasse's *Cookery*, and perhaps *Sir Charles Grandison*, and *Clarissa*. *John Buncl*e is in the closet among the pickles and preserves. The clock is on the landing-place between the two room doors, where it ticks audibly but quietly; and the landing-place, as well as the stairs, is carpeted to a nicety. The house is most in character, and properly coeval, if it is in a retired suburb, and strongly built, with wainscot rather than paper inside, and lockers in the windows. Before the windows should be some quivering poplars. Here the Old Lady receives a few quiet visitors to tea, and perhaps an early game at cards: or you may see her going out on the same kind of visit herself, with a light umbrella running up into a stick and crooked ivory handle, and her little dog, equally famous for his love to her and captious antipathy to strangers. Her grandchildren dislike him on holidays, and the boldest sometimes ventures to give him a sly kick under the table. When she returns at night, she appears, if the weather happens to be doubtful, in a calash; and her servant in pattens follows half behind and half at her side, with a lantern.

Her opinions are not many nor new. She thinks the clergyman a nice man. The Duke of Wellington, in her opinion, is a very great man; but she has a secret preference for the Marquis of Granby. She thinks the young women of the present day too forward, and the men not respectful enough; but hopes her grandchildren

will be better; though she differs with her daughter in several points respecting their management. She sets little value on the new accomplishments; is a great though delicate connoisseur in butcher's meat and all sorts of housewifery; and if you mention waltzes, expatiates on the grace and fine breeding of the minuet. She longs to have seen one danced by Sir Charles Grandison, whom she almost considers as a real person. She likes a walk of a summer's evening, but avoids the new streets, canals, etc., and sometimes goes through the church-yard, where her children and her husband lie buried, serious, but not melancholy. She has had three great epochs in her life:—her marriage—her having been at court, to see the King and Queen and Royal Family—and a compliment on her figure she once received, in passing, from Mr. Wilkes, whom she describes as a sad, loose man, but engaging. His plainness she thinks much exaggerated. If anything takes her at a distance from home, it is still the court; but she seldom stirs, even for that. The last time but one that she went, was to see the Duke of Wirtemberg; and probably for the last time of all, to see Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold. From this beatific vision she returned with the same admiration as ever for the fine comely appearance of the Duke of York and the rest of the family, and great delight at having had a near view of the Princess, whom she speaks of with smiling pomp and lifted mittens, clasping them as passionately as she can together, and calling her, in a transport of mixed loyalty and self-love, a fine royal young creature, and “ Daughter of England.”

THE WAITER

Going into the City the other day upon business, we took a chop at a tavern, and renewed our acquaintance, after years of interruption, with that swift and untiring personage, yclept a waiter. We mention this long interval of acquaintance, in order to account for any deficiencies that may be found in our description of him. Our readers perhaps will favour us with a better. He is a character before the public: thousands are acquainted with him, and can fill up the outline. But we felt irresistibly impelled to sketch him; like a portrait-painter who comes suddenly upon an old friend, or upon an old servant of the family.

We speak of the waiter properly and generally so called,—the representative of the whole, real, official race,—and not of the humorist or other eccentric genius occasionally to be found in it, —moving out of the orbit of tranquil but fiery waiting,—not absorbed,—not devout towards us,—not silent or monosyllabical;—fellows that affect a character beyond that of waiter, and get spoiled in club rooms, and places of theatrical resort.

Your thorough waiter has no ideas out of the sphere of his duty and the business; and yet—he is not narrow-minded either. He sees too much variety of character for that, and has to exercise too much consideration for the “drunken gentleman.” But his world is the tavern, and all mankind but its visitors. His female sex are the maid-servants and his young mistress, or the widow. If he is ambitious, he aspires to marry one of the two latter: if otherwise, and Molly is prudent, he does not know but he may

carry her off some day to be mistress of the Golden Lion at Chinksford, where he will "show off" in the eyes of Betty Laxon who refused him. He has no feeling of noise itself but as the sound of dining, or of silence but as a thing before dinner. Even a loaf with him is hardly a loaf; it is so many "breads." His longest speech is the making out of a bill *viva voce*—"Two beefs—one potatoes—three ales—two wines—six and twopence"—which he does with an indifferent celerity, amusing to new comers who have been relishing their fare, and not considering it as a mere set of items. He attributes all virtues to everybody, provided they are civil and liberal; and of the existence of some vices he has no notion. Gluttony, for instance, with him, is not only inconceivable, but looks very like a virtue. He sees in it only so many more "beefs," and a generous scorn of the bill. As to wine, or almost any other liquor, it is out of your power to astonish him with the quantity you call for. His "Yes Sir" is as swift, indifferent, and official at the fifth bottle as at the first. Reform and other public events he looks upon merely as things in the newspaper, and the newspaper is a thing taken in at taverns, for gentlemen to read. His own reading is confined to "Accidents and Offences," and the advertisements for Butlers, which latter he peruses with an admiring fear, not choosing to give up "a certainty." When young, he was always in a hurry, and exasperated his mistress by running against the other waiters, and breaking the "neguses." As he gets older, he learns to unite swiftness with caution; declines wasting his breath in immediate answers to calls;

and knows, with a slight turn of his face, and elevation of his voice, into what precise corner of the room to pitch his "Coming Sir." If you told him that, in Shakespeare's time, waiters said "Anon, anon, Sir," he would be astonished at the repetition of the same word in one answer, and at the use of three words instead of two; and he would justly infer, that London could not have been so large, nor the chop houses so busy in those days. He would drop one of the two syllables of his "Yes, Sir," if he could; but business and civility will not allow it; and therefore he does what he can by running them together in the swift sufficiency of his "Yezzir."

"Thomas!"

"Yezzir."

"Is my steak coming?"

"Yezzir."

"And the pint of port?"

"Yezzir."

"You'll not forget the postman?"

"Yezzir."

For in the habit of his acquiescence Thomas not seldom says "Yes, Sir," for "No, Sir," the habit itself rendering him intelligible.

His morning dress is a waistcoat or jacket; his coat is for afternoons. If the establishment is flourishing, he likes to get into black as he grows elderly; by which time also he is generally a little corpulent, and wears hair-powder, dressing somewhat laxly about the waist, for convenience of movement. Not however that he draws much upon that part of his body, except as a poise to what he carries; for you may observe that a waiter, in walking, uses only

his lowest limbs, from his knees downwards. The movement of all the rest of him is negative, and modified solely by what he bears in his hands. At this period he has a little money in the funds, and his nieces look up to him. He still carries however a napkin under his arm, as well as a corkscrew in his pocket; nor, for all his long habit, can he help feeling a satisfaction at the noise he makes in drawing a cork. He thinks that no man can do it better; and that Mr. Smith, who understands wine, is thinking so too, though he does not take his eye off the plate. In his night waistcoat pocket is a snuff-box, with which he supplies gentlemen late at night, after the shops are shut up, and when they are in desperate want of another fillip to their sensations, after the devil and toasted cheese. If particularly required, he will laugh at a joke, especially at that time of night, justly thinking that gentlemen towards one in the morning "*will* be facetious." He is of opinion it is in "human nature" to be a little fresh at that period, and to want to be put into a coach.

He announces his acquisition of property by a bunch of seals to his watch, and perhaps rings on his fingers; one of them a mourning ring left him by his late master, the other a present, either from his nieces' father, or from some ultra-good-natured old gentleman whom he helped into a coach one night, and who had no silver about him.

To see him dine, somehow, hardly seems natural. And he appears to do it as if he had no right. You catch him at his dinner in a corner,—huddled apart,—"*Thomas dining!*" instead of helping dinner. One fancies that the

stewed and hot meals and the constant smoke, ought to be too much for him, and that he should have neither appetite nor time for such a meal.

Once a year (for he has few holidays) a couple of pedestrians meet him on a Sunday in the fields, and cannot conceive for the life of them who it is; till the startling recollection occurs—“ Good God ! It’s the waiter at the Grogam ! ”

DE QUINCEY

THOMAS DE QUINCEY (1785-1859), is one of the greatest masters of imaginative and poetical prose. The following imaginative Characters occur in *Levana and Our Ladies of Sorrow*, one of a series of contributions to *Blackwood’s Magazine* begun by De Quincey in 1845 under the title *Suspiria de Profundis: being a Sequel to the Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*. Of this piece Mr. David Masson, editor of De Quincey’s collected writings, says: “ This little paper is, perhaps, all in all, the finest thing that De Quincey ever wrote. It is certainly the most perfect specimen he has left us of his peculiar art of English prose-poetry, and certainly also one of the most magnificent pieces of prose in the English or in any other language.”

OUR LADIES OF SORROW

The eldest of the three is named *Mater Lachrymarum*, Our Lady of Tears. She it is that night and day raves and moans, calling for vanished faces. She stood in Rama, where a voice was heard of lamentation,—Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted. She it was that stood in Bethlehem

on the night when Herod's sword swept its nurseries of Innocents, and the little feet were stiffened for ever which, heard at times as they trotted along floors overhead, woke pulses of love in household hearts that were not unmarked in heaven. Her eyes are sweet and subtle, wild and sleepy, by turns; oftentimes rising to the clouds, oftentimes challenging the heavens. She wears a diadem round her head. And I knew by childish memories that she could go abroad upon the winds, when she heard the sobbing of litanies, or the thundering of organs, and when she beheld the mustering of summer clouds. This Sister, the elder, it is that carries keys more than papal at her girdle, which open every cottage and every palace. She, to my knowledge, sat all last summer by the bedside of the blind beggar, him that so often and so gladly I talked with, whose pious daughter, eight years old, with the sunny countenance, resisted the temptations of play and village mirth, to travel all day long on dusty roads with her afflicted father. For this did God send her a great reward. In the spring time of the year, and whilst yet her own spring was budding, He recalled her to himself. But her blind father mourns for ever over *her*: still he dreams at midnight that the little guiding hand is locked within his own; and still he awakens to a darkness that is *now* within a second and a deeper darkness. This *Mater Lachrymarum* also has been sitting all this winter of 1844-5 within the bed-chamber of the Czar, bringing before his eyes a daughter (not less pious) that vanished to God not less suddenly, and left behind her a darkness not less profound. By the power of the keys it

is that Our Lady of Tears glides, a ghostly intruder, into the chambers of sleepless men, sleepless women, sleepless children, from Ganges to the Nile, from Nile to Mississippi. And her, because she is the firstborn of her house, and has the widest empire, let us honour with the title of "Madonna."

Her second sister is called *Mater Suspiriorum*, Our Lady of Sighs. She never scales the clouds, nor walks abroad upon the winds. She wears no diadem. And her eyes, if they were ever seen, would be neither sweet nor subtle; no man could read their story; they would be found filled with perishing dreams, and with wrecks of forgotten delirium. But she raises not her eyes; her head, on which sits a dilapidated turban, droops for ever, for ever fastens on the dust. She weeps not. She groans not. But she sighs inaudibly at intervals. Her sister, Madonna, is oftentimes stormy and frantic, raging in the highest against heaven, and demanding back her darlings. But Our Lady of Sighs never clamours, never defies, dreams not of rebellious aspirations. She is humble to abjectness. Hers is the meekness that belongs to the hopeless. Murmur she may, but it is in her sleep. Whisper she may, but it is to herself in the twilight. Mutter she does at times, but it is in solitary places that are desolate as she is desolate, in ruined cities, and when the sun has gone down to his rest. This Sister is the visitor of the Pariah, of the Jew, of the bondsman to the oar in the Mediterranean galleys; of the English criminal in Norfolk Island, blotted out from the books of remembrance in sweet far-off England; of the baffled penitent reverting his eyes for ever

upon a solitary grave, which to him seems the altar overthrown of some past and bloody sacrifice, on which altar no oblations can now be availing, whether towards pardon that he might implore, or towards reparation that he might attempt. Every slave that at noonday looks up to the tropical sun with timid reproach, as he points with one hand to the earth, our general mother, but for *him* a stepmother, as he points with the other to the Bible, our general teacher, but against *him* sealed and sequestered; every woman sitting in darkness without love to shelter her head, or hope to illumine her solitude, because the heaven-born instincts kindling in her nature germs of holy affections, which God implanted in her womanly bosom, having been stifled by social necessities, now burn sullenly to waste, like sepulchral lamps amongst the ancients; every nun defrauded of her unreturning May-time by wicked kinsman, whom God will judge; every captive in every dungeon; all that are betrayed, and all that are rejected; outcasts by traditionary law, and children of hereditary disgrace: all these walk with Our Lady of Sighs. She also carries a key; but she needs it little. For her kingdom is chiefly amongst the tents of Shem, and the houseless vagrant of every clime. Yet in the very highest ranks of man she finds chapels of her own; and even in glorious England there are some that, to the world, carry their heads as proudly as the reindeer, who yet secretly have received her mark upon their foreheads.

But the third Sister, who is the youngest—! Hush! whisper whilst we talk of *her*! Her kingdom is not large, or else no flesh should live;

but within that kingdom all power is hers. Her head, turreted like that of Cybele, rises almost beyond the reach of sight. She droops not; and her eyes, rising so high, *might* be hidden by distance. But, being what they are, they cannot be hidden: through the treble veil of crape which she wears the fierce light of a blazing misery, that rests not for matins or for vespers, for noon of the day or noon of night, for ebbing or for flowing tide, may be read from the very ground. She is the defier of God. She also is the mother of lunacies, and the suggestress of suicides. Deep lie the roots of her power; but narrow is the nation that she rules. For she can approach only those in whom a profound nature has been upheaved by central convulsions; in whom the heart trembles and the brain rocks under conspiracies of tempest from without and tempest from within. Madonna moves with uncertain steps, fast or slow, but still with tragic grace. Our Lady of Sighs creeps timidly and stealthily. But this youngest Sister moves with incalculable motions, bounding, and with tiger's leaps. She carries no key; for, though coming rarely amongst men, she storms all doors at which she is permitted to enter at all. And *her* name is *Mater Tenebrarum*,—Our Lady of Darkness.

DICKENS

CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870), was a master of characterisation through the medium of the novel. *Sketches by Boz*, from which the following Characters are taken, is a collection from his early writings. There may be seen the preliminary sketches of many of the famous characters of his novels.

THE BEADLE

The parish beadle is one of the most, perhaps *the* most, important member of the local administration. He is not so well off as the churchwardens, certainly, nor is he so learned as the vestry clerk, nor does he order things quite so much his own way as either of them. But his power is very great, notwithstanding; and the dignity of his office is never impaired by the absence of efforts on his part to maintain it. The beadle of our parish is a splendid fellow. It is quite delightful to hear him, as he explains the state of the existing poor laws to the deaf old women in the board-room passage on business nights; and to hear what he said to the senior churchwarden, and what the senior churchwarden said to him; and what "we" (the beadle and the other gentlemen) came to the determination of doing. A miserable-looking woman is called into the boardroom, and represents a case of extreme destitution, affecting herself—a widow, with six small children. "Where do you live?" inquires one of the overseers. "I rents a two-pair back, gentlemen, at Mrs. Brown's, Number 3, Little King William's Alley, which has lived there this fifteen years, and knows me to be very hard-working and industrious, and when my poor husband was

alive, gentlemen, as died in the hospital,"—
"Well, well," interrupts the overseer, taking a note of the address, "I'll send Simmons, the beadle, to-morrow morning, to ascertain whether your story is correct; and if so, I suppose you must have an order into the House—Simmons, go to this woman's the first thing to-morrow morning, will you?" Simmons bows assent, and ushers the woman out. Her previous admiration of "the board" (who all sit behind great books, and with their hats on) fades into nothing before her respect for her lace-trimmed conductor; and her account of what has passed inside, increases—if that be possible—the marks of respect, shown by the assembled crowd, to that solemn functionary. As to taking out a summons, it's quite a hopeless case if Simmons attends to it, on behalf of the parish. He knows all the titles of the Lord Mayor by heart; states the case without a single stammer: and it is even reported that on one occasion he ventured to make a joke, which the Lord Mayor's head footman (who happened to be present) afterwards told an intimate friend, confidentially, was almost equal to one of Mr. Hobler's.

See him again on Sunday in his state coat and cocked-hat, with a large-headed staff for show in his left hand, and a small cane for use in his right. How pompously he marshals the children into their places! and how demurely the little urchins look at him askance as he surveys them when they are all seated, with a glare of the eye peculiar to beadles! The churchwardens and overseers being duly installed in their curtained pews, he seats himself on a mahogany bracket, erected expressly for him at the top of the aisle,

and divides his attention between his prayer-book and the boys. Suddenly, just at the commencement of the communion service, when the whole congregation is hushed into a profound silence, broken only by the voice of the officiating clergyman, a penny is heard to ring on the stone floor with astounding clearness. Observe the generalship of the beadle. His involuntary look of horror is instantly changed into one of perfect indifference, as if he were the only person present who had not heard the noise. The artifice succeeds. After putting forth his right leg now and then, as a feeler, the victim who dropped the money ventures to make one or two distinct dives after it; and the beadle, gliding softly round, salutes his little round head, when it appears again above the seat, with divers double knocks, administered with the cane before noticed, to the intense delight of the three young men in an adjacent pew, who cough violently at intervals until the conclusion of the sermon.

Such are a few traits of the importance and gravity of a parish beadle—a gravity which has never been disturbed in any case that has come under our observation, except when the services of that particularly useful machine, a parish fire-engine, are required: then indeed all is bustle. Two little boys run to the beadle as fast as their legs will carry them, and report from their own personal observation that some neighbouring chimney is on fire; the engine is hastily got out, and a plentiful supply of boys being obtained, and harnessed to it with ropes, away they rattle over the pavement, the beadle, running—we do not exaggerate—running at the

side, until they arrive at some house, smelling strongly of soot, at the door of which the beadle knocks with considerable gravity for half-an-hour. No attention being paid to these manual applications, and the turn-cock having turned on the water, the engine turns off amidst the shouts of the boys; it pulls up once more at the workhouse, and the beadle "pulls up" the unfortunate householder next day, for the amount of his legal reward. We never saw a parish engine at a regular fire but once. It came up in gallant style—three miles and a half an hour, at least; there was a capital supply of water, and it was first on the spot. Bang went the pumps—the people cheered—the beadle perspired profusely; but it was unfortunately discovered, just as they were going to put the fire out, that nobody understood the process by which the engine was filled with water: and that eighteen boys, and a man, had exhausted themselves in pumping for twenty minutes, without producing the slightest effect.

THE SCHOOLMASTER

Our schoolmaster has been one of those men one occasionally hears of, on whom misfortune seems to have set her mark; nothing he ever did, or was concerned in, appears to have prospered. A rich old relation who had brought him up, and openly announced his intention of providing for him, left him 10,000*l.* in his will, and revoked the bequest in a codicil. Thus unexpectedly reduced to the necessity of providing for himself, he procured a situation in a public office. The young clerks below him, died off as if there

were a plague among them; but the old fellows over his head, for the reversion of whose places he was anxiously waiting, lived on and on, as if they were immortal. He speculated and lost. He speculated again and won—but never got his money. His talents were great; his disposition easy, generous and liberal. His friends profited by the one, and abused the other. Loss succeeded loss; misfortune crowded on misfortune; each successive day brought him nearer the verge of hopeless penury, and the quondam friends who had been warmest in their professions, grew strangely cold and indifferent. He had children whom he loved, and a wife on whom he doted. The former turned their backs on him; the latter died broken-hearted. He went with the stream—it had ever been his failing, and he had not courage sufficient to bear up against so many shocks—he had never cared for himself, and the only being who had cared for him, in his poverty and distress, was spared to him no longer. It was at this period that he applied for parochial relief. Some kind-hearted man who had known him in happier times, chanced to be churchwarden that year, and through his interest he was appointed to his present situation.

He was an old man now. Of the many who once crowded around him in all the hollow friendship of boon-companionship, some have died, some have fallen like himself, some have prospered—all have forgotten him. Time and misfortune have mercifully been permitted to impair his memory, and use has habituated him to his present condition. Meek, uncomplaining, and zealous in the discharge of his duties, he has been allowed to hold his situation long beyond

the usual period; and he will no doubt continue to hold it, until infirmity renders him incapable, or death releases him. As the grey-headed old man feebly paces up and down the sunny side of the little court-yard between school hours it would be difficult, indeed, for the most intimate of his former friends to recognise their once gay and happy associate, in the person of the Pauper Schoolmaster.

THE OLD LADY

The best known and most respected among our parishioners, is an old lady, who resided in our parish long before our name was registered in the list of baptisms. Our parish is a suburban one, and the old lady lives in a neat row of houses in the most airy and pleasant part of it. The house is her own; and it and everything about it, except the old lady herself, who looks a little older than she did ten years ago, is in just the same state as when the old gentleman was living. The little front parlour, which is the old lady's ordinary sitting room, is a perfect picture of quiet neatness; the carpet is covered with brown Holland, the glass and picture frames are carefully enveloped in yellow muslin; the table covers are never taken off, except when the leaves are turpented and bee's-waxed, an operation which is regularly commenced every other morning at half-past nine o'clock—and the little nicknacks are always arranged in precisely the same manner. The greater part of these are presents from little girls whose parents live in the same row; but some of them, such as the two

old-fashioned watches (which never keep the same time, one being always a quarter of an hour too slow, and the other a quarter of an hour too fast), the little picture of the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold as they appeared in the Royal Box at Drury Lane Theatre, and others of the same class, have been in the old lady's possession for many years. Here the old lady sits with her spectacles on, busily engaged in needlework—near the window in summer-time; and if she sees you coming up the steps, and you happen to be a favourite, she trots out to open the street-door for you before you knock, and as you must be fatigued after that hot walk, insists on your swallowing two glasses of sherry before you exert yourself by talking. If you call in the evening you will find her cheerful, but rather more serious than usual, with an open Bible on the table before her, of which "Sarah," who is just as neat and methodical as her mistress, regularly reads two or three chapters in the parlour aloud.

The old lady sees scarcely any company, except the little girls before noticed, each of whom has always a regular fixed day for a periodical tea-drinking with her, to which the child looks forward as the greatest treat of its existence. She seldom visits at a greater distance than the next door but one on either side, and when she drinks tea here, Sarah runs out first and knocks a double knock, to prevent the possibility of her "Missis's" catching cold by having to wait at the door. She is very scrupulous in returning these little invitations, and when she asks Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so, to meet Mr. and Mrs. Somebody-else, Sarah and she dust the urn, and

the best china tea-service, and the Pope Joan board; and the visitors are received in the drawing-room in great state. She has but few relations, and they are scattered about in different parts of the country, and she seldom sees them. She has a son in India, whom she always describes to you as a fine handsome fellow—so like the profile of his poor dear father over the sideboard, but the old lady adds, with a mournful shake of the head, that he has always been one of her greatest trials; and that indeed he once almost broke her heart; but it pleased God to enable her to get the better of it, and she would prefer you never mentioning the subject to her again. She has a great number of pensioners: and on Saturday, after she comes back from market, there is a regular levee of old men and women in the passage, waiting for their weekly gratuity. Her name always heads the list of any benevolent subscriptions, and hers are always the most liberal donations to the Winter Coal and Soup Distribution Society. She subscribed twenty pounds towards the erection of an organ in our parish church, and was so overcome the first Sunday the children sang to it, that she was obliged to be carried out by the pew-opener. Her entrance into church on Sunday is always the signal for a little bustle in the side aisle, occasioned by a general rise among the poor people, who bow and curtsy until the pew-opener has ushered the old lady into her accustomed seat, dropped a respectful curtsy and shut the door: and the same ceremony is repeated on her leaving church, when she walks home with the family next door but one, and talks about the sermon all the way, invariably

opening the conversation by asking the youngest boy where the text was.

Thus, with the annual variation of a trip to some quiet place on the sea-coast, passes the old lady's life. It has rolled on in the same unvarying and benevolent course for many years now, and must at no distant period be brought to its final close. She looks forward to its termination, with calmness and without apprehension. She has everything to hope and nothing to fear.

NEWMAN

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN (1801-1890). The following character of a Gentleman (not written as a distinct Character) is taken from *The Idea of a University* (1852).

A GENTLEMAN

It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined, and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature: like an easy chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them. The true

gentleman carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast; all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favours while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing and resigned, on philosophical principles; he submits to pain, because it is inevitable, to bereavement, because it is irreparable, and to death, because it is his destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him

from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds; who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candour, consideration, indulgence: he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province and its limits. If he be an unbeliever, he will be too profound and large-minded to ridicule religion or to act against it; he is too wise to be a dogmatist or fanatic in his infidelity. He respects piety and devotion; he even supports institutions as venerable, beautiful, or useful, to which he does not assent; he honours the ministers of religion, and it contents him to decline its mysteries without assailing or denouncing them. He is a friend of religious toleration, and that, not only because his philosophy has taught him to look on all forms of faith with an impartial eye, but also from the gentleness and effeminacy of feeling, which is the attendant on civilization.

LOWELL

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1819-1891). The following Character, taken from the Introduction to the *Biglow Papers*, is one of the earliest of modern attempts to portray the American character.

THE YANKEE CHARACTER

New England was not so much the colony of a mother country, as a Hagar driven forth into the wilderness. The little self-exiled band that came hither in 1620 came, not to seek gold, but to found a democracy. They came that they might have the privilege to work and pray, to sit upon hard benches and listen to painful preachers as long as they would, yea, even unto thirty-seventhly, if the spirit so willed it. And surely, if the Greek might boast his Thermopylae, where three hundred men fell in resisting the Persian, we may well be proud of our Plymouth Rock, where a handful of men, women, and children not merely faced, but vanquished, winter, famine, the wilderness, and the yet more invincible *storge* that drew them back to the green island far away. These found no lotus growing upon the surly shore, the taste of which could make them forget their little native Ithaca; nor were they so wanting to themselves in faith as to burn their ship, but could see the fair west-wind belly the homeward sail, and then turn unrepining to grapple with the terrible Unknown.

As Want was the prime foe these hardy exodists had to fortress themselves against, so it is little wonder if that traditional feud is long in wearing out of the stock. The wounds of the

old warfare were long a-healing, and an east-wind of hard times puts a new ache in every one of them. Thrift was the first lesson in their horn-book, pointed out, letter after letter, by the lean finger of the hard schoolmaster, Necessity. Neither were those plump, rosy-gilled Englishmen that came hither, but a hard-faced, atrabilious, earnest-eyed race, stiff from long wrestling with the Lord in prayer, and who had taught Satan to dread the new Puritan hug. Add two hundred years' influence of soil, climate, and exposure, with its necessary result of idiosyncrasies, and we have the present Yankee, full of expedients, half-master of all trades, inventive in all but the beautiful, full of shifts, not yet capable of comfort, armed at all points against the old enemy Hunger, longanimous, good at patching, not so careful for what is best as for what will do, with a clasp to his purse and a button to his pocket, not skilled to build against Time, as in old countries, but against sore-pressing Need, accustomed to move the world with no $\pi\omicron\upsilon\hat{\nu}$ $\sigma\tau\hat{\omega}$ but his own two feet, and no lever but his own long forecast. A strange hybrid, indeed, did circumstances beget, here in the New World, upon the old Puritan stock, and the earth never before saw such mystic-practicalism, such niggard-geniality, such calculating-fanaticism, such cast-iron-enthusiasm, such sour-faced humour, such close-fisted-generosity. The new *Graeculus esurieus* will make a living out of anything. He will invent new trades as well as tools. His brain is his capital, and he will get education at all risks. Put him on Juan Fernandez, and he will make a spelling-book first, and a salt-pan afterward.

In caelum, jusseris, ibit,—or the other way either,—it is all one, so anything is to be got by it. Yet, after all, thin, speculative Jonathan is more like the Englishman two centuries ago than John Bull himself is. He has lost somewhat in solidity, has become fluent and adaptable, but more of the original groundwork of character remains. He feels more at home with Fulke-Greville, Herbert of Cherbury, Quarles, George Herbert, and Browne, than with his modern English cousins. He is nearer than John, by at least a hundred years, to Naseby, Marston Moor, Worcester, and the time when, if ever, there were true Englishmen. John Bull has suffered the idea of the Invisible to be very much fattened out of him. Jonathan is conscious still that he lives in the world of the Unseen as well as of the Seen. To move John you must make your fulcrum of solid beef and pudding; an abstract idea will do for Jonathan.

JAMES

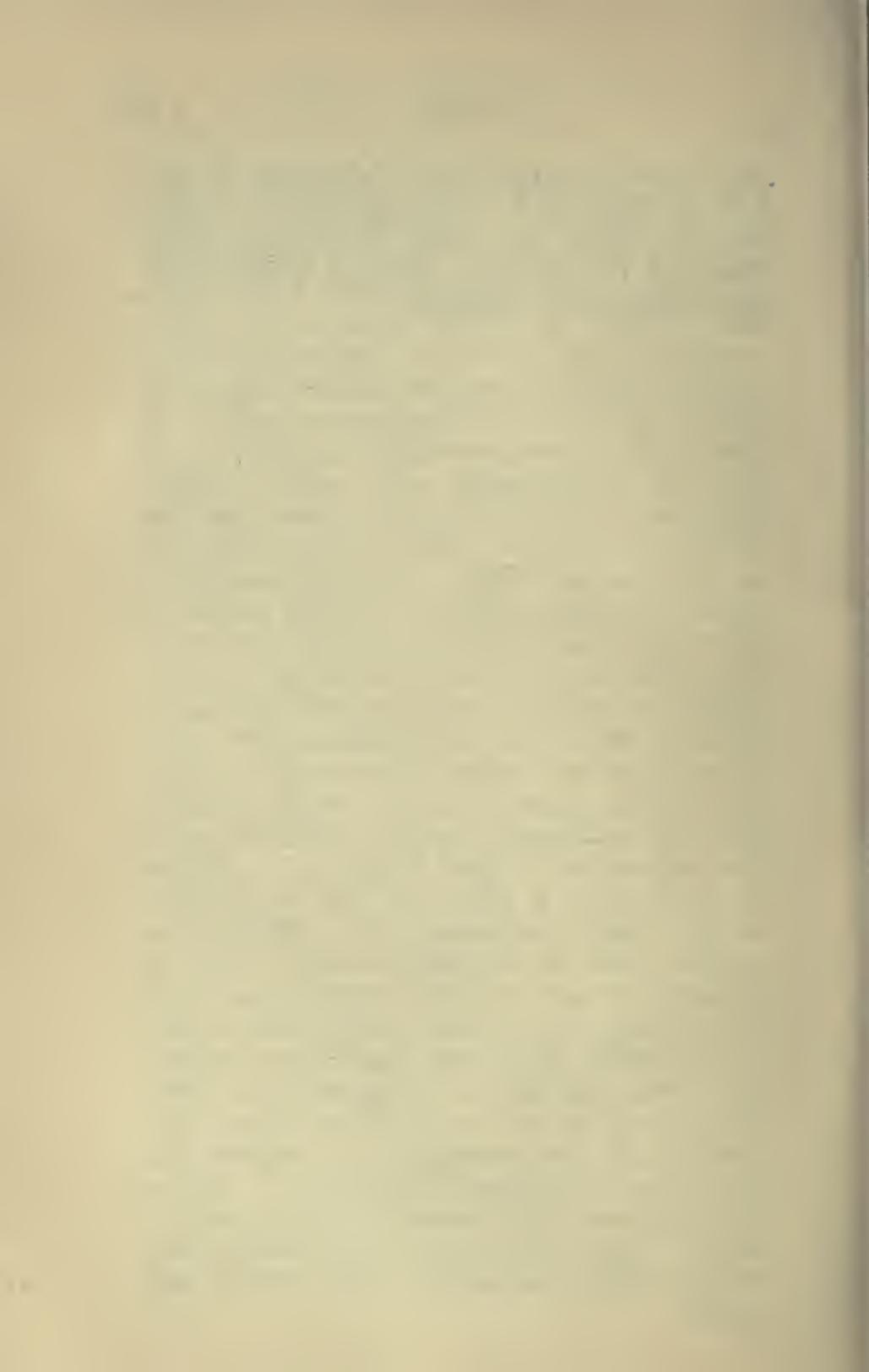
HENRY JAMES (1843-1916). The American novels of Henry James contain many delightful silhouettes of middle-class American life. He had a distinct gift for vivid characterisation, which did not survive the later developments of his style. This Character is taken from *The Bostonians*.

MRS. FARRINDER

She was a copious, handsome woman, in whom angularity had been corrected by the air of success; she had a rustling dress (it was evident

what *she* thought about taste), abundant hair of a glossy blackness, a pair of folded arms, the expression of which seemed to say that rest, in such a career as hers, was as sweet as it was brief, and a terrible regularity of feature. I apply that adjective to her fine placid mask because she seemed to face you with a question of which the answer was preordained, to ask you how a countenance could fail to be noble of which the measurements were so correct. You could contest neither the measurements nor the nobleness, and had to feel that Mrs. Farrinder imposed herself. There was a lithographic smoothness about her, and a mixture of the American matron and the public character. There was something public in her eye, which was large, cold, and quiet; it had acquired a sort of exposed reticence from the habit of looking down from a lecture-desk, over a sea of heads, while its distinguished owner was eulogised by a leading citizen. Mrs. Farrinder, at almost any time, had the air of being introduced by a few remarks. She talked with great slowness and distinctness, and evidently a high sense of responsibility. She pronounced every syllable of every word and insisted on being explicit. If, in conversation with her, you attempted to take anything for granted, or to jump two or three steps at a time, she paused, looking at you with a cold patience, as if she knew that trick, and then went on at her own measured pace. She lectured on temperance and the rights of women; the ends she laboured for were to give the ballot to every woman in the country and to take the flowing bowl from every man. She was held to have a very fine manner, and to embody

the domestic virtues and the graces of the drawing-room; to be a shining proof, in short, that the forum, for ladies, is not necessarily hostile to the fireside. She had a husband, and his name was Amariah.



GLOSSARY.

- ACCOMPLISHED (71): *equipped.*
ADDITAMENT (132): *addition.*
AFFECT (133): *have affection for; practise.*
AFFECTATE: *affected.*
AFFECTATION (38): *affection; inclination.*
AFFECTION: *emotion; feeling.*
ALIVE (120): *fully conscious; sober.*
ANAIDES (65): *Shamelessness; Impudence.*
ANATOMY: *skeleton.*
ANNEXED WITH (39): *united, knit to.*
ANTIMASK (152): *burlesque interlude between the acts of a masque.*
ANTIMONY (92): *a metallic substance, much used in alchemy.*
APOLOGY (74): *defence.*
ARCANA (176): *secret things.*
ASSENTATION (161): *obsequious or servile compliance.*
ATTEMPER (133): *regulate; restrain.*
AURUM POTABILE: *drinkable gold; gold mixed in some volatile oil. Used as a cordial.*
AUSTIN: *Augustine.*
AVOID (141): *quit; depart from.*

BAGGAGE (44): *trumpery; worthless.*
BAND: *hat-band; collar or ruff.*
BANDPOINT (110): *point for fastening a band.*
BASE (53): *also "prisoner's base." A popular game among children.*
BEAVER HAT (27): *hat made of beaver fur.*
BEETLE (90): *with shaggy and prominent eyebrows.*
BEWRAY: *betray.*
BIAS (168): *swaying influence.*
BLACKJACK: *large leather beer-jug.*

- BLACK PUDDING (120): sausage made of blood and suet.
- BLUECAP (152): *Scotchman*.
- BLUE COAT (126): (a) *servant*; (b) *almoner*; *dependent*.
- BONELACE (118): lace made with bone bobbins.
- BONGRACE (151): a shade formerly worn on the front of women's bonnets to protect their complexions from the sun.
- BOTCH (178): *blemish*.
- BOTTLE (84): *bundle of hay*. AT BOTTLE: said of a horse kept at a charge proportionate to the amount eaten.
- BOUND (134): *limit*; *boundary*.
- BOWSING (5): *boozing*; *tippling*.
- BRACHIGRAPHY: *shorthand*.
- BRANCHED (156): *embroidered with a figured pattern*.
- BRAVE: *finely dressed*; *showy*.
- BRAVERY: *fine clothes*.
- BRAVO (163): *desperado*.
- BROWNIST (77): an adherent of the principles of Robert Brown, English Puritan whose principles became those of the Independents.
- BUCEPHALUS (139): *oxheaded*. The name of Alexander the Great's famous horse. Applied humorously to any riding horse.
- BUNG (100): *pickpocket*.
- BUSH (169): *box-bush*, formerly used as an Inn sign.
- BUSHEL (139): vessel used as a bushel measure.
- BUTT (127): a cask of capacity about 120 gallons.
- BUTTER TEETH (165): *incisor teeth*, especially when large.
- BUTTERY: room where provisions were stored.
- BUTTERY-HATCH (126): the half-door over which the buttery provisions were served.
- BZZ (IN THE EAR) (112): *whisper to*; *tell privately*.
- CADET (149): *younger brother*; *novice*.
- CAMPAIGN WIG (191): a plain and close-fitting wig introduced from France about 1712.

- CANDLE-RENTS (20): rent derived from house property.
- CANARIES (139): lively Spanish dance.
- CASHIER: *discharge*.
- CENSURE (22): *opinion; judgment*.
- CEREMONIOUS (146): *showy*.
- CHALLENGE (145): *claim*.
- CHANTELEER (100): *songster*.
- CHARNEL (90): *sepulchral*.
- CHEESE-TRENCHER (108): *parasite*.
- CHELIDONIA: *Celandine* (from Greek *Χελιδων* = swallow). Its juice was formerly thought to be a remedy for bad sight.
- CHINA-ORANGE (180): the ordinary sweet orange, which was originally brought from China.
- CHOKY (171): *dry and gritty; apt to choke one who eats it*.
- CHRYSOCOL (92): *gold-solder*; a term used in alchemy.
- CIRCUMSTANCE: *ceremony; formality*. WITHOUT CIRCUMSTANCE (78): *without beating about the bush*.
- CIRCUMSTANT (108): *standing around*.
- CIRCUIT (32): *compass in thought*.
- CLAW (137): pun upon the secondary meaning "to flatter."
- CLOSELY: *in private*.
- COBBLER (147): *botcher*.
- COCKATRICE: *prostitute*.
- COCKSHOOT (55): a glade in a wood, through which woodcocks, etc., would dart or "shoot," to be caught by nets across the opening.
- COMMENDS (85): *greetings; compliments*.
- COMMENT: *commentary*.
- COMMONS, DIVIDE (112): eat at a common table. Become a member of a college.
- COMPENDIUM: *embodiment in miniature; epitome*.
- CONCEIT (verb) (74): *long for; fancy*.
- CONCEITED: *fantastical; pedantic*.
- CONCOMITANT (117): *companion; attendant*.

- CONFARRATION (109): the most solemn form of marriage among the Romans.
- CONJECTURE (37): a ground or reason for drawing a conclusion.
- CONNIVENCY (128): *connivance*.
- COPYHOLD (120): an ancient kind of land tenure in England. Hence an estate held in this way.
- CORRANTO: *newspaper; gazette*.
- CORSLET (120): *defensive armour for the body*.
- COUNTENANCE (23): *expression of the face*.
- COUNTER-TENOR (101): *alto*.
- COUNTERVAIL (38): *compensate for; be equivalent to*.
- COZEN: *cheat; beguile*.
- CREDIT (70): *reflect credit on*.
- CROCHET (91): *fanciful device; whimsical fancy*.
- CROOK (144): *twist; pervert*.
- CROOKENED (79): *bent; adapted; perverted*.
- CROWNER'S QUEST: *coroner's inquest*.
- CUCKING-STOOL (64): a form of punishment, analogous to the pillory, formerly used for scolds and disorderly women.
- CURIOUS (146): *fine; delicate*.
- CURRISH (60): *mean; base; quarrelsome*.
- CURTAL (139): a horse with its tail docked.
- DABBLING (112): *trifling with in a dilettante way*.
- DANGEROUS (115): *in danger*.
- DEARNESS WITH (70): *fondness for*.
- DELICATES: *delicacies*.
- DEMICASTOR (151): hat made of an inferior quality of beaver's fur.
- DEMILANCE (87): *light horseman*. Used humorously, as "*cavalier*."
- DEMUR TO (173): *take exception to*.
- DEMURE HABIT (72): *sober dress*.
- DEPREHEND: *catch unawares*.
- DESPERATE (24): *reckless; extravagant*.
- DETECT (37): *expose*.

- DIAL: *timepiece*.
- DISTASTE: *dislike; have a repugnance for*.
- DISTRACTION (97): *detraction*.
- DIURNAL (150): *journal*.
- DOR (25): *hornet; drone-bee*.
- DOXY (9): *wench; unmarried mistress (vagabond's cant)*.
- DRAW A WEAKER BOW (20): *be satisfied with less*.
- DRILL (152): West African species of baboon.
- DROPPING (153): *telling*.
- DUKE HUMPHREY'S KNIGHT (91): a frequenter of St. Paul's Walk. DINE WITH DUKE HUMPHREY: go dinnerless. Said of those who passed the time when others were dining walking in Old Saint Paul's.
- ELF (167): *poor creature; used in a depreciatory sense*.
- ELIXATE (92): *boil*.
- ENGINE: *instrument*.
- EPHEMERIS (132): *diary; daily record*.
- ESSEX CALF (88): contemptuous designation of natives of Essex.
- EXASPERATE (81): *aggravate; magnify*.
- EXERCISE (76): *service*.
- EXPECT (70): *await*.
- EXTENUATE (39): *weaken; reduce*.
- FACTION: *party; intrigue; dissension; favouritism*.
- FAIRING (118): present brought from a fair.
- FALLING-SICKNESS (150): *epilepsy; fits*.
- FEE-TAIL (28): inheritance entailed to a limited class of heirs.
- FINICAL: *over-punctilious; affected*.
- FITCHCOCK (164): *polecat*.
- FLAY (162): *strip; do violence to*.
- FOIST (89): *rogue*.
- FORLORN (151): *pitiful remnant*.
- FORPAST (171): *bygone*.

FORTIFY: *strengthen.*

FREQUENT (89): *resort.*

FRESHMAN: a student in his first year at the University.

FRICATION (166): *massage.*

FRIEZE (8): coarse woollen cloth.

FRONTLESS (96): *shameless.*

FROW (164): *Dutchwoman.*

GALLOBELGICUS: a periodical written in Latin and first issued annually (from 1598) at Cologne.

GALLY SLOPS (8): *galligaskins*; wide hose or breeches.

GELAI: *Laughter.*

GELD (129): *mutilate; cut down.*

GENTILE (89): *gentility.*

(COUSIN) GERMAN (159): "first," "own" cousin.

GIMMAL RINGS (157): finger rings made so that they could be divided into two rings.

GIRD (27): *girdle.*

GLISTER-PIPE: *clyster pipe; syringe.*

GO: *walk.*

GOSHAWK: a large short-winged species of hawk.

GOSSIP (121): *friend; acquaintance.*

GOSSIPING (76): (a) *merry-making* (especially at a christening-feast); (b) *idle tattling.*

GRAMERCY (85): *thanks to.* "GRAMERCY HORSE!" was a proverbial expression.

GRASP (86): *clutch.*

GRATER: *seizer.*

GRIPE (86): *grip.*

GROAT (156): a coin equal in value to fourpence.

GRUDGING (150): *trace; slight symptom.*

GULL: *simpleton.*

HAND, AT THE BEST (121): *most profitably or cheaply.*

HANGERS (24): straps on the sword-belt from which the sword was hung.

HARRY ANGEL (157): a gold coin of Henry VIII.'s reign, worth about 7s. 6d.

- HARRY GROAT (152): a groat coined by Henry VIII.
HARRY STOTTLE: Aristotle.
HELIOTROPE (151): turning towards or influenced by the sun.
HERNE (55): *heron*.
HINDER (73): *obstruct; interfere with*.
HINTER (152): a person who speaks in hints.
HOBBY (138): *a small horse or pony*.
HOISETH (54): *raises, hoists*.
HOLIDAY (24): *festive; light; trifling*.
HORSE-COURSER (124): *dealer in horses*.
HUKE (164): a cape with a hood.
HYPHARCHY: government of horses (formed on the analogy of "monarchy," etc.).
- IDLE: *vain; empty; foolish*.
IMBECILITY: *weakness*.
IMPALE (134): *confine; shut in*.
IMPOSTUMED: (89): *ulcerated*.
INDIVIDUUM VAGUM (166): *wandering individual* (with a pun upon the technical sense; "something indicated as an individual, without specific identification").
INFERNAL (37): *fiend; devil*.
INFIMA SPECIES (116): *lowest class* (logical term).
INJURIOUSLY: *offensively*.
INSEPARABLE ACCIDENT: an invariable concomitant which is not logically involved in the nature of that which it accompanies.
INT (100): *sharper*.
INTEND (132): *pay attention to*.
INTENERATE (92): *soften*.
- JADE (124): *worn-out horse; hack*.
JANIZARIE (100): a Turkish soldier, especially used of Turkish guards or escort.
JENNET (138): a small Spanish horse.
JOBSON (165): *country lout*.
JUMP (WITH): *accord with*.

- KIRTLE (66): *gown or skirt.*
- KNOT AND PROVE (120): *marry and prosper.*
- KNOT GRASS (149): a common weed, which was supposed to stunt growth.
- LANDSKIP (97): *landscape.*
- LAST (115): *latest.*
- LED (88): *spare.*
- LEG: *bow.*
- LETHE: *forgetfulness; oblivion.*
- LICKERISH (137): *fond of sweet food; greedy.*
- LIMBECK (90): *alembic*, an apparatus used in distilling.
- LIVERY (AT) (84): fed and groomed at a fixed charge.
- LOCKERUM (167): lockram, a kind of linen fabric.
- LOCKERUM JAWS (167): jaws covered with flesh as thin as lockram.
- LOMBARD (164): *money-lender; pawnbroker.*
- LUG (151): *ear.*
- LUTE (18): to stop the cracks of a vessel with lute, a tenacious clay used by alchemists.
- MAIN: *great; chief; important.*
- MALLARD (56): *wild duck.*
- MARK (168): Scotch coin worth about 13s. 4d.
- MAW (166): *stomach.*
- MEGRIMICAL (166): related to the megrim, a nervous headache.
- MELT (121): *waste away.*
- MERMELATE (157): *marmalade.*
- MESSUAGE (58): dwelling house and its appurtenances.
CAPITAL M.: a messuage occupied by the owner of a property containing several messuages.
- MEW (55): a cage for hawks while mewing or moulting.
- MINCE (36): *cut up small; diminish.*
- MOOTING (27): discussion of imaginary cases of law, held by students at the Inns of Court.
- MOSS-TROOPER (152): one of the marauders who infected the "mosses" of the Scotch border.

- MOST (116): *majority*.
MOTION (138): *suggestion*.
MOTIVE: *mover*.
MUFFLER (118) a kerchief worn by women in sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.
MUMP (156): *mumble; grimace*.
MURRIAN (48): *morion*: helmet without beaver or visor, worn by soldiers in sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.
- NAPPY (83): *foaming; heady; strong*.
NICE: *precise; fastidious*.
NICENESS (121): *fastidiousness; affectedness*.
NIPPS (100): *cutpurses*.
NOBLE (168): gold coin worth about 6s. 8d.
NODDY: a card game rather like cribbage.
NOMENCLATOR (75): a steward who announces the names of guests (pun).
NONE-CHILD (52): *own child*.
NON-RESIDENT (28): a clergyman who absents himself from his parish.
- OCCASIONS (87): *business engagements*.
OCCURRENT: *occurrence*.
OFTEST: *most frequent*.
OPINION (74): *reputation*.
OR (158): *before*.
ORDINARY: *tavern or public eating house*.
OSTRIE: *hostelry*.
OUTLANDISH (130): *foreign*.
OVERSEE: *overlook*.
- PAINTED CLOTH (119): *a hanging for a room; tapestry*.
PANTOFLES (24): *slippers*.
PARCEL: *scrap; morsel*.
PARIETING: *walling*.
PASSING BELL (122): *death-bell*.
PEDEE (149): *servicing-boy; groom*.

- PERSPECTIVE (148): *magnifying glass.*
- PETTIFOGGER (173): a lawyer who employs mean and cavilling practices.
- PETTY JOHN (150): *a small point.*
- PHILAUTIA: Self-love.
- PIE (114): *maggie.*
- PIOUS (240): *dutiful to parents.*
- PIPKIN (92): vessel used for cooking, etc.; pan.
- PLAT (167): *place; plot.*
- PLOUGH-STILT (109): *plough-handle.*
- POINTED (8): fitted with "points," *i.e.* tags or laces for fastening.
- POLDAVY (152): coarse canvas formerly used for sail-cloth.
- POLL (119): *head.* BY THE P.: *by counting heads.*
- POLYPHONE (100): an instrument resembling a lute, having a large number of wire strings.
- POMANDERS (25): a small box of aromatic substances worn as a preservative against infection, etc.
- POSSET: a drink composed of hot milk curdled with wine.
- POSTILS: *commentaries.*
- POSY (24): *bouquet;* (113): *motto or verse inscribed in a ring.*
- PRACTISE IN (68): *experience of.*
- PRECISIAN: *Puritan.*
- PREDICAMENT (116): *category* (logical term).
- PRESENTLY: *immediately.*
- PRESS: (a) *crowd;* (b) *printing press.*
- PRESSLY (67): *concisely and precisely.*
- PRETTY (181): *admirable; commendable.*
- PRICK DOWN (113): *mark off.* Used especially of the selection by the sovereign of persons for the office of Sheriff, etc.
- PRICKEARS (167): ears that stand erect or "pricked up."
- PRINADO (100): female sharper or impostor.
- PROCTOR (101): *patron; guardian; steward.*

- PROFUSE (131): *extravagant.*
- PROPOUND (41): *set before one's mind; consider.*
- PROVANT (48): *sutler; batman (with pun upon the meaning following); (164): provisions.*
- PROVIDENCE: *foresight.*
- PRYGMAN (5): *prigman; thief.*
- PUDDING-TOBACCO: *tobacco compressed into rolls resembling a pudding.*
- PUNCTUALLY (95): *accurately; in detail.*
- PUNQUETTO (65): *diminutive of "punk" = strumpet.*
- PUPPET: *doll.*
- PURELY: *completely; unadulteratedly.*
- PURPOSES (52): *a game consisting of question and answers; conundrums.*
- PUTEUS INEXHAUSTUS (123): *inexhaustible well.*
- QUACKSALVER (93): *quack; an ignorant person who pretends to knowledge.*
- QUARTERN (100): *twenty-five.*
- QUOTIDIAN (150): *an intermittent fever, which recurs every day.*
- RABIES (28): *hydrophobia.*
- RACK (127): *charge extortionate rent.*
- RAIL: *carp; criticise; abuse.*
- RAKE (127): *debauch.*
- RAMPIER (95): *rampart.*
- RAWLY (137): *crudely; roughly.*
- RECREANT (132): *cowardly; faint-hearted.*
- REFORMADO (149): *reformer; one who favours reform.*
- RELISH (165): *taste; trace.*
- RESEMBLANCE (25): *appearance.*
- REST (47): *a term used in Prinado. SET ONE'S REST UPON = stake everything upon.*
- RESTY (86), (158): *inactive; indolent.*
- RHEUM: *cold; catarrh.*
- RIOT (142): *tumult; revel.*
- ROOKING (89): *cheating.*

ROSE (170): *rosette*.

RUFF: outstanding frill around the sleeve or neck.

SACK: generic name for any sweet wine.

SACKBUT: *a kind of bass trumpet*.

SALLET: *sallad*.

SCENT: *smell*.

SCHOLA SALERNA (108): the medical school at Salerno.

SCHOOLMAN (28): one versed in the divinity of the "schools" or universities—with special reference to medieval scholasticism.

SCOGGAN (158): court jester to Edward IV.

SCONCE, BUILD A (86): run up a score at a tavern.

SCOTCH (153): block or wedge so as to prevent a thing from moving.

SCRIVENER (20): *notary*.

SHOOING-HORN (129): *appetiser; decoy*.

SHOT (112): *reckoning; bill*.

SHOULDER (55): *spoonbill duck*.

SHRED (148): *fragment; offscouring*.

SIZES: *assizes*.

SKEW (117): *squinting; oblique*.

SKIPJACK (150): *shallow-brained puppy*.

SLINK (149): *bring forth prematurely*.

SMATCH (165): *smattering*.

SNUFF (108): *candle-end*.

SOOTERKIN: a fictitious kind of after-birth attributed to Dutch women. Cleveland says it is "not unlike a rat, which some imagine to be the offspring of the stoves."

SOPHISTER (27): student in his second or third year at Cambridge.

SORRY (181): *poor; contemptible*.

SOUND (167): *swoon*.

SPURROIAL (157): gold coin worth about 15s.

SQUEAZY: *niggardly*.

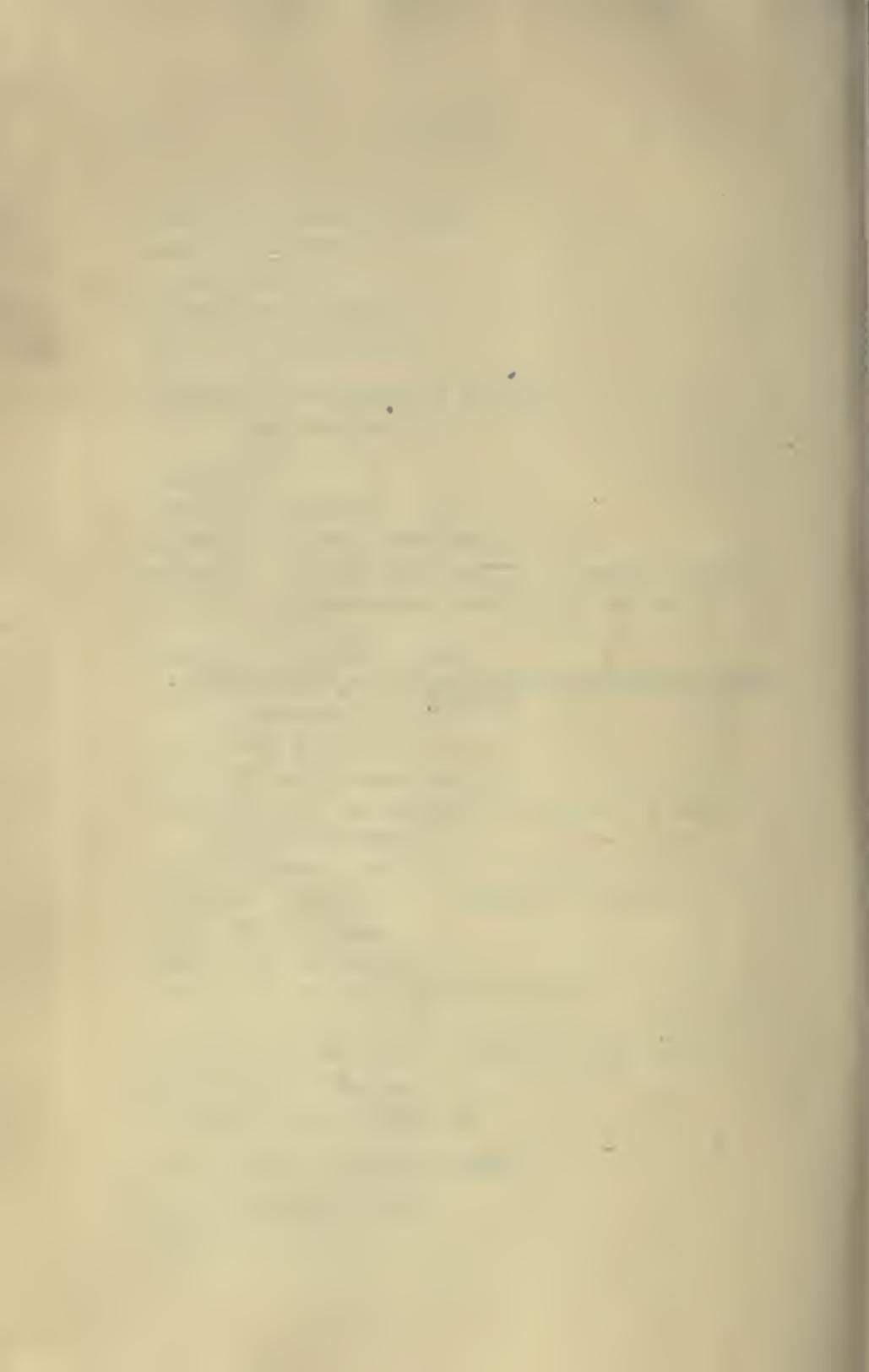
SQUIRTING (152): *contemptible; insignificant*.

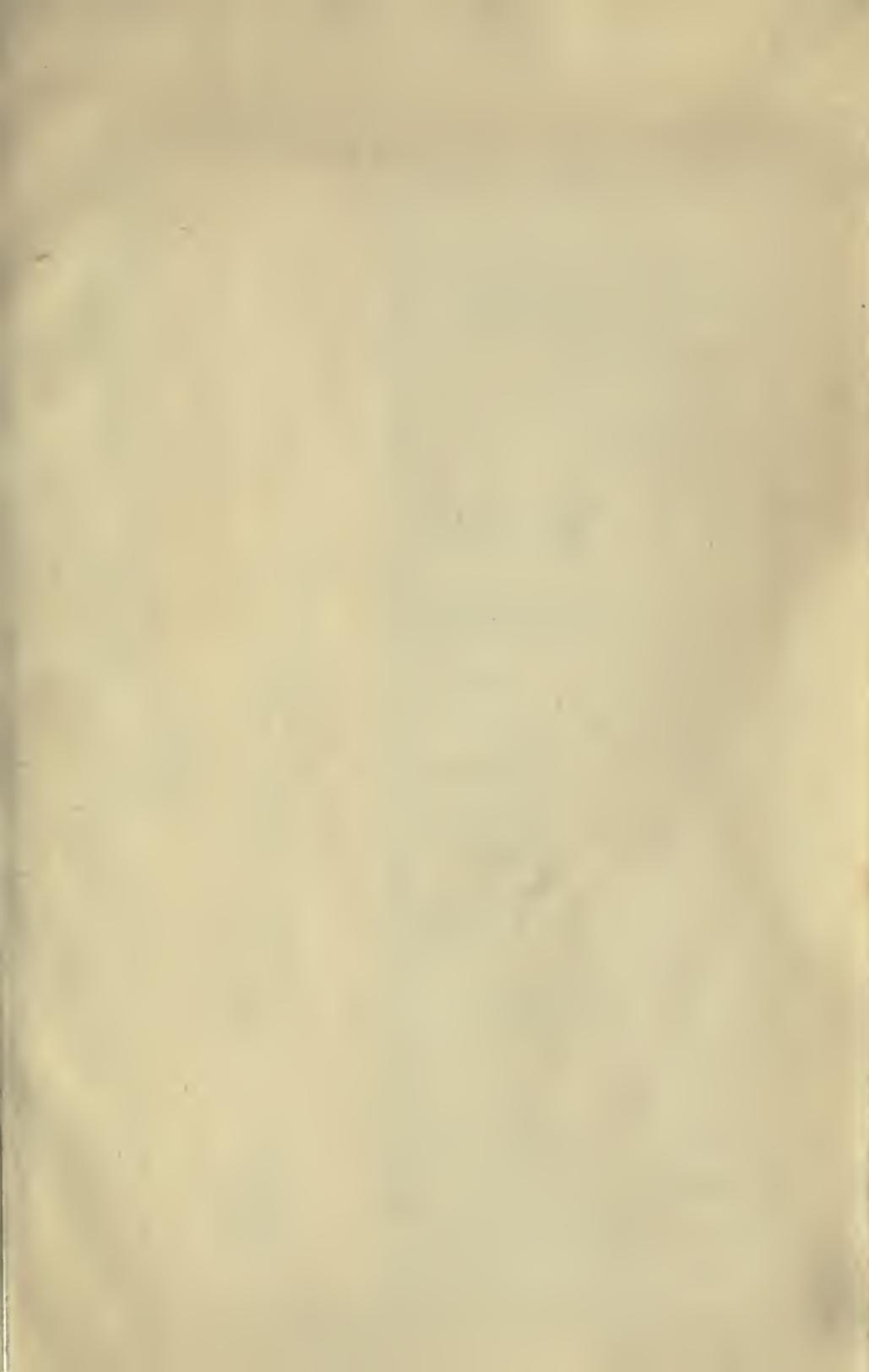
STAIR: *stage; step*.

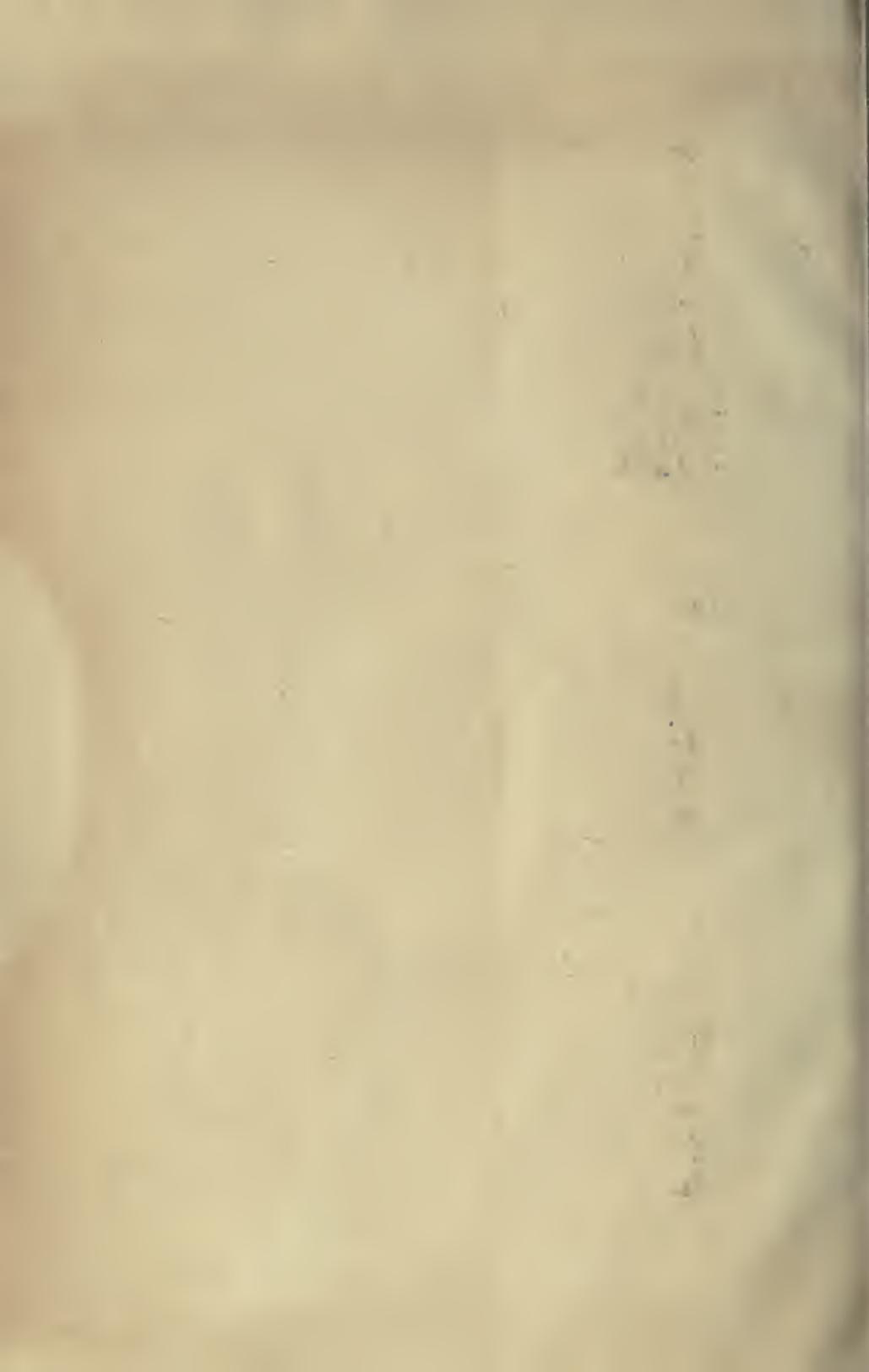
- STALE (112): *decoy*.
- STALLING KENS (8): a house for the reception of stolen goods.
- STATUARY (39): *sculptor*.
- STAVESACRE (97): a plant used to destroy vermin.
- STENTOR (99): a man with a powerful voice—from "Stentor" the name of a Greek warrior at the Trojan War, whose voice was as powerful as fifty voices of other men.
- STEW (124): *brothel*.
- STILL: *always*.
- STIVER (164): small coin of Netherlands. Used as the type of a coin of small value.
- STOMACHER (76): an ornamental covering for the chest worn by women under the lacing of the bodice.
- STROLL (82): *vagrant*.
- SUBLIMATE (92): *elevate*.
- SUBLUNARY (90): *inferior*.
- SUCCUBUS: *female demon or familiar spirit*.
- SUMMUM GENUS (116): *highest class* (logical term).
- SUPPLY (86): *fulfil*.
- SURPRISE (133): *overpower*.
- SWABBER-SLOPS (148): sailors' wide breeches.
- TABLE-BOOK: *note-book*.
- TAFFETA (TAFFETY): thin, glossy stuff, usually of silk.
- TAKE UP (73): *make up; settle*.
- TERMINATED (116): directed to something as an object or end.
- TESTER (130): slang term for sixpence.
- TETRAGRAMMATON: symbolical word of four letters, much used in magical conjuration.
- TICE: *entice*.
- TICKLE (139): *be eager*. (142): *shy; capricious*.
- TIDE-WAITER (222): a customs officer who boarded ships on their arrival with the tide.
- TIFFANY (121): *transparent; flimsy*.

- TITTERING (168): *tottering; reeling.*
TOUCH (78): *censure; criticise.*
TRAIN (17): *procession.*
TRAVAIL: *travel.*
TRINKILO (100): *trinket.*
TRUANT (71): *play truant.*
- UNTHRUM (137): *awkward; clumsy.*
USE TO: *have resort to.*
- VAILS: *tips.*
VANITY (69): *illusion.*
VENERY (115): *sexual indulgence.*
(WITHIN) . . . VERGE (84): *within . . . sphere or range.*
VIRGINALS: an instrument resembling the spinet.
- WAKE (109): *festival; revels.*
WARRENER (55): officer employed to watch over game
in a preserve.
WEDGE (18): *ingot.*
WEN (148): *excrescence; wart.*
WHIFFLER (33): an attendant employed to clear the
way for a procession.
WHIR (18): *fling; hurl.*
WHIRLIGIG JACK (27): a machine for turning the spit.
WIMBLE (141): *gimlet.*
WIND (115): *insinuate.*
WISPE (61): a twist or figure of straw for a scold to rail
at.
WOODCOCK (115): type of gullibility; hence = *dupe.*
WORDING (38): *wordy.*
WORT (119): *unfermented beer.*
- YAWNING (150): *longing; desire.*
ZANY (163): *mimic badly.*

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